Midland Pioneers

VOLUME 2

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Ora Flaningam

Editor

2004

Introduction

This "Volume Two" of **"Midland Pioneers"** takes off where the First Volume, which was published in 1999, leaves off. That is, at least, in terms of the issues of **"Pioneer Record"** from which the articles included here have been taken.

"Volume One" included all the "interesting historical articles" from Volumes I through XIV (1980-1994). The 1994 cut-off date was arbitrary, because I got the idea to do the book in 1993, and it was completed by the end of 1994. However, the Midland Genealogical Society did not authorize the printing until 1999, which is when it finally appeared.

The editor / compiler was gratified that the 100 copies which were printed sold out quickly.

In the meantime, the present compiler had edited four more years of Pioneer Record, Volumes XV through XIX, 1995-1999..

In 2004, after seeing the note in the last several years issues of PR, that the "Midland Pioneers" book was sold out, but that names of interested persons were being compiled at the Genealogical Desk at G.A. Dow Memorial Library, the thought occurred, why not make the "Volume One" into a CD-ROM, and compile the additional four years worth of articles into a second volume. As a CD, copies can be made easily, as required, without recourse to a printer, and not having to print a prescribed number of copies.

The thought was mother to the deed, and this is what we have attempted to do.

Reformatting "Volume One" for CD-ROM was fairly quickly done, although it was more work than anticipated. Likewise with "Volume Two", I had not anticipated that I would have to "resurrect" about half of the articles which could no longer be found as computer files! Pages of PR containing the missing articles had to be scanned into the computer, then subjected to "OCR" [Optical Character Recognition], then proofed and corrected, and finally formatted for the book. The articles then had to be assembled, and the dreaded INDEX had to be generated.

So, if you see in a word, "cl" instead of "d", or "I" instead of "1", or "l<" for "K", etc., you can blame the OCR, and the editor's missing proofreader.

The articles in the first Volume were arranged by the date that they had been written. For "Volume Two" I thought about doing the same thing, but finally decided against the extra work of doing all the numbering and sorting.

I reasoned that the casual reader will probably just page through for interesting articles, and the determined reader will probably look at the Index. So here, the articles are somewhat random, with a few humorous notes spread through the text.

In general each article will start on a fresh page, with perhaps, a few very short articles used to fill a partial page.

The book will be in PDF [Portable Data File] format, and a copy of the Adobe Reader© program for both PC and MAC computers will be supplied on the CD-ROM. The Reader program will allow the book to be read, printed, and searched, but not allow it to be changed. A very good help file is built into the Adobe Reader. Also, the "Bookmark" tab index in Adobe Reader will be used to allow the reader to jump directly to any article in the book. Just "click" on the BOOKMARK tab to open the Adobe Reader "Table of Contents."

One other thing I should do, is thank – again – those who helped find, collect, and write the original articles. Three names come readily to mind: Nancy Lackie who found many of the articles in old Midland newspapers on microfilm, and Yancey Dickert & Ralph Hillman, whose articles appear here. There are probably others, and all I can do is issue a blanket Thank YOU all!

I hope this will appeal to many readers, and wish you all good reading.

I will be happy to make copies for anyone interested, for a nominal copy fee. Please contact me directly.

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Sept., 2004

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ASHMAN STREET WAS A MUDDY ROAD

Midland Republican - February 3, 1938 – Homer Snell, probably the community's foremost authority on the early days of Midland, gives a history of Ashman street on which he lives.

Ashman street was named after Henry C. Ashman, early Midland supervisor, prosecuting attorney and representative in the state legislature.

This street originally extended from the north bank of the Tittabawassee river to the northeastly limits of the village of Midland City, which was a short distance beyond what is now known as Reardon street.

Sand on the street during dry weather was in such a condition that the wheels of a buggy or wagon sank in nearly to the hubs. In wet weather, conditions were worse, the street being almost impassable a good part of the way.

On both sides, extending from Buttles to about Union, deep ditches had been dug to a depth of about five or six feet. A large tile drain had been constructed along the southwesterly side of Buttles street, and extending southeasterly so as to allow water to run toward "Paddy Hollow", or "the gully", from which point it found its way into the river. These tile still remain along a large part of the route. During severe rains the water at the corner of Ashman and Buttles would reach a depth of from 18 inches to two feet.

Portions of the streets were covered with shingle shavings in an attempt to better conditions. later Ashman street was continued to what was generally known in early days as Dagle's corners. Solosky's grocery now stands at this point on part of a 40-acre tract called "the bear swamp."

A large portion of this extension consisted of "corduroy road". By this is meant that logs were cut of a sufficient length to lie crosswise of the road, and after they were placed in position were covered with earth. It was a somewhat rough highway, but better than mud. During periods of heavy rainfall, vehicles traveling this part of Ashman street would bound up and down, forcing water up between the logs and converting the earth between them into soup.

At times travel to Northeast Midland and Larkin township was forced to use a detour. It was diverted to the ridge near the old City limits, following "hog's backs" to a point which was at one time the site of a mill operated by the late Justus Thorington, on what is now known as the State Road.

It was a common sight to see ox teams, as well as horses, hauling loads of shingles, logs and lumber along these routes.

There were several mills operating at points tributary to this road and run by different concerns. Among them were Duncan Brothers (Alex and Sandy), D.P. Waldo, and others.

At this time the last house on the right hand side of Ashman street was known as the Morgan house and now stands at the corner of this street and East Reardon. The last house on the opposite side of the street for a distance of nearly a half mile still stands at the corner of Ashman and Pine and has been remodeled into a two family apartment.

The block across the street from the high school was a beautiful baseball ground upon which were played many close games by nines known as Midland's, and the

P.C.H.'s. The intials were of Pearly C. Heald, son of Solomon Heald first president of the village of Midland. Among the teams Midland outplayed in those teams were those from Flint, Bay City, Saginaw, Manistee, and other cities. In fact the Midland boys were a hard lot to beat.

Among those living on Ashman street in the early 1880's were the following: B.F. Bradley, Wrights, Maloneys, Crimms, Beardsleys, Hecox, Eddie Hughes (a base drummer in the Midland Band), Ed Smith (an early village blacksmith), J.W. Cochrane, Charles Webster, Rufus Clason, George W. Covert, Peter L. Tremper, George Selley, Joe Hatfield, Al Higgins, Sandy Bradley, the Highgates, Amos Hatfield, William Morgan, Spicers, Oscar Gotham, Owen Hands, D.P. Waldo, and the Rogers family on the present site of the city hall.

The members of the last-named family were among the early settlers in Midland. Mrs. John Madill, now living in Detroit, the late Mrs. Charles Vance, and Mrs. George Selley were daughters of the Rogers and lived on the above mentioned premises.

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AHEM! —

According to Kentucky marriages, 1797-1865, Moses Alexander, age 93, was married to Mrs. Frances Tompkins, age 105, in Bath, Steuben County, N.Y., June 11, 1831. They were both taken out of bed dead the following morning.

DEATH OF MRS. GEORGE RAYMOND OF HOPE

Hope, Michigan March 16. ???? – Mrs. Anna Raymond, aged 45 years, wife of George Raymond of Hope died at her home Thursday evening Feb. 18 after an illness of two weeks.

The deceased was the daughter of John and Mary Grice and was born in England in 1864. From there she moved with her parents to St. Thomas, Canada, and thence to North Bradley, Michigan Here she married Mr. George Raymond of Hope, April 15, 1884, and in a couple of years moved with her husband to Hope where she resided in her present home until her death.

The deceased leaves behind to mourn her departure her husband, four daughters and two sons, also four brothers and two sisters.

The casket was covered with many beautiful flowers from her many friends, the funeral being held Sunday afternoon Feb. 21, at the Baptist church here. Rev. Mr. Blackwell conducting the services.

The husband and family wish to express their heartfelt thanks to their many friends who were so kind in the last sickness and death of the wife and mother.

(This notice which should have been sent to the "Republican" long ago was overlooked by the family, which accounts for its being so late.)

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GENEALOGICAL ONE LINERS - From "The Downriver Seeker," Aug., 1998.

A family tree can wither if nobody tends its roots.

Many family trees were started by grafting.

My family came on the Mayflower – or was if Allied?

My family tree must have been used for firewood.

My hobby is genealogy and and I raise dust bunnies for pets.

AVERILL COUPLES HAVE ANNIVERSARY

MIDLAND REPUBLICAN - May, 1929 - The annual event in which Mr. & Mrs. G. Arthur Briggs and Mr. & Mrs. J. Hazen Briggs of Averill figure as principals falls on April twenty second each year. This year that date marked the thirty seventh wedding anniversary of the senior couple and the eighth of the juniors.

The occasion was honored by a family dinner at which twenty relatives were assembled. The menu was all that could be desired and to add to its enjoyment, as the hostess poured the tea from the pretty, new teapot, which was one of the wedding gifts, the guests were delighted by strains of sweet music proceeding from that utensil and were made aware of a concealed "music box" as a part of its mechanism.

The brides were well remembered with gifts, among which were two hydrangeas, one for each, a lovely silk scarf, pieces of pretty glassware and useful articles of kitchenware.

The ceremonies which started Mr. and Mrs. Briggs on their matrimonial career took place at the home of Mrs. Briggs parents, Mr. & Mrs. L. Pawling in Averill, April 22,1891 with Rev. C.W. Theobald officiating and their married life has been spent on their farm near their place with the exception of three or four years in Saginaw in the 90's. The younger couple were joined in wedlock at this place also, in 1921, by Rev. B.F. Wade and have resided here since.

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BARTONS HAVE A GOLDEN WEDDING

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Married in Homer Township November 16, 1882. Pioneer Resident Here

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Midland Republican Nov. 24, 1932 - Friends and relatives were invited to the West Larkin Street home of Mrs. Arthur Beden last Wednesday in honor of the Golden Wedding Anniversary of her parents, Mr. & Mrs. Frank Barton. There was an informal reception in the afternoon and tea was poured by Mrs. C.J. Glick and Mrs. A.H. Deisher.

Mrs. Barton (Mary Malon Carrow) came to Midland County from Windham, Ontario, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carrow, when a young girl. Mr. Barton was born in Homer township, Midland county, where they were married in the Carrow home on November 16, 1882. Rev. H.W. Hicks, pastor of the Midland M.E. church performed the ceremony.

The Bartons were residents of Homer for the first 15 years of their marriage, moving to Midland in 1897. He owned large tracts of timber land in this and adjoining counties on which he operated several camps at one time. He has indulged two hobbies during the course of his lifetime, hunting and fishing, and has been the companion of many Midland sportsmen on interesting jaunts to the woods and streams.

Of the original wedding guests, only one is still living, the Bartons say, Mrs. Aurelius Sinclair of Lansing. The Midland couple has only one daughter, Mrs. Beden. Many old friends called on Mr. and Mrs. Barton last Wednesday afternoon while they were receiving at their daughter's home. The tea table was laid with a linen cloth and a silver service. There was a lovely centerpiece of yellow chrysanthemums flanked by burning yellow tapers.

Rooms of the Beden home were gay with a profusion of lovely bouquets, many of which had been sent as gifts.

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BROMO SELTZER KING IS DEAD

Mr. Emerson Head of Large Drug Co., Was Good Friend to Midland

Donor of City's Emerson Park

Midland Republican, Midland, MI – January 29, 1931 – A dispatch received from Baltimore last Saturday carried the news of the death of Isaac E. Emerson, who more than 30 years ago discovered the formula for Bromo-Seltzer which netted him a huge fortune. His death occurred January 28, after several months illness, at the age of 71.

Mr. Emerson is well-known to a number of local people, and for years was a personal friend of the late Dr. Dow. The Emerson Drug company was one of the large customers of the Dow Chemical company, its biggest purchases of bromides being the principal ingredient in the well-known bromo-seltzer product.

The American Bromine plant, erected at the west city limits, and closed down for the past ten years, was owned by Mr. Emerson. Later a portion of the land which was a part of the American Bromine, was donated to the City and, in honor of its donor, is called Emerson Park. This beautiful strip of property extends from the Upper Bridge to Snake Creek and includes the attractive wooded section between the Pere Marquette tracks and the Tittabawassee river .

Emerson, a native of Chapel Hill, N.C., went to Baltimore 50 years ago and started a small drug store. At his death he had a large business interests, owned the Emerson hotel there and the De La Page at Narragansett Pier, R. I., and maintained three homes. He is survived by his widow and a daughter, Mrs. Charles M. Amory, owner of the Sagamore racing stable.

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FIFTY YEARS IN MIDLAND

Midland Republican, April 3, 1914 – Mrs. Benton Crippen, formerly Mrs. Ostrander, Passes Away.

Mrs. Sarah Ursula Crippen, known to many as Mrs. E. P. Jennings, died Tuesday at midnight, in her 76th year. She was born in New York state June 14, 1837, and came to Michigan 50 years ago. Mrs. Col. Ellsworth is a sister of the deceased. A brother and a sister life in Detroit, but are too old and feeble to come to Midland.

Ed Ostrander is a son, and Milo and Claude grandsons. A daughter, Mrs. James Willard lives in Onaway The funeral will be held at the home in the forth ward Friday, 2:00 p. m.

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$30,000 BLAZE WIPES OUT THE CHARLES BROWN LUMBER BUSINESS AND HON. W. D. GORDON HOME

COSTLY FIRE THOUGHT TO BE OF INCENDIARY ORIGIN OR CAUSED BY CARELESSNESS OF LAWLESS PERSONS

Midland Republican Sept 24 1914 - Newly Organized Business of The William Guillott Gasket Manufacturing Company, Which Had Just Installed New Machinery and Was in Connection with Brown's Lumber Business, is Also a Total Loss in One of Midland's Biggest Fire Disasters

The extensive lumber sheds and office owned by Charles Brown today are in ashes, and the beautiful Main street home of Hon. William D. Gordon stands in ruins, a total loss, caused by the fire which started in the William Guillott Gasket Manufacturing plant about three o'clock Monday morning. The site of two busy industries and 500 feet of lumber sheds and office and the once luxuriously furnished home and surrounding property now closely resembles the view one might get in the battle-swept city of Louvrain, Belgium, or in several cities in northeastern France today.

Mr. Gordon Is First to Discover Fire

It was just a little after three o'clock in the morning when Mr. Gordon awoke, choking from the dense smoke which was pouring into his room. His first thought was to arouse the other five members of the household: Mrs. Gordon, Miss Alice McCann and her mother, Mrs. J. T. McCann; the maid, Miss Edna Lehr, and their chauffeur, William Bold. All of them managed to get out of the house in safety, though clad only in their night apparel. Miss McCann telephoned the alarm to the water works.

The fire started in the rear of the Brown lumber shed, in the part occupied by the gasket manufacturing company, and nearly one-half of the main building was in flames when first discovered. On account of the construction of the building it was impossible for the fire company to check the flames, though seven streams of water were kept in play. So intense was the heat and so rapidly did the flames advance that the roof and third floor of the Gordon home were soon all on fire.

It required two hours of strenuous work before the fire department could get the flames under control and the valiant efforts of the fire fighters brought forth many remarks of praise from the spectators.

Over Four Million Feet of Lumber Burned

Mr. Brown had two immense lumber sheds, the one along the P. M. tracks being 200 feet long and 20 feet wide. From the end of this up to his office and stock room extended the largest building, which was constructed only about three years ago. This was 260 feet long and 60 feet wide and was a double deck affair inside. Besides the loss of all the buildings, including the stock room full of window sash and doors, building paper

and wire, Mr. Brown estimates that the lumber destroyed in the sheds would total 4,500,000 feet, or an approximate loss of $10,000 on the stock. Mr. Brown's loss is practically covered by insurance, he having $8,000 insurance on the stock, $5,000 on the buildings, $4,000 on machinery.

The William Guillot Gasket Manufacturing Company, which was operating in the rear part of Mr. Brown's building, and which had installed some very fine new machinery, suffers a total loss including valuable dies and tools and a stock of sheet copper and steel. The Gasket Company has insurance of $3,000.

A shed back of the Gordon garage, containing a stock of wire etc., belonging to W. A. Markey, was burned to the ground. Mr. Markey's loss is about $200, not insured.

Mr. Brown says that he will begin at once the construction of a modern, fireproof building on the old site to replace the one destroyed in Monday's fire.

Mr. Gordon's Loss Over $13,000.00

The elaborately furnished three story home of Hon. William D. Gordon is practically a total loss. Merely the shell of the building, first and second story, remains on two sides.

But a very few pieces of furniture from the two front rooms were saved and these were damaged by water and smoke and badly marred. A large wall tapestry from the front room was saved without damage.

Mr. Gordon owned a valuable watch worth about $225, which was a present to him from the members of the House of Representatives when he was Speaker in 1897. As he stood in front of the burning house he thought of the watch which was left in his bedroom, and he shouted that he would give $50 to the person who would recover it. Henry McFall rushed in the building and upstairs and feeling over the top of the dresser he reached the timepiece. Henry received the $50 next morning.

When the ruins had sufficiently cooled to permit search of the place Mr. McFall found among the ashes of Mr. Gordon's chiffonier (sic) the latter's valuable diamond and ruby horseshoe stick pin, undamaged. The best of Mrs. Gordon's jewels were also saved from the fire.

Mr. Gordon estimates the value of his house furnishings at $5,000, upon which there happened to be only $2500 insurance. Mr. Gordon's library alone was worth at least $1500. The residence was worth approximately $8,000, upon which there was insurance amounting to $6,000.

Mr. Gordon purchased this home from Mrs. Maude McCallum 14 years ago, since which time Mr. and Mrs. Gordon have resided there.

This week Mr. and Mrs. Gordon have been staying at the T. E. McCann home, but expect to rent a house for the winter. Mr. Gordon stated Tuesday that he had no definite plans yet made, but that he had no intention of making his home away from Midland.

[A large photograph of the Gordon property accompanied this report. The caption reads:

This elegantly furnished home, which has been the residence of Hon. William D. Gordon for the last 14 years, was destroyed by fire which started in the back part of the Charles Brown lumber building early Monday morning and was probably caused by the

carelessness of some person or persons who had crawled in under the old mill, where there was plenty of sawdust and shavings.

In this picture, which was taken several years ago, Mr. Gordon is seen standing in the center of the party of three in the foreground.]

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I'm My Own Grandpa
(A genealogist nightmare! - By Maxine A. Larson)

Many, many years ago when I was twenty three
I was married to a Widow who was pretty as could be,
This widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red
My father fell in love with her and soon the two were wed.
This made my dad my son-in-low, and changed my very life
For my daughter was my mother because she was my father's wife!
To complicate the matter even though it brought me joy
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.
My little baby then became a brother-in-law to Dad
And so became my Uncle though it made me very sad,
For if he was my uncle then that also made him a Brother
Of the Widow's grown-up Daughter who of course was my Stepmother.
Father's Wife then had a son who kept them on the run
And he became my Grandchild for he was my Daughter's Son,
My Wife is now my Mother's Mother and it makes me blue
Because although she is my Wife she's my Grandmother too!
Oh, if my wife is my Grandmother then I'm her Grandchild
And every time I think of it, it nearly drives me wild.

[Source: "Sheboygan County Genealogist," Sheboygan County Genealogical Society, Vol. 13 Issue 2, Winter 1994, Page 5.]

THEY STOLE THE WOOD TO BUILD THE CHURCH; THEN PAID THE FIDDLER TWICE

by Joe Sherk

August 1, 1929 – "Yes," said Frank Winslow, a pioneer Laporte citizen, "that church of ours sure had a lot of adventures, more than any church I ever heard of. Do you want me to tell you about it?"

We assured him that we most certainly did and adjusted ourselves in our chair while he lit a cigar.

"Well," said Mr. Winslow, "I guess it was back in about '72 that the story begins. Down in Laporte we used to hold church in the schoolhouse, and the preacher boarded around. People got kinda tired of that and decided to build a parsonage, so they held a donation social over at Gilbert Smith's in Richland Township. All the members would put in some money or a promise to pay. Money was scarce in those days. I'll never forget the time they paid the fiddler twice."

Here Mr. Winslow started to laugh but when he saw we didn't get the joke he explained:

"You see, the fiddler, Charles Crampton, well Charlie didn't have any money so when they came around for his donation he just subscribed a dollar. Then, after the donation was over they all went to Ed Crosse's and held a dance.

"Now G. L. Baggs, who was a big power in the church, didn't believe in dancing and when he heard that everyone had gone to a dance just after holding a donation meeting to build a parsonage, he was madder than blazes. The next day he went right over to the fiddler's and handed him a dollar. Never even stopped to think that the fellow hadn't paid a dollar into the fund! Everybody kidded him about paying the fiddler for the dance and it came out in Bartram's Cheek, the Midland paper, that the 'Laporte Parsonage was dancing along fine.'"

Devil's Ornament

We asked Mr. Winslow what became of the parsonage.

"Oh," he said. "Baggs was so sore about the dance that he, Gilbert Smith and son, Hugh Garrett, and F. P. Pierce decided to leave the church and build a new one of their own on Pierce's property. They were staunch old Wesleyans.

"They went ahead and soon had the building almost completed when Baggs and Pierce got into an argument as to whether or not there ought to be a steeple. Baggs said that he wasn't going to have any 'devil's ornament' on his church. Pierce replied that they were going to have a steeple or he would stop work on it since it was on his land and he had the deed to it.

"Pierce was busy the next day taking a job on the Bartlett road and Baggs knew it, so he went to town and got a Mr. Keep, who moved houses, to come out. They put the church on rollers and had it out in the middle of the road when Pierce came home that night.

"He looked at it for a minute and then threw down his hat and yelled, 'By thunder. They've stole the church.'"

We asked Mr. Winslow what became of the poor thing after they all got through fighting over it and he replied that this was only the beginning.

"I told you that church had an exciting life," he continued. "They pulled it across the road onto Baggs' land and went to work on it again. He finally consented to have a small belfry and after much persuasion he let them put up a weathercock."

"I hope the Lord will knock it off," Baggs said.

"Shortly afterwards the wind blew the whole church off the blocks and it had to be reset on a new foundation of stone. They had it almost finished when a thunderstorm came up.

"I was in the Laporte store, the one where Thomson Brothers are now," said Mr. Winslow. "It was campaign year and the Democrats had put up a hickory pole and the Republicans a pine pole. The lightning struck something and we thought it had hit one of the poles so we ran out to see what had happened. Instead it had struck the church and smashed the belfry all to pieces and that was the end of the 'devil's ornament.'"

Fire!

"Well the rest of them went back in the store but for some reason or other, I stayed out on the porch. Pretty soon I saw some smoke coming out of the church. I ran into the store and yelled, 'Come on, boys, the church is on fire.' George Hare, Will Marshal, and J. B. Chase came tearing out. We grabbed some wooden pails, there weren't any metal pails then in this part of the country, and ran over to the ditch where we filled them with water. When we got to the church we found that the door was locked, so Will Marshall jumped against it till he broke the lock. The fire had started in some shavings and was burning clear up to the joists but we finally put it out."

"What happened to the church then?" we asked. "Did they ever finish it?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Winslow, "they finished it after a while. You know they had to plane all their lumber by hand then. It took a long time. A. J. Huggard held his noisy meetings there for six years. They sure used to go in for a lot of racket. After that they turned the church into a cheese factory."

We asked Mr. Winslow why they ever did such a thing, and wondered what G. L. Baggs said about it.

"Baggs had died several years before," Mr. Winslow explained. "The whole congregation had either died or drifted away and there wasn't any use for the church any more so the farmers around there decided to turn it in to a cheese factory and hire a man to run it. The fellow ran it all right for three years and then he beat if off with the last shipment of cheese and the money."

Back Forty Lumber

"Later they sold the building to Otis Walker who wrecked it and took the lumber to Saginaw where he built some houses of it. That was the end of the church."

"Well that church certainly led an interesting life," we murmured.

"Yes," said Mr. Winslow, "and the funniest part is that the church was first built of stolen lumber."

"Stolen? Why Mr. Winslow, do you mean to say that they stole the lumber to build the church?" we demanded.

"Oh, it was a common thing when lumber was cheap," he replied. "They used to go over on somebody's land, it didn't make any difference where, and cut down the trees. We called it 'back forty lumber.' They built the church out of it. Stolen lumber for a church!"

Here Mr. Winslow started to laugh.

We laughed too.

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Epitaphs from Real Tombstones

On the grave of Ezekial Aikle in East Dalhousie Cemetery, Nova Scotia:

Here lies
Ezekial Aikle
Age 102.
The Good
Die Young.

In a London, England cemetery:

Ann Mann
Here Lies Ann Mann,
Who lived an old maid
But died an old Mann.
Dec 8, 1867

In a Ribbesford, England, cemetery:

Anna Wallace
The children of Israel wanted bread
And the Lord sent them manna.
Old clerk Wallace wanted a wife,
And the Devil sent him Anna.

Playing with names in a Ruidoso, New Mexico, cemetery:

Here lies Johnny Yeast
Pardon me
For not rising.

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CAPTAIN RUSHO ONE OF TWO SURVIVORS WHEN SHIP SINKS

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Larkin Man Skipper of Sailing Vessel Struck Amidship In Fog

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Midland Republican, July 7, 1932 – It was in the spring of '89 that Captain Alex Rusho of Larkin Township went down with his two-master to the bottom of Lake Huron in a fog. Captain Rusho told us the tale the other day of how he and one other man were the sole survivors of that midnight wreck when the iron barge R. P. Ranney ran down his vessel amidships off Presque Isle and sent her to the bottom.

"She was a sailing vessel, 144 foot long, with a 26 foot beam," said the Captain, "and I was making my second trip with her in the spring from Port Austin to Dollar Bay in Lake Superior with a cargo of sand."

" I would have been with him," said Mrs. Rusho, "except that I had all of a sudden made up my mind to go home. I had sailed with him before, just for pleasure. This time I was going to cook for him. We made one trip and ended up at Detroit, when I got a sort of notion that the boat would never make another trip. I didn't tell him, because I knew he'd go anyway, but I told him I was going home. So I went. He got another cook and went on."

"From Detroit," said the Captain, "we went to Escanaba and got a load of iron ore and took it to Cleveland. There we loaded up with coal, and went to Port Austin, where we unloaded, took on a cargo of sand, and set out for Dollar Bay.

"On the night of the 16th of May a heavy fog set in. I had been on watch and had been keeping the for horn blowing - we had one of our own - and as I went off watch at one o'clock in the morning and the mate came on, I told him to keep it blowing and keep a sharp lookout.

" 'I've been sailing 25 years,' he says, 'and I've never had a collision, and I don't think I'll have one now.'

"I left him on watch and turned in. I was just taking off my boots when I heard him yell 'Hard down on the wheel!!'

"Then I felt her strike us. I ran out on deck and saw that we were going to sink right away. I went into the cabin and found the woman there, and got her up on deck.

But she struggled and when we got up there she got hold of the wheel and hung on. Just then the water came over us. As the steamer backed out of the hole in our side we went down bow first.

"There was about six hundred feet of water there. I went down with the vessel and lost track of the woman altogether. But I was used to the water and I managed to keep my head all of the time. When I came up I could see the steamer's lights.

"A hatch came up right beside me and I caught hold of that. The steamer had stopped and I struck out for her. I couldn't see anybody else in the water. I reached the ship and climbed a rope over the side. Then we heard another fellow hollering in the water. They started to let down a lifeboat for him but before they got it squared away he got close enough so they threw him a rope and hauled him on board. The other four men and the woman were never heard from."

"It was only two days after I had got home," said Mrs. Rusho, "when I met a neighbor of ours with a newspaper one morning. He said the paper said Alex's boat had gone down and all hands lost. I drove to Midland right away and went into Hinds's drug store (where the Brown Lumber Company office is now) and called up the owners in Detroit, Maitland and Taylor. I asked them if it was true. They said no, that Alex had been saved."

"It was pretty hard work swimming," said the Captain, "with those big boots on, nearly to my knees. But I'd been swimming all my life. A funny thing - when I got on the steamer I found I was all covered with white paint; must have come out of a bucket of we had on board ready to use.

"The captain of the steamer said he hadn't seen us till just as they struck us. There was a lawsuit over it, and they finally divided the damages. The barge had gone about half-way through our vessel."

But although Captain Rusho himself escaped the clutching waters of the big lake, he lost a sister, a brother, and two brothers-in-law in a Lake Erie gale, three years before his own disaster. The brother had a part interest in the vessel, he said, and they put out with a load of 20,000 bushels of wheat.

"Smothered in a gale of wind, the ship was." says Captain Rusho. "Three weeks later they found my sister's body, caught in a fishing net. The rest were never found.

"Another time," he continued, "I was commanding the schooner Reindeer, and we put in at Fairport, Ohio. I had paid off the men as soon as we got into port, as we always did, and they all left. So I had to send to Cleveland for some more men. I was anchored alongside the pier and another vessel came in, so I had to move up the pier to make room for her. When I got in there, the wind and the sea was coming in from the north and made the vessel rise and fall. Ordinarily there would have been water enough for her but

there was a sunken pile under her, and she came down on it and it stove a hole through her."

"So the Captain had to leave" said Mrs. Rusho, "to get a tug to haul her up in shallow water. I was with him that time, and he left me alone on board, feeling sure he had time enough to get back before anything happened.

"After a time I began to get scared, and so I climbed up in the rigging when she lay over the pier and I jumped off on the pier. Right after that she lay over on the other side and went clean over on her side in the harbor.

"The captain of another vessel that was laying alongside us invited me to stay on his boat until the Captain came after me."

"I got a diver," said Captain Rusho, "and he went down and sawed off the pile and patched up the hole in the vessel and we got her righted and pumped her out with a steam pump. Then we took her to Cleveland and put her in dry dock."

"How did you happen to start sailing, Captain?" we asked him, "and how did you come to settle down later in Midland county?"

"Well, sir," says the Captain, "I was born on Grindstone Island, in the St. Lawrence river. That's one of the Thousand Islands, you know. Four of us boys and my sister were all sailors. I learned the compass before I ever started out, and of course I'd always been on some kind of a boat when I was a kid. So I started out before the mast and got wages just like the men did. There were a lot of things I didn't know but I kept my mouth shut, and they didn't know I'd never sailed before.

"One time I'd been mate with my brother and we laid off at Buffalo, and I took the train for Red Keg - that's what they called Averill in those days - to see some cousins I had in Larkin. I didn't know anything about Midland then. I landed in Red Keg and stayed all night at the hotel. In the morning I said to the landlord 'Can you show me the way to Archie Parr's?'

He started to tell me the road.

" 'Never mind telling me any roads,' I said. 'Just point your finger in the direction and I'll find it.'

"So he pointed up this way, and I started out and I fetched up right here at this very house," he said, "where her father (pointing to Mrs. Rusho) lived. Orson Cady his name was. When I stopped at the house she came to the door. So she was the first girl I met in Michigan. We were married two years later."

The marriage was performed fifty years ago next fourth of December, the Rushos said, in the house on Buttles Street now occupied by Max Wilcox.

"That was the Presbyterian preacher's house, then." said Mrs. Rusho. "We went back to Grindstone Island for the next winter, and after that I came back here and he started sailing."

For 25 years Captain Rusho sailed the lakes, always, with one exception, in a sailing vessel. His last trip was made in 1896.

Sailing is no more dangerous than staying ashore, avers the Captain. To which end he testifies that since he's been ashore he was struck down by a car in Flint four years ago and twice has lost his home by fire, once by a stroke of lightning. Another time he had a stroke of apoplexy, from which he has not completely recovered.

"It makes me think," he said, "of a young fellow that wanted to go sailing. And somebody said to him 'Aren't you afraid to go?'

" 'Why?', he says.

" 'Well, how did your father die?'

" 'He was drowned.'

" 'And your grandfather?'

" 'He was drowned, too.'

" 'Then aren't you afraid you'll be drowned, too?'

" 'Well,' says the boy, 'is your father alive?'

" 'No.'

" 'Where did he die?'

" 'He died in bed.'

" 'And your grandfather?'

" 'He died in bed, too.'

" 'Well,' says the boy, 'don't that make you sort of afraid to go to bed?' "

Mrs. Rusho came with her people when she was three years old, from Toledo, and now at 68 believes she has lived in Larkin township longer than any other living resident. They have one son, Harry.

The Captain will be 78 in January. They live now on the very spot where Orson Cady's girl opened the door nearly fifty years ago.

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MIDLAND VISITOR WAS COOK FOR SOLDIERS IN CIVIL WAR TIMES

Was In Her Twenties At The Time Of The War; Recalls Life Of Hard Work

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Midland Daily News, Oct. 6, 1939 – Midland had a distinguished visitor yesterday in the person of 99-year old Mrs. Margaret Wells of Saginaw. Not many women — or men are alive today who can proudly look up and say, "I cooked for the Civil War boys."

That's what Mrs. Wells did, however, in Holly, Michigan where she was in her early twenties as the train loads of soldiers went through on their way to the front. "They used to eat an awfully lot of food. I made six dozen apple pies a day," asserted the elderly lady, "and I cooked hard boiled eggs by the wash boiler full." Spry for her age, Mrs. Wells looked up fresh her rocking chair, cane in hand, as she continued her story. "I don't know how it got around, but the boys all knew that my food was good and there was never any left to go to waste . . . some of the soldiers were always there."

Born on August 17, 1840 in Welshingham Center, Canada, then a little village the name of which has since been changed. Mrs. Wells came to Holly where she was married to Cornelius Wells in 1860. Mr. Wells died 40 years ago.

"From the time I was a small child I learned how to work hard and how to use my hands. I did a lot of knitting and quilting and sewing too," reported Mrs. Wells. Thirty-nine years ago Mrs. Wells left Holly and came to Saginaw where she has made her home since. She has two sons, Harry and Arthur, living there.

Mrs. Wells was in Midland yesterday visiting the home of Miss Sophia Cote and Mrs. Sarah Appleman. "These are my old, old friends — I used to visit their home when they were little girls," said Mrs. Wells. Mrs. Appleman and Mrs. Wells both have the same birth date.

"Until two years ago," Miss Cote stated, "Mrs. Wells has been in almost perfect health. Even now she prefers to dress herself.

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CORDY WEST AS A CHILD RIDES DAD'S BACK TO WARN HIM OF SNAKES IN BERRY MARSH

MIDLAND REPUBLICAN - June 6, 1929 - "There's a lot of difference," said Cordy West, "Between the way children live today, and the way we used to Why, do you know I used to get my breakfast from the horse's grain. I'd pick out the best, and he's get what was left."

Mr. West was wielding a wrench about the end of a length of pipe on a sewer digging location in the First ward.

"That was because of the hard times," went on Mr. West. "We all had to live that way. We were up at Foremen station. My father was struck blind when I wasn't more than a baby, and was that way for several years. I used to ride on his back when he'd go out picking cranberries, and I'd tell him where to go, and I'd watch for those big mass - saugers -- big snakes they were. When I'd see one all coiled up, I'd punch my father in the ribs on that side, and then we'd steer on in the other direction. Yes sir, that's the way my father used to pick cranberries. "James McKay here can tell you all about how we lived there at Foreman Station. His cousin, Effie North .. lived just a mile and a half north of us. "My mother used to have to cut wood with a cross cut saw those days." he went on. "And wolves all around us all the time, too. One night they got up on the roof of the lean-to or oar house and howled so that my mother stuck a revolver out through the roof by the chimney and shot it off to scare them away. She used to keep us children inside a 12-foot fence to protect us. One time a pack of wolves was chasing a deer and it ran right up to her so close that she killed it with an axe. -

"I was a little fella then. I remember when I got my first pair of long pants. My father felled a tree on me because he couldn't see me at all. "There, I guess that's all right," said Cordy, giving the pipe a final twist. And with that he took up one end of it and descended into the ditch.

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MIDLAND COUNTY DEEDS

The Editor has been given a box of several hundred ORIGINAL legal papers, mostly deeds, but also a few wills or mortgages. The deeds are to land transactions in the county or by county residents. The time period covered is from 1857 to the 1930's. A number are completely hand written and some are original land grants. Many of the papers are of more than passing interest. Here we will summarize some of them. The list will be sorted by the date of execution. All the names that appear hear will be found in the **Index.**

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1) Copy of the Last Will & Testament of Valorous A. Paine of Saginaw, aged 47, dated **14 June, 1861**, probated **15 April 1867**, recorded in Midland, **5 Dec., 1881**. 1st - All my debts be paid; 2nd - devise to wife Harriet Paine all my estate both real & personal; Lastly - nominate wife Harriet and son Alderman Butts Paine as executors. **[ED Note: Alderman was apparently his given name.]**

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2) Warranty Deed from Benjamin L. Davenport & wife Harriet of Shiawassee Co. to Frank Putnam of Vernon. $300 for E 1/2 of W 1/2 of SW 1/4 of Sec. 12 Twp. 13 S of R. 3 East of Saginaw Co. containing 40 acres. Dated **8 Jan. 1869**. Registered **14 Feb. 1872.**

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3) Warranty deed from T.E. Boman and his wife Julia E. to Julietta Erway. For $400. The N 1/2 of the S 1/2 of the NW 1/4 of Sec. 12 Town 16N R1W containing 40 acres. Dated **19th January, 1870.**

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4) Assignment of Mortgage from T.B. Martin of Bay City to J.H. Wardwell & Theon Ford as the firm of Wardwell & Ford. $75 for a mortgage made by John W. Dexter and Rosetta Dexter his wife. Mortgage recorded in Liber D of Mortgages on pp. 14. Assignment dated **9th February, 1871**.

5) Quit Claim deed from William Holmes and Julia Ann of Jerome Twp. to Chas. S. Pelton of Jerome for $100, the NW 1/4 of the SE 1/4 and the SE 1/4 oh the NW 1/4 of Sec. 36 Town 16 N R1W. Dated **6 May, 1871**, recorded in Liber K, page 174.

6) Mortgage Discharge from Avery Whitacre to Hiram W. Robinson, recorded Liber B of Mortgages pp. 589-90, 2nd January 1869. Recorded **9th May 1871.**

7) Warranty deed from Ellen M. McGill and L.H. McGill, her husband, to the First Presbyterian Society of Midland. $850 for Lot 5 in block 51 of the City of Midland. Dated **28th July, 1871.**

8) Warrantee Deed from Benjamin Dean and Jerusha, his wife, to Hugh T. Philips and John McKay $800 for the East 1/2 of the West 1/2 SW 1/4 of Sec 22 Town 14N R 2E. .April 8, 1872. 3) Warrantee Deed from Edward McArdle and Sarah McArdle of Midland County to the Superintendents of the County Poor of Midland Co. $60 for a parcel commencing at the quarter post near the West side of Sec. 35 in Twp. 14 N range 2E running south on sec. line 300 ft. thence W 68 ft. to the center of river rd. thence NW along the center of the rd. to the quarter line thence E on said line 112 ft. to the place of beginning. **Sept. 1871.**

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9) Warrantee Deed from Edwin Eddy & Celia W., his wife & Sewell Avery & Eliza his wife all of Saginaw Co. and Newell Avery & Nancy C., his wife and Simon J. Murphy & Ann M. his wife of Detroit to William O. Rich of Midland city. $120 for the NW 1/4 of the NE 1/4 of sec. 33 Twp 13 N R2E containing 40 acres. **Jan. 1, 1872.**

10) Discharge of Mortgage from Rev. Isaac Swift, formerly of the City of Midland, now of the City of Syracuse, N.Y., to the Trustees of the Presbyterian Society of the City of Midland for lot 5 of block 5 1 in the Village of Midland. **Dated 17 May, 1872** and discharged 30 Sept., 1879.

11) Bill of Sale from James Gifford of Ingersoll Twp. to C.F. Phillips of Ingersoll Twp. $900 for all the pine, standing or cut, on the parcel of land E 1/2 of the NE 1/3 of sec. 8 town 13 N R2E Midland Co.

12) Warrantee Deed from Calvin A. Smith and Sarah Smith, his wife of Midland Twp., to Mary O. Pierce of the same place, $200 for a parcel commencing at where the Flint & P.M.R.R. intersects the S section line of SE 1/4 of the SW 1/4 of sec. 36 Town 14N R2E. **May 18 1872.**

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13) Quit Claim Deed from John & Harriett Fitzpatrick of Oakland Co. to Joseph C. Powell of Pontiac. $150 for NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of Sec. 14 Twp 14N R1E containing 40 acres. Dated **5 August 1873.**

14) Warrantee Deed from Fanney E. Jones of East Saginaw to George A Flanfers and Eugene Wilbur of the same place. $300 for Lot 7 of block 56 of the Village of Midland. **Dec. 8, 1873.**

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15) Satisfaction of mortgage from Franklin H. Pierce of Tittabawassee Twp, Saginaw Co. to Phineas F. Wiggins, an indenture of mortgage dated **8th Feb. 1874** for Lots 3, 4, 5, 6 of block 124 and recorded in Midland Co. Liber E of mortgages, page 239, for the sum of $60 is fully paid. Dated 9th June, 1881.

16) Quit Claim Deed C.W. Tindall of Midland to B.C. Freer of East Saginaw. $1 for land in Hope Twp.: E 1/2 of NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 of NE 1/4 the SE 1/4 of NW 1/4 and the W 1/2 of NW 1/4 of Sec. 26 Twp. 16 N R1E containing two hundred forty acres. Dated **14 Dec. 1874.**

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17) Warrantee Deed. Thomas J. Carpenter and Catherine Y. Carpenter, his wife, to George Robson all of Midland. Lots 1, 2, 3, and 4 of Block 44 in the City of Midland for $600. Dated **23rd February, 1875.**

18) Warrantee Deed from Gardner Fletcher & Pamela Fletcher of Wheatfield, Ingham Co. to John L. Fletcher of Midland Co. $500 for a parcel in Midland Village. On the north side of Pine street three and 66/100th chains westerly from the intersection of Pine St with Westerly line of Tittabawassee St. then easterly along Northerly line of Pine St. 84/100th chain to a point 2 & 60/100th chain thence Westerly 88/100th chain to a point 2 & 60/100th chain northerly from place of beginning thence southerly 2 60/100th chains to place of starting. Dated **26 August, 1875.**

19) Warrantee Deed from James M Russ and Sarah his wife of Homer Twp. to Sylas James Russ of the same place. $500 for a parcel commencing at the SW corner of Sec. 24 T14N R1E running thence East to Pine River thence far enough north to contain 40 acres of land being of equal width from N to S and West to the west line of the above named section, thence South to the place of beginning. Dated **11 Sept. 1875.**

20) Assignment of Mortgage from Suman E. Pratt of Ingersoll Twp. to Mark Foren of Ingersoll Twp. and Nathan Southwick and Julia Southwick of the Village of Midland. Mortgage recorded in Liber D, page 291 for $113.94. Dated **20th October 1875.**

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21) Warrantee deed from Homer Elsworth and Louisa J. Elsworth, his wife to Sarah E. Elsworth. $500 for a parcel in Ingersoll Twp.: East 1/2 of NE 1/4 of Sec. 15 Twp 13 N R2E Dated **14th January 1876.**

22) Warrantee deed from Oseanna A. Sears of Saginaw, administrix of the estate of Franklin P. Sears, to Benjamin C. Freese, of East Saginaw, for $1 in satisfaction of a contract between F.P. Sears and B.C. Freese of 2 Nov., 1868 for the undivided 1/2 of the E 1/2 NE 1/4 and NW 1/4 of the NE 1/4 of Sec. 26 T16N R1E. Dated **9 Mar., 1876.**

23) Assignment of mortgage from Richard Hirley of Midland to Geo. C. Presley of Midland for $100 an indenture of mortgage bearing date **5th Sep. 1876** by Edward Francis to Richard Hirley and recorded in Liber E of mortgages on page 324.

24) Quit Claim Deed from Thomas Swallow & his wife Alice D. Swallow of Midland, to Solomon Parker of "Ingersoll" Twp. for $100 for the fractional sec. 12 T13N R2E. Dated **9 September, 1876.**

25) Warrantee Deed from Lorinda M. Hubbel of Warren Twp., Midland Co. to Wilbur Z. Rickard of Akron Twp., Tuscola Co. $600 for SW 1/4 SE 14 and the W ½ of NW 1/4 of the SE 1/4 Sec. 29 T16N R2W, also a three cornered piece of land on the SW 1/4 of NE 1/4 lying S of railway in same sec. Being 65 acres, more or less Dated **11th Sep. 1876**. Recorded 23rd May 1882.

26) Quit Claim Deed from Wilbur P. Shepherd and his wife, Agnes A. Shepherd of Ingersoll Twp. to Solomon Parker for $300, for land in the Twp. of "Ingorsoll", a strip of land 20 rods wide on the east side of the NW 1/4 of sec. 12 Twp 13N R2E containing 20 acres. Dated **13 Oct. 1876**.

27) Warrantee deed from Albert Barrett and Emma Barrett, his wife of Ingersoll Twp. to Martha A. Fish. $200 for the SE 1/4 of the NW 1/4 Sec. 6 Twp 13 N R2E containing 50 acres. Dated **14th October 1876.**

28) Warrantee Deed. Albert Barrett and Emma Barrett, his wife of River Twp. Jackson County to Martha Fish of same Twp. and county. The NE 1/4 of the NW 1/4 Sec. 6 Twp. 13 N R2E containing 55 and 93/100 acres. $725. Dated **3rd November, 1876**.

29) Homestead certificate 970 from U.S. Grant, President of United States to James W. Fuller for the E 1/2 NE 1/4 of SW 1/4 of NE 1/4 and the NW 1/4 of the SW 1/4 of sec. 33 T13N R2W containing 160 acres Dated **3 November, 1876.**

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30) Mortgage Deed between S.C. Hale and Vera Hale of Cleveland and Houge Root and Co. Consideration 442.71. for SE 1/4 of the NE 1/4 of Sec. 15 Twp 16 N R1E. Also NW 1/4 NW 1/4 of 44 25/100 acre of Sec. 6 Twp. 13 N R2W containing 164 25/100 acres. Dated **17th March 1877.**

31) Mortgage between Lorenzo Davis Of Homer Twp. and Lewis L. Eastman L. and M.J. Eastman of Midland. $200 for the SE 1/4 of Sec. 4 Twp. 14 N R1W excepting 50 acres sold to Nausels(?) Peters. Dated **2nd April 1877**.

32) State Tax Land deed. From Ralph Ely Auditor General of the State of Michigan to Charles Mason and W.W. Finch, the assignees of H.C. Smith of Cleveland, OH. NW 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Sec. 23 Twp 14 N R1W, containing 40 acres. Dated **25th April 1877.**

33) Assignment of Mortgage from Sylvester Leonardof Midland to Rodrick W. Russell of Midland for $57 assignment of mortgage made by Elizabeth Gould of Midland for Lots 3, 4, 5, and 6 of Block 129 of the Village of Midland Recorded in Liber E, p 318 **Dated 6 September, 1877.**

35) Discharge of Mortgage between Mortimer D. Smith of Flint and R.E. Bailey of the same place. Recorded in Liber G of Mortages Page 411. Dated **2nd November 1877.**

35) Discharge of Mortgage from T.D. Royse and John Baines to Rachel A. Phillips and Stephen W. Phillips, all of Midland for a lien (of $500) on lots 3, 4, 5, and 6 of the plat of the Town of Midland. **Dated 20 Nov. 1877**, and discharged 16 Oct., 1880.

36) Assignment of decree in chancery from William McCreight to William H. Ferguson. The decree was obtained for foreclosure of a mortgage against Mary A. Gallenger. No consideration noted. **Dated 11 December 1877.**

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37) Discharge of mortgage recorded in Liber E of mortgages page 490 dated **17th May 1878** from Leeman Barnes of Macomb Co., to Hiram P. Parker & wife discharged 3rd Nov. 1882.

38) Assignment of mortgage - Adelia W. Snook to Dwight E. Pearsall. For $1400. by Orville B. Horner and Anna A. Horner of Midland. For an indenture of mortgage dated **June 1, 1878**

39) Warrantee Deed from Amos Turney and Sarah Turney of Twp of Homer and Geo. Rockwell of Midland. $50 for lots 3 & 4 of Block 94 of the village of Midland. Dated **18th June 1878.**

40) Discharge of Mortgage between John S. Russell of the County of Jackson and Daniel T. Russell of the City of Jackson. For the undivided 1/2 of NE 1/4 of Sec. 22 in Twp. 13 N R2E containing 160 acres. Dated **3rd July 1878.**

41) Mortgage. Thurston Simmons and Mary W. Simmons to John J. Ryan. In the Twp. of Homer. For the West 1/2 of the SE 1/4 of the SE 1/4 of Sec. 14 Twp. 14 N R1E. $70. Dated **8th November, 1878**.

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42) Discharge of mortgage recorded in Liber H of Mortgages pages 537-8 dated **27th Feb 1879** from Daniel Ryan to Michael Ryan and Mary Ryan discharged 26th Apr 1882.

43) Discharge of Mortgage from C.W. Wells, F.C. Stone and A.W. Wright of Wells, Stone & Co. of Saginaw to George C. & Minnie E. Preslev & recorded in Liber D of Mortgages p. 378, 2 Feb., 1877. Recorded **30 April, 1879.**

44) Assignment of Mortgage from Rodrick W. Russell of Detroit to Henry C. Russell of Midland for $58 and interest, for a mortgage executed by Mary Sharpe of Midland to Rodrick W. Russell, 16 July, 1877, Liber E, Page 398. Recorded **28 July 1879.**

45) Quit Claim deed. Orren C. Hitchcock & Angeline, his wife, of Saginaw to George Freeland of Midland. $428.44 for NW 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Sec. 26 T14N R1E in Midland county lying east of Pine river, said to contain 30 acres. Also west part of N 1/2 of SW 1/4 of sec. 26 lying east of pine river. Also 7 acres of land on the west side of Pine river opposite the first described as follows: Starting on the Midland and St. Louis road near the gully and running thence north to the section line between sec. 26 & sec. 27 thence north on the section line to the quarter post on said line 24 rods and 12 links thence south 58 deg east 61 rods 13 links to the Pine river thence north 32 deg west to the place of beginning. on which the first party's buildings are now standing. **Dated 25 July 1879.**

46) Quit claim deed James & Sarah Sargent of Ashtabula Co. Ohio to George Freeland of Midland for $50 the same parcels of land described in (44) above. **Dated 26 Nov. 1879**

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47) Assignment of Mortgage from James Vankluck of Midland to Geo. C. Presley of Midland for $25 an indenture of mortgage bearing date **6th Jan. 1880** by George Button Sr. of Sanford and recorded in Liber K of mortgages page 75.

48) Quit claim deed dated **31 January 1880** - Silas Harcourt of Midland County and Mary his wife to Alderman B. Paine of Saginaw for $1 for the E ½ of the SW ¼ of Sec. one T15N R2W and being on the S side of the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad in Midland County, Michigan.

49) Assignment of Mortgage from L. May Dwyer of Midland to Luman E. Pratt of Midland for $75 & interest, an indenture of mortgage bearing date **4th Feb. 1880** and recorded in Liber K of Mortgages page 89.

50) Warrantee deed from George F. and Julia A. Ball of Midland to the Trustees of the First Baptist church of Midland, the parcel of land described as: commencing 56 rods north of the quarter post on the section line between section 20 and 21 in Twp. 14 N R2E running thence east 10 rods thence north 4 rods thence west 10 rods to section line thence 4 rods to the place of beginning. Consideration $125. Dated **3 April, 1880.**

51) Warranty deed dated **14 July 1880** - George E. Forbes, an unmarried man of Midland County, to Joseph Forbes of the same place for $300 a parcel of land in Mt. Haley Twp. The NW ¼ of the NE ¼ of Sec. 12 T13N R1E containing forty acres.

52) Discharge of Mortgage dated **6th December 1880** from Martin V. Sayre of Meigs Co., Ohio to Mamie(?) E. Presley and George C. Presley. The mortgage as recorded in Liber L, page 152. Mortgage discharged as of 4th November 1882.

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53) Quit Claim Deed from Robert E. Eddy & Emma V. Eddy his wife to Adam W. Poe: Consideration, 1 dollar & other property. S1/2 NE1/4 and the NW1/4 SE1/4 Sec. 19 T16N R1W containing 120 acres by Gov't survey. Dated **1 Feb. 1881.**

54) Quit claim deed **21st June 1881**, from Thurston Skinner Widower of Midland to Charles Feathers of the same place for $100, E 1/2 NW 1/4 of the SE 1/4 sec. 14N R1E Homer(?) Twp., Midland.

55) United States of America land Warrant 110086 for 100 acres of land to Harriet Wiles, widow of Elisha Wiles, Jr., Private, Captain Mattison's Company New York Militia, War of 1812, described as SE1/4 Sec. 28 T13N R1E and assigned to William Van Harter, and by him to Prespiere Pateneau. Signed **15th July 1871** and recorded in Midland 5th Oct. 1882.

56) Quit Claim Deed from Harriet Paine of Saginaw to Alderman B. Paine for $1 all the parcel of land situate on the County of Midland entire Sec. 1, T15N R2W. dated **4th Aug. 1881.**

57) Satisfaction of Mortgage, **10th Oct. 1881**, between Olive C. Selleck of Flint and John Forbes. Mortgage recorded in liber E of mortgages, page 492 on the 29th of May 1878.

58) Warranty deed, **13th October, 1881**, from John R. Evans & Lucinda, his wife of Midland to John R. Evans, Cornelius F. Smith & James B. Burtless of the same place, composing the firm of J.R. Evans & Co., for $800, in the village of Midland, Lot 16 Block 10 being 54 feet on Main St. by 90 feet on Benson St. Also the northwesterly 30 feet of lot 15 of said block (10).

59) Warranty deed, **29th December 1881**, from Lafayette Shanahan and Sarah, his wife of Midland to Andrew J. Fosdick of Midland for $500, a parcel of land in Midland Twp. starting at SW corner of NE quarter of the NE quarter of section 16 town 14N R2E north along the boundary of the NE quarter and the NW quarter of section 16. 19 chains to the line of a ditch, thence south 31 deg. east along the said ditch 6 chains and 53 links to angle in said ditch. Thence south 45 deg. and 15 minutes east 81 chains and 9 links to center line of Ashman Street. Thence south 45 deg west along said road 10 chains and 84 links to intersection of said road with the south line of the NE of the NE 1/4 of said sec 16. Thence west along said eighth line 1 chain and 39 links to point of beginning containing 9 and 21/100 acres.

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60) Warrantee Deed from John E. Brown, and Louisa J, his wife and Charles S. Brown and Esther A, his wife, all of Midland county to Daniel Ford of Midland Co. for the sum of $800 a parcel of land in Jasper Twp. described as: SW1/4 NW1/4 of Sec. 10 and the SE1/4 of the NE1/4 of Sec. 9 all in T13N R2 W in Midland. Dated **7th Jan 1882.**

61) Quit Claim Deed dated **7th February 1882** from Gustavus Stevens and Lydia M. Stevens, his wife to Michael W. Ryan for 1 dollar for all that parcel of land situated in Hope Twp. described as NW 114 of NW 114 Sec. 24 T16N RlE.

62) Warrantee deed **28th Feb. 1882** from William Patrick and Rebecca S. Patrick, his wife of Midland City to Louis L. Eastman of Midland $400 for a parcel of land in the Village of Midland commencing 40 feet from the north corner of lot 4 of block 23 of said city on Ashman St. continuing thence southwesterly along said street 20 feet thence southeasterly and along a line at right angle with said street 90 feet thence northeasterly and on a line parallel with said street 20 feet thence northwesterly and on a line at right angles with said street 90 feet to the place of beginning, being part of lots 3 and 4 of said block 23.

63) Quit Claim deed dated **22nd March 1882** from Watson Harris and Addie Harris, his wife, of Hope Twp. to Henry W. Russell of Midland City for $200 for a parcel of land in Larkin Twp. described as NW 1/4 SW 1/4 Sec. 32 T15N R2E and containing 40 acres.

64) Warranty deed dated **24th April, 1882** from Albert West & Anna West, his wife, of Jerome Twp. to David C. Porter of Geneva Twp. for $400 a parcel of land in Jerome Twp. described as NW 1/4 of SW 1/4 and the S 1/2 of the SW 1/4 of the NW 1/4 Sec. 17 T15N R1W containing 60 acres.

65) Homestead Certificate 1093 from Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States to George W. England for the N ½ of the NW ¼ and the NE ¼ of Sec. 2 T14N R1W containing 134 and 6/100 acre. Dated **1st June 1882.** Recorded 17th Jan. 1883.

66) Warrantee deed from William D. Gordon & his wife Lizzie to Celia A. Ross all of Midland Co. $600 for Lots 14-15, block 149, Hines addition. Village of Midland dated **14th July 1882.**

67) Warranty deed dated **9th August 1882** from George First of Jasper Twp. to Caroline A. Roberson of Jasper Twp., for $500 a parcel of land in Jasper Twp. described as SW 1/4 of NW 1/4 Sec. 29 T13N R2W containing 40 acres.

68) Land Warrant 110086 for 100 acres from Unites States by U.S. Grant to Harriet Wiles, Widow of Elisha Wiles, Junior, Private, Captain Mattison's Company New York Militia, War of 1812, and assigned by her to William Van Warter and by him to Prespiere Pateneau. For the SE ¼ Sec. 28 T13N R1E containing 160 acres. Dated 15th July 1871, Recorded **5th Oct., 1882.**

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69) Homestead Certificate 1093 from Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States to Robert Potter for the SE ¼ Sec. 26 T13N R1W containing 160 acres. **1st August 1883.**

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DESCENDANTS OF ELI SUTHERLAND: Part I

Compiled by **Yancey J. Dickert**, 6 1 Chatham Dr., Midland MI 48640, from data provided by Mrs. **Yvonne Koos**, **Diane Murphy**, **Roger Sutherland**, **Mrs Joanne Ellis**, **Russell Rankin** and others.

There are two or three branches of Sutherland families in Michigan who appear not to be . related. **Eli Sutherland** was born in 1799 in Rockland Co., NY. He married **Thankful Russell** in 182?- and she is buried in Lenawee Co., MI. Eli moved to Lambertville, Lenawee Co., MI about 1845. They had two sons and seven daughters. Eli died at the home of his daughter in Isabella Co., MI and is buried in Mt. Pleasant., MI. Sarah married Lemuel Thomas and lived in Barry Co., MI . Their children: Polly married Adam Linn and lived in Lenawee Co., MI. Rachel married Samuel Rankine Jr. and lived in Monroe Co., MI. Peter married (1) Aurilla Leach, married (2) Polly Parcher, married (3) Mary ?? and believed to have lived in Monroe Co., MI. Emily married (1) William Mesler and married (2) Jerome Henry Denslow and lived in Lenawee Co. MI. James I Married (1) Sarah Rixonand married (2) Emma Kelly and lived in Lenawee Co., MI.

DESCENDANTS OF ELI SUTHERLAND

1. Eli Sutherland #1 b. 15 OCT 1799, Haverstraw. Rockland Co, NY, m. 1 June 182?, in NY, **Thankful Russell** #2, b. 23 OCT 1604, NY, d. 19 Aug 1881, Ridgeway, Lenawee Co. MI, buried: Ridgeway Cem. MI. Eli died 11 Jul 1888, Union Twp, Isabella Co. MI. buried: 13 Jul 1888. Mt Pleasant MI.

Children:

2. i **Sarah** #3 b. 28 Mar 1823.
3. ii **Margaret** #4 b. 20 Feb 1825.
4. iii **Polly** #5 b. 3 Feb 1827.
5. iv **Rachel** #6 b. 25 Jun 1829
   v **Selah Sutherland** #7 b. 30 AUG 1831, Hector, Tompkins Co, NY, d. DY.
6. vi **Peter Moseman** #8 b. 4 Sept 1833.
   vii **Betsy Sutherland** #9 b. 28 SEPT 1835. Hector. Tompkins Co NY.
7. viii **Emily Roseltha** #l0 b. 2 Mar 1844.
8. ix **James I** #11 b. 30 Mar 1847

Second Generation

2. Sarah Sutherland #3 b. 28 Mar 1823, Hector, Tompklns Co. NY, m. 27 AUG 1842, In NY, resided, BARRY CO, MI, **Lemuel S. Thomas** #12, b. 13 Feb 1814, MA, d. 20 Jan 1883, MI, burled: Cedar Creek Cem, Barry Co Ml. Sarah died 17 Dec 1919, Vermontvllle, Eaton Co MI, buried: Cedar Creek Cem, Barry Co, MI.

Children:

9. i **James M**. #13 b. 20 May 1844.

10. ii **Wilmina** #14 b. 30 Mar 1846. 11.
iii **Selah L** #15 b. Jul 1848. 12.
iv **Eli Sutherland** #16 b. 11 Jan 1852.
v **Polly L Thomas** #I7 d. dy.

3. Margaret Sutherland #4 b. 20 Feb 1825, Hector Tompkins Co NY, m. 17 Feb 1844, in Monroe, MI, **John Q.A. Johnson** #18, b. 3 Feb 1826, Vienna, Oneida Co NY, (son of William M Johnson #107 and Nancy Whittaker #108) d. 17 ,Jan 1893, Mt Pleasant MI, buried: 19 Jan 1893, Riverside Cem, Mt Pleasant MI. Margaret died 19 Mar 1890, Union Twp, Isabella Co MI, buried: Riverside Cem. Mt Pleasant, MI.

Children :

13. i **Mary Adelaide** #19 b. 2 Nov 1844.
ii **Louisa Ann Johnson** #20 b. 24 Mar 1846, MI, m. (1) **Cyrenus Gordon** #328, m. (2) **Tunis Swart** #329. Louisa died 23 June 1695, buried: Mt Pleasant,MI.
iii **Welcome Johnson** #21 b. 15 Feb 1848, MI, d. 18 Oct 1851, MI.
iv **Warren James Johnson** #22 b. 6 Nov 1849, Barry Co.,MI, m. 5 Mar 1876, in Union Twp, Isabella Co MI, **Margaret White** #330. Warren died 1886, Oregon.
v **Dewitt S. Johnson** #23 h. 3 Mar 1852, Barry Co.,MI, m. 1879, in Isabella Co MI, **Amanda M Ackley** #87. Dewitt died Ca 1923, Gresham, OR.
vi **Jared R. Johnson** #24 b. 15 Sept 1854, MI, m. 23 Dec 1883, in Isabella Co MI, **Lettie Durfee** #331. Jared died 14 April 1931, Lake City, MI, buried: Lake City, MI.
14. vii **Harty Jane** #25 b. 29 Jan 1858.
viii **Lucy Thankful Johnson** #26 b. 20 Jan 1860, Isabella Co.,MI, d. 21 July 1861, Isabella Co.,MI.
ix **Elma Estell Johnson** #27 b. 13 Aug 1863, Isabella Co.,MI, m. 8 Aug 1880, **Christopher Jones** #332. Elma died OR.
x **Minnie E. Johnson** #28 b. 17 Sept 1865, lsabella Co.,MI, m. 17 Feb 1884, **Frank Linebaugh** #333. Minnie died 1949.

4. Polly Sutherland #5 b. 3 Feb 1827, Hector, Tcmpkins Co NY, m. **Adam Linn** #29, b. 8 Mar 1811, Yates Co NY, son of **John Linn** #31 and **Rebecca Johnson** #32) d. 27 Dec 1867, MI. Polly died 5 Aug 1880, MI, buried: Ridgeway Cem.LenaweeCo MI. Polly was the second wife of Adam. His first wife is unknown

Children:

i **Eli Linn** #91 b. c1849, d. dy.
15. ii **Valina** #30 b. 12 Mar 1860.

5. **Rachel Sutherland** #6 b. 25 Jun 1829, Hector,Tompkins Co, NY, m. (1) 14 May 1846, in Dundee, Monroe Co,MI, **Samuel Rankin, Jr** #34, b. c1815,NH, d. 1882,

Monroe MI, buried: Maple Grove Cem, Dundee, MI, m. (2) 7 Aug 1887, **John Arnold Craft** #113, b. ?. Rachel died Oct 1918, Dundee, Monroe Co MI, buried: Maple Grove Cem, Dundee, MI.

Children by Samuel Rankin.Jr:

i **Simon Rankin**#92 b. c1841

ii **Thankful Rankin** #93 b. c1847, m. 14 APR 1866, in Dundee, Monroe MI. **John F Mosher** #95.

16. iii **John Peter** #35 b. 16 Aug 1848.

17. iv **Albert** #94 b. c1850.

v **Rhoda Rankin** #37 b. 1861, Dundee MI, m. 25 Nov 1881, in Dundee MI, **William Dolling** #365.

6. Peter Moseman Sutherland #8 b. 4 Sept 1833, Hector,Tompkins Co.NY, m. (1) 16 Oct 1861, in Bedford Twp,Monroe Co MI. **Aurilla Leach** #39, b. 19 May 1806, d. 5 Nov 1899, m. (2) **Polly Parcher** #110, m. (3) **Mary ?** #1ll. Peter died 8 July 1923, MI, buried: MI.

Children by Aurilla Leach:

18. i **Sara Ella** #40 b. 11 Oct 1862.

19. ii **Charles Jay** #41 b. 23 June 1864.

7. Emily Roseltha Sutherland #10 b. 2 Mar 1844, Dundee, Monroe Co MI, m. (1) 12 Mar 1862, in Ridgeway,Lenawee Co MI. **William Mesler** #48, b. 1834, Seneca So NY, d. 26 Mar 1888, Deerfield Twp Isabella Co MI, buried: Taylor Cem, Winn, Isabella Co MI. m. (2) 22 Nov 1888, in Mt Pleasant,MI, **Jerome Henry Denslow** #61, b. 4 Oct 1836, NY, d. 18 May 1918, MI. Emily died 24 Apr 1931, Grand Rapids,MI, buried: Forest Hill Cem.,Isabella Co,MI.

Children by William Mesler:

20. i **Frank Vernon** #49 b. 21 Sep 1863.

ii **Darius Mesler** #50 b. 19 Oct 1866, Ridgeway,Lenawee Co MI. d. 19 July 1870. Ridgeway,Lenawee Co MI, buried: Ridgeway Cem, Ridgeway,Lenawee Co MI.

iii **Fannie A Mesler** #51 b. 29 Aug 1869, Ridgeway, Lenawee Co MI, d. 17 July 1870, Ridgeway, Lenawee Co MI, buried: Ridgeway Cem, Ridgeway, Lenawee Co MI.

21. iv **Cora Adelaide** #52 b. 6 Sept 1871.

22. v **Carrie Elizabeth** #53 b. 12 May 1873.

23. vi **Sarah Rachel** #54 b. 30 Apr 1881.

8. James I Sutherland #11 b. 30 Mar 1847, Dundee M1, m. (1) 16 May 1869, **Sarah Elizabeth Rixon** #62, b. ~1851, d. Tecumseh MI, m. (2) **Emma L Kelly** #64, b. Aug 1858, Lenawee Co,MI. James died 27 Dec 1933, Brighton MI, buried: 30 Dec 1933, Fairview Cem,Brighton MI. James I Sutherland enlisted at Dundee MI 19 Oct 1863. Co

G. 11 regt Mi calvary; transferred 7/20/1865 to Co B 8th Regt Mi Calvary.Emma: Living in Brighton MI in 1934.

Children by Sarah Elizabeth Rixon:

i **Minnie Louella Sutherland** #63 b. 28 Mar 1870. MI. m. . . (1) ?? Cook #71.

ii **Fannie G Sutherland** #68 b. 25 Jan 1873, Lenawee Co MI, ref: Liber B p42 Isa[bella](?), m. (1)?? **Burch** #72. m. 121 12 Jan 1898, in Holloway,LenaweeCo MI, **Benjamin D Burch** #432.

iii **Henry Sutherland** #65 b. 11 Oct 1876, d. 10 Oct 1885, Raisin, Lenawee Co MI.

Children by Emma L Kelly:

iv **Charles G Sutherland** #66 b. 10 May 1881.

v **Gertrude May** #67 b. 25 Jan 1888.

Third Generation

9. James M. Thomas #13 b. 20 May 1844, Dundee, Monroe Co MI, m. 21 Jul 1864, in Barry Twp,Barry Co MI, **Christina Smith** #296, b. 1848, NY, (daughter of **Jacob Smith** #302 and **Adeline Knowles** #303) d. 1919, buried: Maple Hill Cem, Cadillac MI. James died 6 Apr 1935, Belding, Ionia Co MI, buried: 9 Apr 1935, River Ridge Cem, Belding MI.

Children:

i **William Fayette Thomas** #300 b. 11 Mar 1865.

ii **Alma Thomas** #301 b. 21 Aug 1867, m. 25 Dec 1884, in Richland, Kalamazoo Co MI, **Jasper A Whipple** #304.

10. Wilmina Thomas #14 b. 30 Mar 1846, Lenawee Co MI, m. c 1865, **Abel Craven** #82, b. Oct 1829, (son of **Thomas Craven** #308 and **Ann Thorp** #309). Wilmina died 2 Apr 1920, buried: Cedar Creek Cem, Barry Twp MI.

Children:

i **Edith Craven** #305 b. 15 Jul 1866, m. 25 Aug 1886, in Prairieville, Barry Co MI, **William Malone** #310. Edith died 10 Oct 1912.

ii **Cynthia Craven** #306 b. 26 Aug 1868, d. 20 Jan 1918.

25. iii **Henry** #264 b. 16 Mar 1873.

iv **Sarah Ethel Craven** #307 b. 14 May 1676, Hope Twp Barry Co MI, m. **Frank Simons** #311.

11. Selah L Thomas #15 b. Jul1848, Monroe Co MI, m. (1) 6 Sep 1868, in Hope Twp Barr Co MI, **Arabelle Winters** #312, b. c 1849, Stark Co OH, d. 19 Jan 1871, Hope Twp Barry Co MI, buried: Cedar Creek Cem, Barry Co MI, m. (2) 13 Mar 1873, in Washtenaw Co MI, **Elizabeth Anna Minzey** #313, b. Oct 1856, MI, (daughter of **Andrew Minzey** #320 and Unknown #112). Selah died 21 Auq 1912, Barry Co MI, buried: Cedar Creek Cem, Barry Co MI.

Children by Araballe Winters:

i **Ada Thomas** #29R b. 5 Nov 1870, Lorain Co OH, m. 4 Aug 1890, in Nashville, Barry Co MI, **Fred A Winchell** #299 Ada died c 1897.

Children by Elizabeth Anna Minzey:

ii **Sarah Jane Thomas** #314 b. 15 Apr 1874, Ann Arbor MI, m. 29 Mar 1892, in Hastings MI, **John H Waters** #321.

iii **George Washington Thomas** #315 b. 13 Jan 1877, Hope Twp Barry Co MI, m. 17 Aug 1895, **Mary Hudson** #322.

iv **Ida Mae Thomas** #316 b. 1878, m. 10 Nov 1893, in Hastings MI, **Albert Ulrich** #323.

v **Blanche M Thomas** #317 b. 2 Oct 1882, Hope Twp Barry Co MI.

vi **Lorin Thomas** #318 b. 17 Mar 1887, Woodland, Barry Co MI

vii **Mina Thomas** #319 b. 19 Jul 1889, Woodland, Barry Co MI, m.17 Jan 1922, in Barry Co MI, **Theodore Pranska** #324.

12. Eli Sutherland Thomas #16b. 11 Jan 1852, Barry Co MI, m. 6 AUG 1884, **Lavina E Collins** #83, b. Feb 1854, Rutland Twp Barry Co MI, (daughter of Charles Collins #325 and Mary F Keech #326) d. 22 NOV 1909, MI, buried: Cedar Crk Cem, Barry Co MI. Eli died 5 Aug 1924, Vermontville MI, buried: 7 Aug 1924, Cedar Crk Cem,Barry Co MI.

Children:

1. i **Cecille Thomas** #84 b. 1888, m. 12 Sep 1916, in Sunfield, Eaton Co MI, **John H Konechney** #85, b. 1887.

13. Mary Adelaide Johnson #19 b. 2 Nov 1844, Monroe Co.MI, m. (1) 16 Jan 1864, **Thomas Sanders** #327, m. (2) **Thomas Benton Ball** #86,b. 4 June 1840, Paulding Co.,OH, d. 17 Sept 1896, Isabella Co.,MI, buried: Mt. Pleasant, MI. Mary died 23 June 1919, Isabella Co.,MI, buried: Mt Pleasant, MI.

Children by Thomas Benton Ball:

i **Cary Ball** #278 b. 20 March 1870, Isabella Co,MI, m. (1) **Annie ?** #334, m. (2) **Nora Evenson** #335. Cary died 7 Aug 1929, Silverton, OR, buried: Salem,OR. .

26 ii **Inez L.** #279 b. 20 Jan 1872.

iii **Rose Ball** #280 b. 14 May 1874, Isabella Co.,MI, m. **Gilbert Jones** #336. Rose died 5 Feb 1918, Isabella Co.,MI, buried: Winn, MI.

27. iv **Clarence Hugh** #272 b. 14 Mar 1876.

v **George W. Ball** #281 b. Sept 1878, Isabella Co.,MI, d. 1878.

vi **Edwin Dwight Ball** #282 b. 26 Sept 1878, Isabella Co.,MI, d. 1950, Mt. Pleasant, MI, buried: Mt. Pleasant, MI.

vii **William Bertran Ball** #283 b. 18 April 1882, Isabella Co.,MI, d. 1 April 1944, Wheatland,CA, buried: Wheatland, CA.

viii **Robert Perry Ball** #284 b. 10 Sept 1883, Isabella Co.,MI, d. 21 Dec 1921. Stockton.CA.

To Be Continued in Part II

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DESCENDANTS OF ELI SUTHERLAND: Part II

Continued from Part I.

Compiled by **Yancey J. Dickert**, 611 Chatham Dr., Midland MI 48640, from data provided by Mrs. **Yvonne Koos**, **Diane Murphy, Roger Sutherland**, Mrs **Joanne Ellis, Russell Rankin** and others.

Third Generation (Continued)

14. **Harty Jane Johnson** #25 b. 29 Jan 1858, Isabella Co.,MI, m. 12 Sep 1875, i n Isabella Co M I , m **Albert Rankin** #94, b. c1850, Dundee, MI , (son of **Samuel Rankin, Jr**. #34 and **Rachel Sutherland** # 6) . Harty died 6 June 1929, Silverton, OR.

Children:

i **Clark Lavern Rankin** #366 b. 25 May 1876, Mt Pleasant MI .
ii **John Peter Rankin** #367 b. 24 Jan 1878, Union Twp Isabella Co MI .

15. **Valina Linn** #30 b. 12 Mar 1860, m. 9 Nov 1879, i n Ida, Monroe Co M I , **David A Allison** #33, b. Jun 1853, Ridgeway, Lenawee Co MI . Valina d i e d 13 May 1928, Mooreville, MI .

Children:

i **Willard A Allison** #358 b. Feb 1883.
ii **Claud C Allison** #359 b. Nov 1885.
iii **Alger R Allison** #360 b. Dec 1889.
i v **Leah S Allison** #361 b. Aug 1894, m. **James Crittenden** #364.
v **Flossie W Allison** #362 b. Jan 1897.
v i **Shirley G Allison** #363 b. Mar 1899.

16. **John Peter Rankin** #35 b. 16 Aug 1848, Dundee, Monroe M I , m. 27 Mar 1870, i n Dubdee MI , **Lucy Matilda Brown** #96, b . 31 Oct 1851, Deerfield, Lenawee Co M I , d. 6 Oct 1924, Dundee M I , buried : Maple Grove Cem, Dundee M I . John died 29 Mar 1931, Dundee, Monroe MI , buried : Maple Grove Cem, Dundee, MI .

Children:

i **Ozro Rankin** #97 b. 16 Apr 1871, MI , ref : resided , m. **Neva G** ?? #111.
28. ii **Frederick Arthur** #98 b. 16 Jul 1873.
iii **Carlton B Rankin** #99 b. 28 Apr 1875, m. **Isabella Huff** #115, b. 17 Mar 187?. Carlton died 4 Sep 1902.
i v **Cora G Rankin** #I00 b . 19 Mar 1878, MI , m. **Orrie Smith** #116.
v **Ernest D Rankin** #l01 b. 24 Mar 1880, MI .
v i **Minnie Bell Rankin** #l02 b. 19 Nov 1885, m. **Romie Eugene Ellias** #117, b. 6 Sep 1885.

17. **Albert Rankin** #94 (See marriage to number 14) .

18 . **Sara Ella Sutherland** #40 b. 11 Oct 1862, Lambertville,MI, m. **William James Thistle** #119, b. 22 Mar 1867, Newfoundland, (son of **John R Thistle** #I18 and Unknown #112). Sara d ied 20 Nov 1952, Franklin.OH, buried : Bement, IL.

Children:

29. i **Frances Helen** #I20 b. 25 Mar 1894.
30. ii **Lewis J (Ted)** #I21 b. 5 Dec 1895.
31. iii **Jessie Aurilla** #I22 b. 26 Nov 1897.

19. **Charles Jay Sutherland** #41 b. 23 June 1864, MI , m. 18 Dec 1895, **Laura Ester Janny** #42, b. 4 July 1874, d. 23 July 1932. Charles died 11 Oct 1931.

Children :

32. i **Loyd J.** #43 b. 11 Dec 1897.
33. ii **Farley Allen** #44 b. 12 Dec 1899.
    iii **Cora Mae Sutherland** #45 b. 7 Oct 1903, m. **William G Hart** #216. Cora died Dec.
34. iv **Maude Ella** #46 b. 30 Oct 1906.
35. v **Agnes Almeda** #47 b. 25 Dec 1908.

20. **Frank Vernon Mesler** #49 b. 21 Sep 1863, Ridgeway, Lenawee Co, MI , m. 3 Jul 1893, in Mt Pleasant MI , **Agnes Harris** #55, b. 20 Apr 1871, Fremont OH, d. 1 Jun 1945, Lansing, MI , buried: Riverside Cem, Henderson MI . Frank died 24 June 1928, Clawson, Oakland Co MI , buried: Riverside Cem, Henderson MI .

Children:

i **Sarah Mesler** #56 b. 1 Jul 1894, Isabella Co MI , m. (1) **W Brayne** #368, m. (2) **? Osborn** #369. Sarah died 17 Mar 1968, Shiawasse Co MI .

ii **Elsie Roseltha Mesler** #57 b. 28 Mar 1896, Rosebush, M I , m. 27 Jun 1917, in Lansing MI , **Clarence Freeman** #370. Elsie died 26 Sep 1960, Lansing MI , buried : 29 Sep 1960, Glendale Cem, Okemos MI .

iii **Otis Mesler** #58 b. 2 Jul 1898, Crandon, Forest Co WI m. 30 Aug 1919, in Shiawassee MI , **Agnes Van Meer** #371. Otis died 6 Apr 1924, Carland, Shiawassee Co MI , buried: 9 Apr 1924, Riverside Cem, Henderson MI.

iv **William Edward Mesler** #59 b. 27 Sep 1902, Crandon, Forest Co WI, m. **Thelma L Urton** #372. William died 17 Jun 1976, Owosso MI , buried : Oak Grove Cem, Owosso MI .

v **Thelma Mesler** #60 b. 12 Aug 1905, Crandon, Forest Co WI , m. (1) **M. Goodrich** #373, m. (2) 27 Mar 1937, in Lansing MI , **Gerald D. Norris** #374. Thelma died 1 Nov 1985, Lansing M I , buried: Riverside Cem, Henderson MI.

vi **Vernon Jerome Mesler** #295 b. 22 Jul 1910, Owosso, Shiawassee,MI, m. **Mildred M Homola** #375. Vernon died 7 Jan 1968, Lansing, Ingham, MI, buried: St Joseph Cem.

21. **Cora Adelaide Mesler** #52 b. 6 Sept 1871, Ridgeway,Lenawee Co MI , m. 5 Oct. 1890, in Mecosta MI , **Andrew Lafayette Lawrence** #229, b. 20 Oct 1856, Kalamazoo Co MI, (son of **George Lawrence** #227 and **Mary Kent** #228) d. 12 Feb 1929, Isabella Co MI. Cora died 9 Oct 1936, Flint, MI, buried: 11 Oct 1936, Forest Hill Cem, Isabella Co MI.

Children:

36. i **Sidney Andrew** #230 b. 18 Apr 1891.
ii **Herbert James Lawrence** #23; b. 13 Aug 1892, Sherman Twp , Isabella Co MI , m. June 1962, **Fackler** #240, b. 21 Mar 1893, Hamler Henry Co OH, (daughter of **Jacob F Fackler** #383 and **Rosa B Cheadle** #384) d. 17 Aug 1967, Grand Rapids MI. Herbert died 28 Apr 1969, Lakeview MI , buried: 1 May 1969, Forest Hill Cem, Isabella Co MI.
37. iii **Orren Lyle** #232 b. 28 May 1894.
38. iv **Edna Lena** #233 b. 18 Dec 1895.
v **Mabel Katherine Lawrence** #234 b. 27 May 1897, Sherman Twp , Isabella Co MI , d. 11 Sep 1906, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI , buried: 13 Sep 1906, Forest Hill Cem, Isabella Co MI.
39. vi **Lorena Inez** #235 b. 18 Jun 1899.
vii **Leora Mary Lawrence** #236 b. 6 Mar 1902, Sherman Twp , Isabella Co MI , m. 6 Sep 1924, **James Oscar Kent** #245, b. Jan 1884. Leora died 8 Jul 1926, Grand Rapids M I , buried: 10 Jul 1926, Forest Hill Cem, Isabella Co. MI.
40. viii **James Albert** #237 b. 17 June 1904.
41. ix **Elsie Roseltha** #238 b. 28 May 1907.
x **Ruby Bertha Lawrence** #376 b. 19 Jun 1911, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI , m. 13 Jun 1930, i n Mt Pleasant MI , Dewey Luther Kirvan #377, b. 12 Apr 1903, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI , (son of **William Kirvan** #418 and Miranda Paddock #419) d. 23 Jul 1984, Big Rapids MI , buried: 25 Jul 1984, Forest Hill Cem, Isabella Co MI.

22. **Carrie Elizabeth Mesler** #53 b. 12 May 1873, Ridgway Lenawee Co MI, m. (1) 13 May 1889, in Mt Pleasant MI, Grant Henry Denslow #256, b . 15 Oct 1868, Woodstock, Lenawee Co MI, (son of **Jerome Denslow** #420 and **Asenath Savage** #421) d . 13 Jul 1922 Grand Rapids MI , buried: Forest Hill Cem, Isabella Co MI, m. (2) **Oscar E Kent** #261, b. 1853, MI , (son of **John Kent** #262 and **Hannah ??** #263). Carrie died 2 Mar 1950, Detroit MI , buried: Forest Hill Cem, Isabella Co MI.

Children by Grant Henry Denslow:

i **Ernest Nelson Denslow** #257 b. 6 Mar 1890, m. **Bernice Rogers** #422. Ernest died 16 Oct 1958.

ii **Reynold Eugene Denslow** #258 b. 4 Feb 1892, Isabella Co MI , m. **Maxine Blum** #423.

iii **Florence Gladys Denslow** #259 b. 18 Feb 1894, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, m. (1) **James Richardson** #424, m. (2) **Ernest Morley** #425. Florence died 1954, buried: Forest Hill Cem, Isabella Co MI.

iv **Fannie Lois Denslow** #260 b. 30 Mar 1902, MI, d. 1 Jun 1902, buried: Forest Hill Cem, Isabella Co MI.

23. **Sarah Rachel Mesler** #54 b. 30 Apr 1881, Ridgeway, Lenawee Co MI, m. 1898, **Henry Craven** #264, b. 16 Mar 1873, Barry Co MI , (son of **Abel Craven** #82 and **Wilmina Thomas** #14) d. 11 Mar 1953, Barry Co MI , buried: Cedar Creek Cem, Barry Co MI . Sarah died 6 Jan 1973, Hastings, Barry Co, MI, buried: Cedar Creek Cem, Barry Co MI.

Children:

i **Harry Craven** #265 b. 27 Nov 1899, m. **Rose Thomas** #426. Harry died Sep 1973, Milwaukee WI.

ii **Hazel Eunice Craven** #266 b. 4 Dec 1901, Crandon, Forest Co WI , m. 25 Jul 1921, **Leon Benedict** #427.

iii **Russell Theodore Craven** #267 b. 20 Jun 1904, m. (1) 250ct 1924, **Irene Kaiser** #428, m. (2) **Marleah Cameron** #429.

iv **Arden Henry Craven** #268 b. 8 Nov 1909.

v **Vearl Elizabeth Craven** #269 b. 19 Apr 1913, m. **Alvin Lindsay** #271. Vearl died 1980, buried: Cedar Creek Cem, Barry Co MI.

24. **Gertrude May Sutherland** #67 b. 25 Jan 1888, m. **N.R. Morland** #73.

Children:

42. i **? Morland** #74 b. 11 Jan 1913.

43. ii **Genavieve** #75.

iii **Robert Morland** #76 b. c 1915/20.

END OF THIRD GENERATION
TO BE CONTINUED IN PART III.

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DESCENDANTS OF ELI SUTHERLAND: Part III

Continued from Part II.

Compiled by **Yancey J. Dickert**, 611 Chatham Dr., Midland MI 48640, from data provided by Mrs. **Yvonne Koos**, **Diane Murphy**, **Roger Sutherland**, Mrs **Joanne Ellis**, **Russell Rankin** and others.

Fourth Generation

25. Henry Craven (See marriage to number 23.).

26. Inez L. Ball b. 20 Jan 1872, Isabella Co,MI, m. 29 Feb 1892, **Levi Frederick Metcalf**, b. 1858, Isabella Co MI, d. 1923, bur: Union Cem. Isabella Co Mi. Inez died 1 Jan 1918, Isabella Co,MI, bur: Winn, MI.

Children:

i **Merle Metcalf** b. 1893, m. **Thomas Hackett**.
ii **Sybil Metcalf** b. 1896, m. **William Quinlan**.
iii **Ruby Metcalf** b. 1897, d. 1920.
iv **Mary Metcalf** b. 1899, m. **Russell Galer**.
v **Leona Metcalf** b. 27 Aug 1901, Fremont Twp,Isabella Co MI, m. **James Craven.**
vi **Levi Metcalf** b. 1903, m. **Blanch Casner**.
vii **?** **Metcalf** b. 1905, d. 1905.
viii **Welby Elton Metcalf** b. 14 Jun 1907, Deerfield Twp Isabella Co MI, m. **Lucetta L Gifford.**
ix **Mildred Metcalf** b. 1909.
x **Mabel Metcalf** b. 1916.

27. Clarence Hugh Ball b. 14 Mar 1876, Isabella Co.,MI, m. 18 Nov 1896, in Greendale Twp Midland Co MI, **Ann Barbara Winger Richter**, b. 24 May 1879, Canada, (daughter of **John Richter** and **Jane Spear**) d. 29 Dec 1959, Mt Pleasant, MI, buried Mt Pleasant, MI. Clarence died 23 Jul 1950, Isabella Co.,MI, bur: Mt. Pleasant, MI.

Children:

i **Lennie Mae Ball** b. 20 May 1897, Isabella Co.,MI, m. 31 Oct 1917, in Mt Pleasant MI, **Noble L Pease**. Lennie died 20 Feb 1972, Mt Pleasant, MI, bur: Mt Pleasant, MI.
ii **Fanny S. Ball** b. 20 Mar 1899, Isabella Co.,MI, m. 20 Feb 1917, **Dewey Berryhill.** Fanny died 1977, Lansing, MI, bur: Lansing, MI.
iii **Ada B. Ball** b. 11 Aug 1901, Isabella Co.,MI, d. 1976, Mt Pleasant, MI, bur: Mt Pleasant, MI.
iv **Clarence Woodrow Ball** b. 23 Nov 1917, Isabella Co.,MI.
44. v Robert Benton b. 2 Mar 1920.

28. Frederick Arthur Rankin b. 16 Jul 1873, MI, m. 4 May 1895, in Monroe MI, **Ruth Ann Clute**, b. 26 Feb 1875, d. 13 Oct 1950, MI, bur: Maple Grove Cem, Dundee MI. Frederick died 1915, bur: Maple Grove Cem, Dundee MI.

Children:

i **Ted Carrole Clute Rankin** b. 10 Apr 1896, d. 25 Mar 1967.
ii **John William Rankin** b. 7 Jan 1898, d. 21 Jan 1960.
iii **Joseph Frederick Rankin** b. 22 Sep 1905, d. 2 Mar 1984.

29. Frances Helen Thistle b. 25 Mar 1894, Lambertville,MI, m. 27 Jun 1917, in Franklin OH, **Charles Homer Newcomer**, b. 30 Mar 1892, Wadsworth OH, d. 28 Mar 1970, Grand Rapids, MI bur: 30 Mar 1970, Grand Rapids, MI. Frances died 10 Oct 1978, Midland MI, bur: 12 Oct 1978, Grand Rapids,MI.

Children:

45. i **Robert Lewis** b. 2 Jun 1918.
46. ii **Dorothy Jean** b. 20 Oct 1922.

30. Lewis J (Ted) Thistle b. 5 Dec 1895, m. **Leila Whitmire**, b. 1895, (daughter of **William Sanford Whitmire** and **Miss Turnipseed**) d. 1964. Lewis died 6 May 1948, Grand Rapids,MI, bur: Vestaburg MI.

Children:

47. i **William Theodore** b. 23 May 1923.

31. Jessie Aurilla Thistle b. 26 Nov 1897, Unadilla MI, m. (1) **George Hayes**, m. (2) **Robert Anderson**, bur:Franklin OH. Jessie died 29 Nov 1986, Wooster OH, bur: cremated.

Children by George Hayes:

i **Ambie Hayes** b. 8 Mar 1920.
48. ii **James Arthur** b. 21 Oct 1924.

32. Loyd J. Sutherland b. 11 Dec 1897, m. **Gladys Mildred Somers**, b. 17 Sep 1897, d. 21 Dec 1975. Loyd died 1 Apr 1965.

Children:

49. i **Edward J** b. 5 Mar 1927.
50. ii **Martin Richard** b. 8 Mar 1931.

33. Farley Allen Sutherland b. 12 Dec 1899, m. **Estelle Dewey**, b. 1 Mar 1905, d. 29 Oct 1965. Farley died 11 Dec 1951.

Children:

51. i **Roger** b. 8 Jan 1930.
52. ii **Charles**.
53. iii **Jeanette**.

34. Maude Ella Sutherland b. 30 Oct 1906, m. **Warren Vanhorn**, b. 6 Jun 1905, d. 22 Mar 1981.

Children:

54. i **Bruce** b. 4 Apr 1943.

35. Agnes Almeda Sutherland b. 25 Dec 1908, m. **Homer Clauser**. Agnes died Jan 1985.

Children:

i **Mark Clauser**.

ii **Kay Lynn Clauser** m. **Mr Law**.

36. Sidney Andrew Lawrence b. 18 Apr 1891, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, m. 23 May 1931, in Angola IN, **Mary Nettie Graber**, b. 2 APR 1901, Fulton Co OH, (daughter of **John C Graber** and **Lydia L Lorntz**). Sidney died 2 Jan 1968, Lakeview MI, bur: 7 Jan 1968, Forest Hill Cem, Isabella Co MI.

Children:

i **Keith Sidney Lawrence** b. 3 Feb 1935, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, d. 5 Feb 1935, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI.

ii **Garth Duane Lawrence** b. 5 Sep 1938, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, m. 17 Jun 1961, in Weidman MI, **Judy M Cummins**.

37. Orren Lyle Lawrence b. 28 May 1894, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, m. 20 Aug 1919, **Dorothy Marie Delo**, b. 9 Mar 1900, Rolland Twp, Isabella Co MI, (daughter of **Asa Delo** and **Celia Judge**) d. Nov 1982, Niagara Falls NY. Orren died 12 Sep 1948, Flint MI, bur: 14 Sep 1948, Sunset Hills Cem, Flint MI.

Children:

i **Dallas Lawrence** b. c1927, Flint MI, d. c1933, Flint MI.

ii **Mary Joyce Lawrence** b. 1934, Flint MI, m. Robert Wade.

38. Edna Lena Lawrence b. 18 Dec 1895, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, m. (1) 26 Nov 1916, in Owosso MI, **Erie Monroe**, b. 8 Sep 1890, Bronson MI, d. 16 Apr 1939, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, bur: Pontiac MI, m. (2) **George Merrihew**, b. Dec 1885, d. Jun 1973. Edna died 26 May 1983, Big Rapids MI, bur: 31 May 1983, Oak Hill Cem, Pontiac MI.

Children by Erie Monroe:

i **Virginia Ruby Monroe** b. 3 Nov 1917, Pontiac MI, d. 19 Jan 1920, Pontiac MI, bur: Pontiac MI.

ii **James Harold Monroe** b. 26 Oct 1919, Pontiac MI, m. 12 Feb 1945, in Bronx NY, **Jenny Ostrowski**.

iii **Hope Imogene Monroe** b. 7 Dec 1920, Pontiac MI, m. (1) Elbridge West, m. (2) Del Hare.

iv **Ruth Cathleen Monroe** b. 22 Feb 1931, Sherman Twp,Isabella Co

MI, m. 23 Apr 1949, in Mt Pleasant MI, **Monroe Dutcher**. Ruth died 4 Sep 1991, Ortonville MI, bur: 6 Sep 1991, Ottawa Park Cem, Clarkston, MI.

v **Carol Adeline Monroe** b. 10 Oct 1933, Sherman Twp., Isabella Co MI, m. 17 Jun1955, in Pontiac MI, **William Fish**.

vi **Charles Monroe** b. 20 Oct 1936, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, d. 20 Oct 1936, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, bur: Forest Hill Cem, Isabella Co MI.

39. Lorena Inez Lawrence b. 18 Jun 1899, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, m. 20 Nov 1920, **Ira Lee Quick**, b. 17 Jun 1896, MI. Lorena died May 1937, Pontiac,MI, bur: 13 May 1937, Lakeview Cem, Lakeview MI.

Children:

i **Shirley Alice Quick** b. 3 Jul 1922, Pontiac MI.

ii **Velma Jewell Quick** b. 2 Oct 1923, Pontiac MI, m. 1 Jan 1940, **Leo Motdoch.**

iii **Norman Wayne Quick** b. 3 Sep 1925, Pontiac MI, m. **Jewell Rackley**. Norman died 28 Jun 1990, Dowling MI.

iv **Renold Lee Quick** b. 5 Jun 1933, Pontiac MI.

40. James Albert Lawrence b. 17 June 1904, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, m. 1929, **Una Hildegarde Smith**, b. 29 Mar 1911, MI, (daughter of **Lincoln E Smith** and **Leona Goodrich**) d. 20 Aug 1972, MI. James died 6 SEPT 1957, Detroit MI, bur: 9 Sep 1957, Forest Hill Cem,Isabella Co MI.

Children:

i **Everett Emmett Lawrence** b. 11 Apr 1937, Isabella Co MI, m. 20 Jun 1959, **Hermie ?**.

ii **Kathleen Marie Lawrence** b. 9 Mar 1944, Isabella Co MI, m. 23 Jun 1962, **Phil Coon**.

iii **Russell Lawrence** b. 6 Aug 1946, Isabella Co MI.

41. Elsie Roseltha Lawrence b. 28 May 1907, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, m. (1) 28 Apr 1929, in Fenton,MI, **Ivan Thompson Abell**, b. 2 Aug 1906, Slanesville, WV, (son of **George Abell** and **Sallie Thompson**) d. 4 Jan 1939, Edmore MI, bur: 7 Jan 1939, Forest Hill Cem, Isabella Co MI, m. (2) **George P Bolinger**, b. 24 Jan 1892, MI, d. 18 Nov 1973, MI.

Children by Ivan Thompson Abell:

55. i **Yvonne Louise** b. 13 Nov 1932.

ii **Lawrence Ivan Abell** b. 30 Apr 1935, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, d. 2 Nov 1956, San Diego CA, bur: 7 Nov 1956, Mt Hope Cem, San Diego CA.

42. ? Morland b. 11 Jan 1913, m. **Earl McLean**, b. 4 Feb 1910, d. Jan 1976, Grand Rapids MI. ? Morland died May 1980, Grand Rapids MI.

Children:

i **Jerrylyn McLean**.

43. Genavieve Morland m. ? Revel.

Children:

i **Nancy Morland**.

Fifth Generation

44. Robert Benton Ball b. 2 Mar 1920, Isabella Co.,MI, m. 13 Feb 1943, **Dorothy Marie Clare**, b. 20 Apr 1921, Forest Hill, MI.

Children:

56. i **Robert Hugh** b. 11 Jun 1944.
ii **Benton Clare Ball** b. 31 Dec 1945, Mt Pleasant, MI.
iii **Bruce Thomas Ball** b. 17 July 1947, Mt Pleasant, MI.

45. Robert Lewis Newcomer b. 2 Jun 1918, Oskaloosa IA, m. (1) **Eva Lee Balch**, m. (2) **Dorothy Hebard**. Robert died 23 Oct 1984, Indianapolis IN, bur: Shelbyville IN.

Children by Dorothy Hebard:

57. i **Robert Hebard** b. 29 Dec 1949.
58. ii **Charles H** b. 30 Dec 1952.

46. Dorothy Jean Newcomer b. 20 Oct 1922, Oskaloosa IA, m. 27 May 1944, in Newberry, **Yancey Jackson Dickert**, b. 7 Jun 1917, Newberry,SC.

Children:

59. i **Wanda Adelaide** b. 2 Jul 1945.
60. ii **Virginia Irene** b. 18 Jul 1947.
61. iii **Pamela Helen** b. 23 Jun 1950.
62. iv **Kathleen Marie** b. 31 Aug 1955.

47. William Theodore Thistle b. 23 May 1923, MS, m. **Margaret Grisham**, b. 23 Jan 1923. William died 19 Mar 1992, Decatur AL.

Children:

63. i **William Sanford** b. 17 Oct 1944.
ii **Margaret Mingon (Bebe) Thistle** b. 8 Dec 1955.

48. James Arthur Hayes b. 21 Oct 1924, m. (1) **Margit Westling**, m. (2) **Goodrin ??**.

Children by Margit Westling:

i **George Hayes** b. 1949.
ii **James Hayes** b. 1951.

iii **Amvie Hayes** b. 1955.

49. Edward J Sutherland b. 5 Mar 1927, m. **Constance Ann Zogaib**, b. 15 Jul 1930.

Children:

i **Elaone Sutherland** b. 24 Aug 1953.
ii **Susanne Sutherland** b. 16 Feb 1955, m. **John Levine**, b. 14 Jan 1956.
iii **Colleen Sutherland** b. 28 Sep 1956, m. **Joseph Head**.
iv **Ann Sutherland** b. 14 May 1958.
v **Maria Sutherland** b. 12 Dec 1964.

50. Martin Richard Sutherland b. 8 Mar 1931, m. **Ruth Klinker**, b. 21 Sep 1934.

Children:

64. i **Cynthia Ann** b. 14 Dec 1956.
ii **Martin R Sutherland,Jr** b. 28 Mar 1959.
iii **Michelle Ruth Sutherland** b. 25 Mar 1962, m. **Kenneth King**, b. 30 Sep 1956.
iv **Mark Robert Sutherland** b. 7 Aug 1964.

51. Roger Sutherland b. 8 Jan 1930, m. **Mary Folger Ellis**, b. 26 Apr 1930.

Children:

i **Marie Sutherland** b. 2 Sep 1955.
ii **Stephen Sutherland** b. 8 Aug 1957.
iii **Anne Sutherland** b. 10 Oct 1062.
iv **Peter Sutherland** b. 4 Oct 1967.
v **Ellen Sutherland** b. 10 Jul 1960.

52. Charles Sutherland m. **Patricia Limber**, b. 22 Aug 1932.

Children:

65. i **Tom** b. 6 Sep 1956.
66. ii **Judith** b. 1 Jun 1959.
iii **Elizabeth Ann Sutherland** b. 22 Jun 1964.

53. Jeanette Sutherland m. **Richard Snyder**, b. 18 Feb 1927.

Children:

i **Robert Lyle Snyder** b. 17 Mar 1957.
67. ii **Carol Lynne** b. 20 Jan 1959.

54. Bruce Vanhorn b. 4 Apr 1943, m. **Joanne Miller**, b. 25 Jun 1948.

Children:

i **Michael Vanhorn** b. 28 Oct 1967.
ii **Lisa Vanhorn** b. 17 Jan 1969.

iii **Gary Vanhorn** b. 22 Jul 1976.

55. Yvonne Louise Abell b. 13 Nov 1932, Sherman Twp, Isabella Co MI, m. 12 May 1951, in Grand Ledge MI, **Herman George Koos**, b. 2 Apr 1931, MI.

Children:

i **Frederick Herman Koos** b. 19 Jan 1952, TX, m. **Judy Irene Roesch**, b. 15 May 1952, MI.

ii **Bonnie Jean Koos** b. 6 Mar 1953, TX, m. **Jeffrey L Schadewald**, b. 17 Mar 1953, MI.

Sixth Generation

56. Robert Hugh Ball b. 11 Jun 1944, Lansing, MI, m. 31 May 1969, in Crystal Falls, MI, **Ruth E. Kukura**, b. 16 July 1946.

Children:

i **Robert Michael Ball** b. 3 Aug 1975, Escanaba, MI.

ii **Melissa Lynne Ball** b. 17 May 1980, Marquette, MI.

57. Robert Hebard Newcomer b. 29 Dec 1949, m. **Denise Rzadkowolski**, b. 17 Dec 1954.

Children:

i **Amanda Beth Newcomer** b. 13 Feb 1949.

ii **Brady Richard Newcomer** b. 27 Apr 1985, Howard City MI.

58. Charles H Newcomer b. 30 Dec 1952, m. (1) **Chris Crinion**, b. 28 Dec 1949, m. (2) **Lynn Marie Terpstra**, b. 22 Jan 1954.

Children by Lynn Marie Terpstra:

i **Jesse Daniel Newcomer** b. 20 Dec 1979.

59. Wanda Adelaide Dickert b. 2 Jul 1945, Cayce SC, m. 30 Dec 1969, in Midland MI, **James Nicholas Jones** II, b. 18 Dec 1942, Louisville KY.

Children:

i **Monica Anne Jones** b. 16 May 1972, Midland MI.

ii **Amy Marie Jones** b. 23 Feb 1974, Midland MI.

60. Virginia Irene Dickert b. 18 Jul 1947, Bay City MI, m. 12 Jul 1969, in Midland MI, **Joseph Michael McCormick**, b. 12 Jun 1947, Midland, MI.

Children:

i **Jeffrey Michael McCormick** b. 6 May 1977, Tempe AZ.

ii **Tracy Marie McCormick** b. 29 Sep 1981, Mesa AZ.

61. Pamela Helen Dickert b. 23 Jun 1950, Midland MI, m. 18 Aug 1972, in Midland MI, **Terry Wayne Allen**, b. 16 Aug 1947, MI.

Children:

i **Seth Arthur Allen** b. 12 Dec 1976, Owosso MI.
ii **Eric Charles Allen** b. 20 Nov 1979, Flint,MI.

62. Kathleen Marie Dickert b. 31 Aug 1955, Midland MI, m. 23 Aug 1975, in Midland MI, **Theodore Joseph Bee**, b. 16 Feb 1955, Old Mission, MI.

Children:

i **Brianne Joy Bee** b. 8 Nov 1979, Njardvik Iceland.
ii **Brandi Melina Bee** b. 26 May 1981, Traverse City MI.

63. William Sanford Thistle b. 17 Oct 1944, m. **Sheila Bankston**, b. 23 Oct 1949.

Children:

i **William Theodore Thistle** II b. 1 Jun 1980, AL.

64. Cynthia Ann Sutherland b. 14 Dec 1956, m. **Peter Edward Cheves**, b. 16 Nov 1957.

Children:

i **Peter Edward Cheves** IV b. 14 Sep 1980.
ii **Brandi Louise Cheves** b. 21 Jan 1983.
iii **Jenifer Aubrey Cheves** b. 21 Nov 1984.

65. Tom Sutherland b. 6 Sep 1956, m. **Sandra K McGovern**, b. 12 Sep 1957.

Children:

i **Emily Louise Sutherland** b. 27 Mar 1984.

66. Judith Sutherland b. 1 Jun 1959, m. **Charles Freels**, b. 2 Nov 1953.

Children:

i **Katherine Ann Freels** b. 15 Jun 1982.
ii **Brian Patrick Freels** b. 26 Apr 1985.

67. Carol Lynne Snyder b. 20 Jan 1959, m. **Michael Alexander**.

Children:

i **Ernest Kearney Alexander** b. 4 Oct 1958.

END OF SIXTH GENERATION
CONCLUSION OF ELI SUTHERLAND DESCENDANTS

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JAMES DONIHUE IS CONVICTED

Midland Republican, April 17, 1913 - Tuesday before Circuit Judge Dodds, the case of James Donihue, charged with a violation of the local Option law, was disposed of, it being the only one of the three criminal cases on the docket that was brought to trial.

Donihue first appeared in court without an attorney, but was given time to secure one, obtaining H.L. Fairchild.

Donihue was the first witness called and testified that he had driven to Fisherville on election day, April 7, where he proceeded to "get canned" as fast as he could. After drinking whiskey and beer, he started for home with a gallon jug of whiskey and a few bottles of beer. He swore that when he reached home he was so "dead to the world" that he did not know what happened from that time until evening, and that when he became conscious, all of his booze had disappeared, not even enough being left to sober up on. Two witnesses for the defense, William Clark and Mr. Ingalls, testified that Fred Trumbull and others were at the Donihue house in the First Ward in the afternoon, drinking freely while Donihue lay in a drunken stupor on the bed.

The defense here tried to prove that Donihue had not violated the local option law, but that the liquor had been stolen by those who had been doing the drinking.

On cross-examination Donihue confessed that he was in the habit of keeping liquor in his house, and that he had been arrested two or three times for being drunk.

After being out two hours and ten minutes, the jury returned a verdict of guilty and recommended a light sentence.

Mr. Donihue told the Court that he was very busy just at this time of the year and asked for a stay of sentence for a short time. The judge consented and ordered Jim to appear May 12 for sentence. He was let go on $100 bond bail, with Ollie Highgate as surety.

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Jim Doran Entertains As He Tickles Crawlers With a New Sensation

Midland Republican – July 7, 1932 – When Floyd Wood saw Jim Doran poking around with a stick in his back yard on Eastman road, the other day, he thought Jim was working a doodlebug and trying to put up oil derricks, or else looking for a place to put a town pump.

But Jim allowed instead he was prospecting for night crawlers, and he had a crowd of people watching the curious sight.

Jim would poke his brass rod into the ground and in just a minute, here and there the night crawlers would appear, wiggling out of the ground until all but an inch or so of their persons was above ground and then making a sort of flying leap clean out of their holes. Floyd said they seemed to jump right up above the grass.

Jim'd gather them in, then prod with his brass wand again and wait for the performance. It wasn't long until he had a big pail about three inches deep with them.

Come to find out Jim is an electrician and had his brass rod hitched up to the city current, just to give the night crawlers a new sensation.

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"50 Years Ago" Joins "Glimpses Column" Now

Early Midland Journalists Spoke Right Out In Meeting, Old Files Show

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This week for the first time, "Fifty Years Ago" will be added from The Republican's first volume and the same volume of the Sun.

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Midland Republican - February 12, 1931 – "J.F. Charboneau, better known as Shab, left this town last week to do a Shab-by thing, and when he returned with a smiling piece of female loveliness upon his arm, recently the property of one Tompkins, it was apparent that he'd went gone and done it. Drunkenness was the cause of the former separation, and we congratulate the bride upon having secured for a husband a man who never tips 'the social glass'".

This frank discussion of family affairs was the style of early journalism in Midland taken from the fifth issue of Volume "L" of "The Midland Times", put out by one Bartram in 1871.

This famous publication also announced, "Cherry, the white barber with a colored wife or the colored barber with a white wife or a white man with colored blood or a colored man with white blood has returned in feeble health."

"Hotel proprietors and saloon keepers who desire to furnish their customers with a good morning beverage, one that will largely neutralize the inbibations of the proceeding day, will do well to supply their bars with the Midland Mineral water. It is much preferred to the waters of the celebrated Congress spring at Saratoga and the famous Seltzer water of Germany."

A column of space is devoted to an explanation of the circumstances surrounding the "disciplining" of a Midland lady for attempting to receive Episcopal communion when she had not secured from her former parish a statement of membership in good standing.

The "Times" was a four page, six column weekly and compared very favorably in 1871 with "The Evening News," Detroit as the latter appeared 17 years later, according to copies of each in the possession of Lewis E. Eesley here.

For nearly fifty years two newspapers ran side by side in Midland. The Midland Republican and Midland Sun, both begun under these names in 1881, and continuing as such until they were consolidated under the name of the former four years ago.

Before and during that time however, various other sheets appeared and died. The story has been told of Nathan T. Carr, who started the Midland Sentinel in 1858, evidently the first publication here. Four years later he sold to Carpenter and Bailey who continued three years and sold to Geo. H. Gies, who named it the Midland Journal. As such it ran a few weeks, when G.W. Hughes acquired it and named it the Midland Independent. In 1866, W.H. Bartram took it over, and with F.F. Hopkins continued. Owners came and went, until in 1881 Frank Burton sold the sheet to T.W. Crissey, who came from Flint where he had been superintendent of schools to begin his new enterprise.

Jan. 8th the first Republican appeared. On Feb. 17th Burton issued the first number of a competitive sheet, the Sun, and with typical personal enthusiasm of the early newspapers, the two had it back and forth at each other for many years.

Editor Burton thus announces his new enterprise: :We couldn't keep out of the newspaper business - in the language of the Kinchin: 'How could we?' And then the kind and persuasive words of so many of our old patrons who wanted to be again reading our epigrammatical paragraphs! We couldn't resist it all. ....What could a fellow do? What, indeed but start another paper? And so here's our Sun, and yours."

The new sheet bore the legend, "Be just and fear not," and items of local interest were listed under the caption, "Local Sunshine and Shadow."

"Being almost as good as new," said Editor Crissey, "in the editing business and absolutely so in the publishing, we hope to be treated with due allowance by our patrons. We have come to stay among you and give you one of the best weekly papers in Central Michigan."

And so by the dint of early subscription payments consisting largely of cords of wood, bushels of potatoes, and similar household necessities, the two fought merrily along for a half century.

The Sun, too changed hands a few times, owned successively by F.S. Burton, S.J. Holden, John N. Bailey, Jas. J. Savage, Chas. H. Stiger, Frank J. Werkheiser, Jas. J. Savage, the Midland Publishing company and Neil C. McKay from whom it was purchased in 1927 for consolidation with the Republican, owned by W.R. Crissey and Philip T. Rich.

But during this time, other newspaper ventures here waxed and waned. Most spectacular was Bartram's Cheek, put out by the owner of the Times, which had failed. Bartram's sheet was the terror of wrong doers, as it waged open and embarrassing warfare against vice. Bartram finally fled from the consequences of his temerity and the paper died. In 1878 the Midland Courier appeared, later sold to Smally and Stair (E.D. Stair, now owner of the Detroit Free Press), who changed it to The Review. Later under Ed Cornelius it became the Midland Democrat and finally it too expired.

A fly-by-night little remembered locally, but described by Frank Teal, was "The Toxin" - perhaps it wasn't spelled that way - Frank isn't sure - published for about a year as a radical sheet by Paul Marrin, cigar maker here. It appeared about 1885, it is believed. With the files of the Midland Sun now in the possession of the Republican, items from that newspaper will be included whenever possible in the column entitled "Glimpses of Midland County's Past." Many of these files are being bound, however, and the record will not be complete as yet.

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JIM HAYDEN REMEMBERS FLOATING SALOON UP ON CROOKED LAKE; NO TAX

Midland -- Unspecified Newspaper – August 1, 1929 -- "Yup", says Mr. Hayden, city treasurer, "they used to have a floating saloon up on Crooked Lake. That was about '88. Had it built on a bunch of logs, and kept it out in the lake to avoid the taxes. When they wanted to they'd bring it up to shore and run out a plank so the fellows could walk on.

"Sometimes they used to have some trouble getting ashore again when they'd had a little to drink."

Mr. Harden couldn't remember who ran the place. "It was so long ago," he says, "about 41 years."

"They used to have an awful time in those places. Sometimes about 75 of the boys would get in a saloon and get to feeling so good or else get so mad about something that they'd pick up all the furniture, bar and all, and move it right out in the street."

He didn't remember that they ever moved out the furniture from the floating saloon, though, where the consequences might have been more serious.

"It was a great life, in the woods," he said, shaking his head. "It was just home to a fellow after he'd been there a while. I remember the fall when I got me a new Mackinaw and went to the woods. The cookee had left, and Jack Dorr was cooking, so Bill Clark told me to help him out. I was sort of handy man about camp, so I started in as cookee.

"I remember one day Jack told me to take the food out to the men. I loaded up a bunch of stuff on a sort of dray affair -- doughnuts, pies, beans and stuff, and started out. First thing I knew, I hit a stump. Spilled the beans all over the snow. Upset the whole works. Then I had to go back and get some more stuff. But the boys sure cursed me," he said grinning.

"Jack was quite a fellow. He'd feed anybody that came along. He'd handed out enough stuff to keep a whole family going all winter. I remember once two Indians came along with a pair of coons. They asked for something to eat, so Jack told me to give them some stuff. I've never seen anybody eat like they did -- pie and cake and everything. While they were eating Jack swiped their coons and threw them over in a snow bank. When they got through eating, they started to look around for them.

"Want coons," they said. "You took coons."

But Jack swore he didn't know anything about them. After while they went away and Jack fished out the coons and skinned them. We ate them and then he sold the skins. In a few days the Indians came back, still looking for them. He gave them flour and stuff, more than enough to pay for the things, but he'd never admit taking them. He was always pulling some trick on somebody.

No Talk At Meals

"The men couldn't talk at meals in the camps," said Mr. Hayden. "All you could hear would be the sound of the tin or iron knives and forks on the tin plates. Everybody helped himself and there was lots to eat.

"Saturday night we could stay up all night if we wanted to. Usually there was a dance -- everybody stagged it. Sundays we'd sit around the bunkhouse with a red hot fire in the stove and the socks hung up on lines and the fellows'd sing and sometimes tell stories. But at 9:30 the foreman'd put the lights out.

"Breakfast at daylight, and every camp had a big horn as long as this room is wide to blow and call the men to meals. Sometimes you could hear horns from four or five camps nearby.

Money Went Farther

"In the spring when they got their pay, they'd all come out to town. I was only in the woods that one winter, and I remember that when I came out that spring, I met about 500 men on the road all coming out. They'd take their pay to town, get drunk, go to sleep somewhere, and wake up without a nickel."

The brevity of their prosperity was attributed to the ancient and generally accepted practice of "rolling" the lumberjacks in the saloons. It consisted simply of picking their pockets while they were asleep. Back they'd go to camp, perfectly satisfied, and work until they got another bunch of money.

"Sometimes," explained Mr. Hayden, "they'd give their money to a bartender and have him supply them with whiskey until it was all gone. That was all right if the fellow was honest. Sometimes they'd give it to somebody else to keep for them. One fellow here used to give me his money and I'd always slip over to his house and give it to his wife. She never told him about it, and he never knew the difference. You'd be surprised if I told you who it was. His son's in business here now.

"I don't know," he said, doubtfully, "but it seems as if people had a better time then than they do now. Of course money went farther in those days. Twenty-six dollars then would buy about as much as a hundred now. Sometimes times were hard, but everybody was glad to help everybody else. If anyone got hurt, they'd take up a collection for him.

"There wasn't any difference in classes then, either. Everybody knew everybody else."

Trained Dogs

Asked about his fame as a shot in those early days, Mr. Hayden admitted he like to hunt partridge.

"We used to hunt for the market," he said. "The first year they put on the license, I was hunting one time with a fellow who didn't have any license. He got picked up by a warden, so I had to take the birds and get. We had about six hundred birds, so I hid them under some hay until dark, then put them into gunny sacks and started for Midland in a buggy. It was darker than a dungeon and snowing. I had a big umbrella over the buggy. (Everybody used one then) and I had gunny sacks tied on all over the rig. Drove into town here about 2:30 in the morning, all alone. That was the worst ride I ever had."

For a crack shot, though, Mr. Hayden acknowledges one weak point. He doesn't like to feel the birds after they're shot. Says he makes his wife take them out of his coat and then he can take them by the head and he's all right. But one mess in the fall is enough for him -- he doesn't want any more till next season.

One feature of the city treasurer's early interest in hunting was the training of bird dogs in which, for years, he was actively engaged.

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Gay Golden Wedding Fete Gathers Families Friday

Former Lee Township resident celebrate 50th year at Langport

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Nov. 5, 1931 - Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gay, once residents of Lee, celebrated their golden anniversary Friday at their present home in Langport, south of Breckenridge with five of their six sons and daughters present and neighbors other relatives and friends calling upon them to congratulate them upon the successful completion of the half-century together.

The Gay home in Langport was decorated in gold and white fall blossoms. A dinner was served at the home of their son Clarence Gay and the day was spent in visiting and reminiscences.

Mr. Gay was born in Pennsylvania June 11, 1861, coming to Michigan with his parents when he was four years of age. Mrs. Gay (once Emma Boroughf) was born in Fostoria, Ohio, and came to Michigan when she was 16. They were married at St. Louis, this state, October 30th, 1881, and have spent most of the years since in Michigan, living in Ohio for a period of a year and a half.

Three sons and daughters comprise their family, of whom all were present Friday with the exception of Mrs. Bessie Bott. They included Mrs. Eve Bradden, Mrs. Grace Bott, John Gay and the twins, Claire andClarence Gay. There are 30 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Relatives from other places too were in attendance at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. N. V. Warner and daughter Orga, and Mrs. Edna Sunsen and daughter Barbara, of Lansing; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Sterns of Beaverton; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gay of St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. Alex Stewart; Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Boroughf, and Mrs. R. H. Bott of Breckenridge; and Mr. and Mrs. D. Snyder and Mr. and Mrs. Seip of Wheeler.

Neighbors gathered in the evening to present the Gay's with a bridge lamp, which was one of several received, including a gold piece from a brother in Washington and another from Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gay of St. Louis.

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"BILL" GILLMAN TAKES IN G A R REUNION IN PORTLAND LAST WEEK -

Midland Republican - September 19, 1929 - William Gillman of this city, was the only Civil War veteran from this vicinity in attendance at the G.A.R. convention last week in Portland, Maine.

The Midland veteran, who made the trip alone, left Midland September 6th, and returned last Monday evening. He participated in the parade of 1400 Civil War men through the streets of Portland, with fifteen bands and a drum corps in line, a display described by the newspapers of that city as the most colorful in the city's history.

Mr. Gillman also visited Boston, Niagara Falls, and various points in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, and states that he was taken twenty five miles out on the ocean on a fishing craft. Although he is now more than 85 years of age, Mr. Gillman plans to make another journey in a week or two, to the home of his son, William in Portland, Oregon, where he will remain for an indefinite length of time.

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"BILL" GILMAN, 91, GOES TO GAR RALLY

MIDLAND DAILY NEWS - September 17, 1931 - With his medals and insignia on his lapels and his picture gracing a prominent place in a Flint daily paper, William Gilman, 91, left the former city Friday for Des Moines, Iowa, to attend the annual national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Mr. Gilman was accompanied by Wray Mitchell, commander of Gov. Crapo Post, No. 145 G.A.R. The Two were boys together in Grand Blanc, Michigan. "As happy as two boys starting out in their greatest adventure," says the Flint Daily Journal, "the two Civil War veterans entrained at the Grand Central station. The veterans took no chances of missing the ten o'clock train, and arrived at the station about nine a.m. At Durand they were to be joined by Theodore Burden, 85, of Holly, who has made the trip with them to several past encampments.

"Anxious, excited and happy, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Gilman joked each other at the prospect of good times they would have. 'Breaking loose again' was their version of the trip."

The three expected to spend Friday night in Chicago and leave the following morning for Des Moines. Mr. Gillman is expected back in Midland Saturday.

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Grandma Phetteplace, 75, Ready For Housecleaning

Helped 100 Persons Into Ingersoll Neighborhood since '72

Midland Republican – (Consolidated with the Midland Sun)

Midland, MI, Thursday, February 5, 1931 – Grandma Phetteplace is planning her spring housecleaning. With the shank of the winter still before her and 75 years of hard work upon her shoulders, she has her new wall paper all picked out and she'll be at it with the first crocus.

Grandma almost forgot to tell us that she fell down 16 stairs one day this winter.

"I felt sick for about a half hour," she admitted, "but I was all right after that. My hand's hurt some since then, but that'll be all right.

"I haven't been sick a day in years. I've done lots of hard work. It's better for you too than to hump down and do nothing."

All of Ingersoll knows Grandma Phetteplace and a lot of the rest of the county as well for they number well over 100 at whose initial arrival in the neighborhood (or any neighborhood) she assisted.

"We got to counting them up one day not long ago," she said, "and we counted to 100 and quit, though I know there are more."

Many more there are too, who can well remember being called into Grandma's on their way home from school in winter, to be warmed and have extra things put around them.

"There's nothing like being good to kids," she says.

And during nearly 60 years in Ingersoll (more than 50 in one house) she has had ample time and opportunity to be good to them.

Mended Angie's Gore

Reminded by her "children" of certain happenstances in that regard, she laughed and reminisced.

"One Sunday the boys wanted to go to town and have their pictures taken. There was Roy Walker, Ward Brooks, Jessie Coleman, Charlie Betts, Arthur Thayer, Roy Cone, and my two boys, Ed and Will. But most of them didn't have cleaned shirts ironed to go. So they brought them to me, and I ironed nine shirts for them. And then they didn't have it taken," she laughed,. "But they went for a sleigh ride.

"Another time some of them, girls and boys in the neighborhood, were at our house having a spelling match, and Angie Betts (She's Mrs. George Wickham of Saginaw now) had on a new dress, and some way she tore one of the gores in the back. So Charlie, her brother, ran home and got another dress without telling their mother. And the next day Angie brought over some of the goods that had been left when the dress was made and I made a new gore for it. Her mother never knew it. I doubt if she does now.

Arthur Thayer Falls Off

"Arthur Thayer used to like to go hunting on Sunday, but his mother wouldn't let him. Finally he worked out a plan. He used to bring their washing over to our house every Sunday, so he'd take his gun apart and hide it in the washing. When he'd get to our house he'd take it out and put it together and away he'd go. Then he always had to come after the clothes again after dark so he could sneak the gun home. I never told on him. I always thought everybody had enough trouble of their own without telling things.

"I'll never forget a thing that happened to Arthur once. His mother was sick, so he got on his bicycle and rode to town to get some whiskey for medicine. He got back and just as he was riding into the yard about dark, he ran into a cow lying down. She raised up right under the wheel and Arthur went off in a heap. Broke their bottle, too, and he had to go back to town again.

Walker's Colts

"I did a lot of hard work there on the farm, she allowed, "but we had a lot of fun, too. I helped clear the land, did everything anybody could do – helped dig out stumps, hoed corn, dug potatoes, and took care of my family. But we were all happy. Everybody was as good as everybody else. Nobody had an awful lot, but we all had good times together.

"One day Mrs. Geo. Walker and I hitched up their colts to the light wagon and took her two children, Roy and Otie, and my two, Eddy and Andy, and came to town. Then we went to the poor farm to get some stones. On the way we met old Mr. Gaskill, her father, and he said, "Don't you know any better than to drive those colts?" So the man that was with them, a doctor from Laporte, got in and drove the colts home for us.

35 Pies For a Meal

"We had lots of barn raisings. I remember when they raised ours. Everybody turned out and we had a big feed as usual. I made 19 lemon pies and 16 mince. We had between 80 and 90 for supper. I got ready for it all alone, too, and cooked for my family right along. When Betts had theirs, they were supposed to have the gang there just for dinner. Then something went wrong and the men didn't get through, so she had to get supper, too. We had to hustle, I tell you. I remember we sent Angie and Fanny Demman over to our house for bread, and they went somewhere and didn't come back to help. Angie's mother was pretty mad."

"What happened when the came back?"

"Oh, nothing. What was the use?" she asked laughing.

The "Bettses" thought Grandma Phetteplace was Grandpa Phetteplace's little girl instead of his wife when they first came to live across the road from them. For Grandma, diminutive then as now, was a slight figure with pigtails down her back, and did, she admits, look more like a little girl than the wife of the tall Eddy Phetteplace.

She had come, a year or two before in '72, from Palmerston, Ontario (and calls it "Pamerston" in true Canadian fashion).

"I came," she told, "to the home of my half brother, David Thurber. George Thurber, another half-brother, was here then and my own brother, Robert Demman, came with me. The girl he married was my husband's sister. I met Ed at Rob's home. But before that, Rob and Minerva (his wife) and I went out to Reardon's shingle mill out the Eastman Road somewhere to work. She and I cooked for 30 or 40 men. And it was work, I tell you. We'd peel a barrel of potatoes every day.

"I worked there a few weeks and then my brother wanted me to come and work for him. He was lumbering off some logs for old man Keep at Poseyville. Then I met Ed at Rob's when he came there to put up a barn and we were married about a year later. I remember the first place we went together was to a show in the old opera house in Midland. We were married at Carpenter's, the Methodist minister here, and went to Saginaw and stayed at the Bancroft house.

"We went to live on the place right across the road from what they now call the Phetteplace farm. William Betts had built that brick house on his farm, and after we burned out, we bought his place and moved in. That's where we stayed for over 50 years. We had four boys, Will (who's dead now), Eddy (living at Freeland), Andrew (living in Ingersoll - that's where I live with him), and George, who died when he was born.

Family of 12

"All of my brothers and sisters except two came to Michigan to about the same time and settled right around here. My father had been a farmer in Canada, and times were hard, so one by one they drifted here on account of the lumbering. There was Esther, Mrs. John Keaner; and Rebecca, that's Mrs. Milo Brewster; and then Emma, Mrs. Peter Anger; and Fanny, that's Mrs. John Gowing.

"I have one sister, Mrs. Carrie Vines, still in Canada, and a brother, Andrew Demman, who died just last year. He was known here though because he used to work in the woods. Mrs. Anger and Carrie and I are the only ones left alive."

Grandpa Phetteplace died in March of 1915.

Grandma verifies the account given by Aunt Sallie Brooks recently of wild beasts that roamed the nearby woods.

Panthers Here

"When we were at Reardon's," she told, "one night there was a panther gave a yell. It yelled and screamed and Reardon's big Newfoundland dog ran under the house and wouldn't come out for three days. And one time Lon Wellman, who used to drive for Reardon's, was driving a sleigh with sharpened stakes sticking up at the sides, when a panther jumped down at him and missed him and landed on a stake instead. It went right through it," said Grandma with satisfaction, "and Lon drove on into camp with it."

Now at 75, Grandma (whom many call Aunt Maggie, for her name of Margaret) lives with her son "Andy" within two miles of the place to which she came as a bride. And the merit of her years of helping children and the sick is coming back to her.

Heads the Kin

"Why one Sunday I was sick, a long time ago," she declared, "and the yard and the road in both directions were full of buggies – people that had come to see me. And one other time I was in the hospital and thirty came to see me in one Sunday.

Now at 75 she heads the Phetteplace kin. For the first son, Will has a daughter, Mrs. William Matthews, living near Auburn, with three children. Dorothy, Betty and Bobby. Andrew has a family of five, Eddy, Alta (Mrs. Alvin Welch), Harry, Sidney, and Mary Kathryn. And a fourth great-grandson is small Harry Lee Welch.

Yes, Grandma Phetteplace is finding it hard to wait till spring, with the new wall paper all picked out.

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Is This Good Enough For You?

A defense plant corporation making a routine investigation of the title to a proposed site in Louisiana, received a title proof as far back as 1803. However, their legal advisor was not satisfied with this and wrote for evidence of title prior to 1803.

He received the following reply from a Louisiana attorney:

"Gentlemen: I note your comment upon the fact that the records of title sent to you as applying to the land under consideration dates only from the year 1803, and your request for an extension of the records prior to that date. Please be advised:

The Government of the United States acquired the territory from the Government of France in the year 1803;

The Government of France acquired title by conquest from the Government of Spain;

The Government of Spain acquired title by discovery of one Christopher Columbus, a resident of Genoa, Italy, traveler and explorer, under the sponsorship of Her Majesty the Queen of Spain;

The Queen of Spain received sanction of her title by consent of the Pope, a resident of Rome, Italy, and a representative of Jesus Christ, the Son and heir apparent of the Almighty God;

And the Almighty God made Louisiana.

I trust this complies with your request."

From Genealogy Bulletin #23, Jul-Aug-Sep 1994

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The Time Hetty Green Came to Midland -- Early Settlers Still remember

Midland Republican Dec., 1919 - An article in The Scientific American this month noting the purchase by Col. H.R. Green, son of the late Hetty Green, of a new type of gas-electric automobile brought Alfred Price into The Republican office with the suggestion that Midlanders might be interested in a story of the time Hetty Green, the world's richest woman came to Midland in a box car.

The box car part of the episode could not be verified by other townspeople who were here at the time. But Mr. Price affirms he was told by Mrs. Larkin herself, who entertained the famous guest, that she had really arrived in a car fitted up as living quarters.

"Johnny" Johnson, main street barber, remembered her visit well.

"I remember when Hetty Green came to town," he said. "She came right into my barber shop, sat down in that corner. Went home to dinner with me. I remember she had a ferret with her. You know what a ferret is? Well, she had one of those in her lap.

"She came here about a mortgage she had on John Larkin's property. I had just bought this piece of land from Mr. Larkin after the mortgage was put on. She came in to tell me not to lose any sleep over it, that I wouldn't lose a nickel.

"When she came in," said Mr. Johnson, parting his Customer's hair, "she asked me if I ever heard of a lady named Hetty Green. I told her I had."

"Well, I'm the lady," she said. She sat there and talked till noon, and I said I was going home to dinner, and asked her to go along. She said she only ate fruit for dinner, but she'd go along down, anyway. So I took her home to dinner with me and introduced her to my wife. She stayed quite a while after I left to come back to work."

Asked what the famous Hetty Green had "looked like", Mr. Johnson said she looked "just as common as anybody else."

"She was a little woman," he remembered, "and dressed just like anybody else. You would never know she was rich to look at her." Asked where she had stayed during her time here, he believed she went to Mr. Larkin's house, "But was on the street all the time."

She told him to pay his money to Lawyer Hanchett of Saginaw.

Mr. H.W. Beckwith remembered well the Hetty Green episode.

"It made quite a flurry at the time," he said, "to think that the world's richest woman was in Midland."

But he didn't think she had come in a box car.

"Why we had comfortable coaches then on the railroads," he laughed. "Of course she was a very economical woman -- a miser, one might say -- and she might have done so when it wasn't at all necessary, but I never heard of it.

"She came to Mr. Larkin's with her husband and son, who must have been about ten or twelve then. It was really a business trip -- she placed a mortgage on a great deal of his property.

"At that time Mr. Larkin's home was just about where Thompson's store is now, and all the land this way as far as Johnny Johnson's shop was his garden, with shrubbery, and flowers. He had quite a home with a maid and a gardener.

"Yes, I remember her visit well," he finished, "but don't ask me what year it was."

Mr. E.H. Lyon and "Grandma" Guillotte knew of it too, at the time.

"I think Hetty Green knew a milliner her -- a Miss Mahoney -- and it was through her that she went to Mr. Larkin's," said Mrs. Lyon.

Mrs. Guillotte had heard her husband tell of having seen the Green family at the Larkin mill.

"He said they looked like tramps," she said. "The boy was about ten years old, and he wore overalls. He had a horned toad with him. They went to the Findlater Hotel and got a room."

Mr. Ira Fales knew of her advent here. "She had a $25,000 mortgage on Larkin's mill and other property," he said.

He, too doubted that she had come in a box car fitted up for living quarters.

In brief, with differing details because of the passage of years since the time and the fact that no social event was given on the occasion to bring the village at large into contact with the noted guest, early Midlanders still remember and discuss the time "Hetty Green came to Midland."

Col. Green, the overalled youth remembered as accompanying her on the trip is shown in December's Scientific American at the wheel of the new gas-electric car equipped with a new type drive, operating without transmission clutch pedal, or gear shift. A standard auto engine under the hood, says the article, drives a generator, the current operating a motor with shaft geared to the rear axle. A Double height windshield enables the colonel to enter his car without bending over.

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Frederick Highgate Dies
City Officials, Citizens Mourn
Passing of Familiar Figure:
Laud His Concealed Philanthropy

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Midland Daily News - 12/6/1937 – Frederick Highgate, 72, well-known colored nursery salesman here, and resident of the city for 56 years, died at Midland hospital about 4:30 p. m. Saturday of apoplexy, after an illness of a few hours.

First indication of his illness came Friday afternoon, when he complained of being lame, and his sister, Miss Ada Highgate, called twice at his apartment at 810 Rodd street. He said he needed nothing, however, but asked her to pay his light bill, which she did.

At six o'clock he went next door for supper, but was unable to eat, and returned home to retire.

Next morning, at ten o'clock he had not left his room, and other residents broke open the locked door and found him unconscious in bed. He never recovered consciousness. At noon he was taken to Midland hospital, where he died at 4:30 p. m.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. tomorrow at the Wilson funeral home with Rev. E. R. Stevenson of St. John's Episcopal church officiating, and burial in Midland cemetery.

City officials this morning expressed their deep regret at the passing of Mr. Highgate, and recalled his numerous charities.

"He went out of his way", said Mayor Earl R. Stein, "to find people who were in need, and provide them with what they needed most. Out of his modest funds he bought coal, groceries, shoes and other clothing and sent it or took it to their homes.

"The city has lost a fine character. It, will miss the familiar sight of him as he went about his work. He will be greatly missed."

Alderman Frank F. Thompson cited cases of needy persons whom Mr. Highgate had aided.

"If he saw a poor child on the street without mittens, he went into a store and bought them for him. If he saw or heard of an old person who was ill, he would call and speak a few encouraging words and the next day a bouquet of flowers would be sent. And when he made his purchases for children and widows and old people, he would never tell where the gifts were to go."

City Attorney Chester E. Morris expressed a similar regret at the death of the well-known Midlander.

"During all the years when I met him so frequently about the streets," he said, "he was always smiling and cheerful, and had an optimistic view of life. It was a real pleasure to talk with him and I will miss seeing him."

Mr. Highgate was born August 20, 1865, at Dresden, Ontario.

His parents were college graduates who met and married at Avery College, Pittsburgh, an endowed institution for whites and freedmen. His mother had been valedictorian of her class. There in the small chapel in 1855 the president of the college

read the lines uniting her with Aaron Highgate, and the two set out through the wilderness to Dresden, Ontario.

There the three children, Frederick, Ollie, and Ada were born. But slack times and tales of lumbering activity in Michigan urged them to try their luck here, They had intended to settle in Saginaw but there they met a friend who persuaded them to come to Midland.

They arrived here to work in the mills in 1882, when Frederick was 16 years old.

In the 55 years since that time the elder Highgates have died, and Ollie, after a few years in a barber shop operated by "Johnnie" Johnson, well-known pioneer barber who died a few years ago, opened one of his own which he still runs on East Main street. He and his sister, Ada, live together in a home at 816 Ashman street;. All have lived lives of quiet usefulness.

In Frederick Highgate's early days he was employed at the Dow plant, at whatever work he was given, trying to study chemistry on the side. For a time also he attended chemistry classes in high school, but found, he said, that he hadn't a scientific mind and dropped it in favor of the sale of shrubbery, which he has carried on from house to house for many years.

An attendant at several Midland churches and Sunday schools each Sunday, he belonged, he used to say, to two churches. the Methodist and Episcopal. In the latter church he was a vestryman some years ago, as well as a member of the choir.

Highly industrious, he rose at 5:30 each morning, and often carried on his work until dark.

Mr. Highgate was known for his extensive philanthropy, though he went to great pains to conceal it as far as he could. In his work he encountered many people in need and never failed to respond with fuel, food, or clothing. These he ordered sent anonymously.

The story also contained a photograph of Mr. Highgate.

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Highgate Funeral Held Today

Midland Daily News - 12/7/1937 - "For I was hungered and ye gave me meat, thirsty and ye gave me drink, a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me, sick and ye visited me, in prison and ye came unto me..."

Rev. John A. Gardner of the Presbyterian church read these lines this afternoon at funeral services at 2 o'clock for Frederick Highgate. And five ministers of the city's largest churches testified that the Scripture lines might have been written expressly for him. For every word fitted him.

And townspeople who crowded the Wilson funeral home to the doors gave silent assent that Frederick Highgate, Midland's truest philanthropist, had from his small resources all his busy life fed the hungry and clothed the naked and visited those who were sick and in prison.

"He belonged to us all," said Rev, E. R. Stevenson of St. John's Episcopal Church "Though he was a member of my church, I could not claim him, for such was his Christian life that he belonged wherever Christ was preached." Minister after minister told of the encouragement and strength brought them by this colored, shrubbery salesman who attended most of the city's churches. Rev. R. R. Feuell of the Methodist Church paid a "simple, humble, tribute" to Mr. Highgate, whom he said, was the first Midlander who visited him. Rev. Howard A. Webster said "He was a friend of mine. More than any other single person, he brought me encouragement and strength".

"This is not a funeral", said Minister-Emeritus V. V. Nicholas of the Presbyterian church, "it is the triumphal entry into the presence of the Almighty of a servant he loved."

Flowers in profusion, sent by Midlanders of all kinds and stations banked the rooms where lay the well-known Midlander, whose death from apoplexy after more than 56 years of work and quiet philanthropy, came Saturday at 4:30 p. m. in Midland hospital.

Pall-bearers were James Howard, Seth W. Larrabee, William Lincoln, Ellsworth Brown, Ernest Parrish, and Thomas Hagen.

Mr. Highgate was buried in Midland cemetery. But in the words of Rev. Nicholas, "His memory will never die. His halting steps will still be seen by those he loved".

A hush fell over theater crowds at the Frolic last evening as a tribute to Mr. Highgate was flashed on the screen, It read:

IN MEMORIAM
FRED HIGHGATE
"What I spent I had
What I saved I lost
WHAT I GAVE I HAVE"

City officials explained today the absence of a proclamation closing business places during the hour of the funeral.

"The custom, which was adhered to here for a number of years was discontinued a few weeks ago," Mayor Stein said today, "at the request of the Chamber of Commerce." It was asked that proclamations be issued only in the most special cases, which would not likely occur more than once in many years.

"This request was granted by the City Council, and in view of the high esteem in which Mr. Highgate is held here, it is deemed necessary to inform the public of the change in policy. In the future business places will not be closed during funeral hours, excepting in most exceptional cases."

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INGERSOLL MAN COUSIN OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

By Claire Merrill

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George Beckley, Sr., of Ingersoll Township is a second cousin of David Lloyd George.

Midland Republican, April 29, 1937 - Mr. Beckley, his mirror propped against the kitchen window, had already lathered his face in preparation for shaving Tuesday afternoon when I knocked at his door, but he obligingly unlathered and set down again to tell a number of interesting aspects of his family history. Among them the Lloyd George connection.

"I take this," he said, "from my father's story, as I've heard him tell it many a time. According to him, my mother's father and Lloyd George's father were brothers."

Mr. Beckley's father was William Beckley, born in 1808 in Wantage, Berkshire, England. In 1833 he was married to one Mary Anne George at Hurley Bottom, England. The older Beckley was a candle maker, a matter which sat poorly with his young wife's well-to-do family, says the Ingersoll man, with the result that they, one and all, disowned her, with the exception of one uncle. This uncle, however, turned out to be an importer of precious stones from Australia, and on his affairs hinges another interesting bit of family history.

The young couple went up to London. Here Mr. Beckley's father practiced his trade and later became a veterinarian. His diploma, signed by the good Queen Victoria, was a prized family possession for many years, says the Ingersoll man, and his instruments after his death were divided among members of his family.

Mr. Beckley himself has only a horn-handled tool equipped with three blades, each with a sort of half circle projection used in "bleeding." "My father claimed that he used the middle blade once to 'bleed my mother with once when she was ill,'" he says.

The history of the Beckley families, printed in a neat pamphlet, tells how Mr. Beckley's father and mother left England in 1837 and sailed to the United States, arriving shortly in Detroit, then a small village. 'Woodward Avenue was being graded with six teams," states the history. From Detroit they went to Oakland County, back to Pontiac, and then to Highland, in the same county. It was from there that George Beckley came to Midland County in 1866, to work on the rivers and in the woods, and in summer to farm. He has lived on his Ingersoll land for 56 years.

No details of the Lloyd George connection remain, but the gem importing uncle contributed an interesting angle to Mr. Beckley's account. "When he died," states the Midland county man, "his will left a sizeable amount to my mother and her family. But this was in England, and it was ears later before 1 knew of it. Under English law, if

the money was not claimed within 50 years, it went to the government, and I was a few years late in making a claim, after I heard of the matter through an uncle who came to visit."

But there are other intriguing angles to Mr. Beckley's life story. He ran the engine on a tug boat which carried the first news of Lincoln's assassination from Saginaw to Bay City.

"The news had reached Saginaw by train," he states, "carried by the old engine called the Pollywog. She had a bell-shaped smokestack and burned wood. "I was working on the river, and the engineer of the tugboat was sick, so they asked me if I could handle it. I had handled stationary engines, so I thought I could. On the boat were Amasa Rust, president of the Tittabawassee Boom Company; George Ball, walking boss on the river; my brother Bob; Milo Starks; Frank Conrow, and Hugh McCullough, an uncle to these McCullough boys in the store here in Laporte.

"We went to Bay City and tied up near the Wenonah Hotel, and brought the news of Lincoln's death."

For ten years Mr. Beckley worked on the rivers and in the woods, and for five of these years he had a commission from the Pinkerton Detective Agency to act as an undercover man in this neck of the woods. "Very few knew it," he said, and recalled among others one instance where by keeping his eyes and ears open, he was able to effect the apprehension of the man wanted for robbery.

Meanwhile he cleared the Ingersoll farm, where bears came close to the house, and lynx screamed within sight of the kitchen windows. From time to time he turned his hand to anything that would afford a little added income. So, he remembers, he helped drill the first salt well in Midland, for Larkin & Patrick, near their mill on the river bank here, and helped draw the first brine that was pronounced successful.

Among Mr. Beckley's prized possessions is an old American flag of such historic interest that the fact that it has only 13 stars is only one of its points of value.

It flew, says the Ingersoll man, from Admiral Porter's warship, "Sublime," at the time when that American admiral was defending United States shipping interests during the trouble between England and South Africa.

It seemed Mr. Beckley's brother-in-law was a sailor, and when the warship was returned to this country to be overhauled, this chap was pilot and trimmer and hired to see to the job. All old fixtures, including the flag, were to be burned, and new ones substituted.

"But he didn't like to burn the flag," says Mr. Beckley, "so he put it into his 'sea donkey' and afterward brought it home. My sister, Mrs.. A.K. Hall, has it now here in Laporte. It's about five feet long and three wide, all cut out and sewed by hand before sewing machines were made."

The Beckley family is well known in Midland County. There are two sons, Harold and George, and a daughter, Mrs. Ethel Beckley Closs.

[**Editors's Note:** For those that might not be familiar with the name, David Lloyd George was the prime Minister of Great Britain during the First World War and at the Versailles Peace Conference.]

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Epitaphs from Real Tombstones

A widow wrote this epitaph in a Vermont cemetery:
Sacred to the memory of
my husband John Barnes
who died January 3, 1803
His comely young widow, aged 23, has
many qualifications of a good wife and
years to be comforted.

A lawyers epitaph in England:
Sir John Strange
Here lies an honest lawyer,
And that is Strange.

Someone determined to be anonymous in Stowe, Vermont:
I was somebody.
Who, is no business
Of yours.

Lester Moore was a Wells, Fargo Co., station agent for Naco, Arizona, in the cowboy days of the 1880s.
He's buried in Boot Hill Cemetery in Tombstone, Arizona.
Here lies Lester Moore
Four slugs from a .44
No Les No More.

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City's Tribute for Johnny Johnson
Business Suspended During Funeral Hour of Barber, 89

Midland Republican. May 4, 1933 - In respect to the memory of John Johnson, colored, oldest pioneer business man on Main street here, business places were closed during his funeral hour, 2:00 to 3:00 yesterday, by proclamation of Mayor James W. Driver. Mr. Johnson, age 89, died Sunday at 3:15 p.m. after several weeks illness from a complication of diseases.

Though the retired life he had led of recent years meant that he was little known to new-comers to Midland. 'Johnny Johnson' was well-known and highly respected by the entire older generation of Midlanders since his arrival here in '65 to establish a permanent residence and set up a barber shop which he operated almost to the time of his death.

He was born in Evanston, Ill., January 1, 1844. As a youth of about 19 he came to Midland, but remained only a short time before going to Pontiac, where in 1863 he enlisted for service in the Civil War, Third Michigan Cavalry, and was assigned as cook for the officer's mess. He served eighteen months and after an honorable discharge at Fort Wayne he came to Midland, where he has since remained, a period of 68 years.

At one time he owned the property where the Frolic Theatre now stands. Later he bought a building about on the location of the McCann and Sons store, where he established a barber shop. Two years later he bought a piece of property from John Larkin, pioneer lumberman here, and erected a building, which was destroyed by fire in 1870(?), after which Mr. Johnson built the present brick building on the same site, 244 East Main Street.

During his younger days he played a prominent part in the life of the community, playing in several successful orchestras during the time when the old skating ring was the ballroom of the village.

Mr. Johnson was a mine of information concerning pioneer days in Midland and the early business men who founded and carried on the community's activities.

One of his favorite reminiscences was that of the "time Hetty Green came to town." He said the famous woman financier arrived in a box car fitted up as living quarters; that she stopped off here to look after mortgages which she held on certain John Larkin mill property and that since Mr. Johnson was buying property from Larkin, she dropped into his barber shop to assure him that his interests were safe.

He described her eccentricities and told how she accompanied him to his home for lunch, remaining for some time to visit with his wife.

He was married to Victoria Edmonds June 24, 1872 at Bay City. Mrs. Johnson preceded him in death, August 18th(?) 1930. He is survived by a son, John, who made his home with his father.

Funeral services were held yesterday at 3:00 p.m. in the Bradley Mortuary, with Rev. H.A. Webster of the Baptist Church officiating and Burial in the Midland Cemetery. Pall bearers were Bert Loebrich, Claude Irish, Patrick Hanley, Emory C. Evans, Jay Bradley, and Carl Wenzel.

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PROCLAMATION

Whereas the people of Midland are saddened by the death of a distinguished citizen Johnny Johnson, and Whereas Mr. Johnson had for more than forty years been an honored citizen of this community and interested in the business life of Midland

Now, therefore I, James W. Driver, Mayor of the City of Midland do request that as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, all business be suspended during the hours of the funeral, from 2:00 to 3:00 p.m. Wednesday, May 3, 1933.

James W. Driver, Mayor

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The Midland Cemetery book shows Johnny Johnson, wife, 2 children who died early in life and his son John C. and Wife buried in Section C.

There were 2 other black barbers in Midland in the early years - George Hatfield (1880 & 1894 census) and Oliver Highgate, parents & siblings (1894 census), buried in Midland Cemetery, Section P.

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LAPORTE COUPLE IN 65TH WEDDING FETE

One Hundred Relatives, Friends Honor J.M. Chamberlains

Midland Republican, July 9, 1931 - Last Thursday evening marked the occasion of the 65th wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. J.M. Chamberlain of Laporte, and in honor of the day, one hundred relatives and friends gathered for an informal evening on the lighted lawn at the Chamberlain Home. Long tables were attractively laid, centered by bowls of roses, and ice cream and cake were served to the company.

All of the six daughters and sons were present with their families - Mrs. P.R. Brophy of Midland, Mrs. William Etherington of Freeland, Allie, Amos and Daniel C. Chamberlain of Ingersoll, Ross of Saginaw, and in addition there were many, very old friends.

Dr. Chamberlain who is 84 years of age, was born in Saginaw County and moved to Laporte when a small boy. His wife, 81, was born in Lapeer County and came to Laporte when only two years of age. They were married there on July 2, 1866, and since have made their home in the village, just a few doors from the church, the schoolhouse and Thompson's store.

"Doctor" was a veterinary and traveled to all parts of the county in the days when doctors of his kind had large practices here. Of late years he has been retired and devotes his time to his garden and lawn and to nearby friends. Mrs. Chamberlain cares for their small home with almost no outside help, according to her daughter, and both are said to be in excellent health.

(A photograph of the couple accompanied the story.)

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Legacy Of An Adopted Child

Author Unknown

Once there were two women,
Who never knew each other.
One you do not remember;
The other you call mother.

Two different lives
Shaped to make yours one.
One became your guiding start;
The other became your sun.

The first gave you life,
And the second taught you to live it.
The first gave you a need for love,
And the second was there to give it.
One gave you a nationality;
The other gave you a name.
One gave you the seed of talent;
The other gave you an aim.

One gave you emotions;
The other calmed your fears.
One saw your first sweet smile;
The other dried your tears.

One gave you up.
It was all she could do.
The other prayed for a child,
And God led her straight to you.
And now you ask me,
Through your tears,
The age-old question
Through the years:

Heredity or environment —
Which are you the product of?
Neither, my darling, neither.
Just two different kinds of love.

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LOCAL CIVIL WAR VETERANS

Midland Republican, May 31,1928 -

GEORGE O. ROCKWELL - Prominent in civic projects and twice mayor of Midland, George O. Rockwell, is another distinguished local pioneer and Civil war veteran. On August 29 he will reach his 80th birthday, having been born in 1848 at Cambridge Springs, Crawford County, Pennsylvania. He became a soldier of the Union forces at the age of 16, enlisting in Company E, Second Pennsylvania Cavalry, on February 25, 1864. The record of participation in many battles is accredited Mr. Rockwell. He fought first at Ashland Station, then Hanover Ferry, Old Church Tavern, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, the historic Stony Creek episode, and lastly the final battle before Petersburg. He was mustered out of service at Philadelphia on July 26, 1865. Two years later he came to Midland county with a cousin, Charles Herrick. He made the overland trip from Ashtabula County, Ohio with a two horse team. Many years later he was elected mayor of the city of which he was one of the earliest pioneers. He served two terms. Fraternally, Mr. Rockwell is a prominent Mason and Oddfellow. He lives on Rodd Street.

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CHARLES GUNN – The second oldest Civil War veteran in Mid-land, Charles Gunn was born at Arcadia, Wayne County, New York, on August 21, 1845 and this summer he will pass the 83rd milestone. As a pioneer of Michigan, he enlisted in the Army in 1864, being assigned to the 30th Michigan Infantry, Company I at Tuscola County. Mr. Gunn was mustered out of service at Detroit in June 1865 and five years later, came to Midland county. For nearly sixty years he has lived in this county, spending the past several years in this city. At one time Mr. Gum was in business here, conducting a music store. His house is in Ashman Street.

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THEODORE F. TUTTLE – Another Michigan pioneer who fought in the Civil War, watched the progress of the great lumbering industry, and today lives in the joys of past memories is Theodore F. Tuttle of Sanford. Mr. Tuttle born in Clinton, Jackson County, Michigan on December 29, 1844 will this coming winter be 84 years of age. He enlisted at Brooklyn, Jackson County on December 12, 1863 and was assigned to Company H, Michigan Engineers and Mechanics. His principal points of actual battle were at Atlanta and Savannah, Georgia, Bentonville, North Carolina, and Chattanooga, Tennessee. He was mustered out of the army at Nashville, Tenn. on September 22, 1865.

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GEORGE BRADSHAW – Of the many, but now diminishing number, who fought for the stability of the Union in the Civil War only one from this county engaged in the famous Battle of Gettysburg. George Bradshaw who resides in Geneva township not

only possesses this honor, but in addition he is the oldest Civil war vet in this county, and probably one of the very few survivors of the Grand Army who has lived to approach the 100 mark. Mr. Bradshaw, born in Hilton(?) Derbyshire, England in 1834, passed his 93rd birthday recently. Besides the Battle of Gettysburg, Mr. Bradshaw served his adopted country in the Battle of the Wilderness and numerous other conflicts of the Civil War. He was mustered out at Buffalo, N.Y. in 1865 and today leads the survivors of Midland county's contribution to the Grand Army of the Republic.

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SAMUEL D. SHAFFNER – Honors of being a survivor of four brothers, all of whom fought in the Civil War, is accorded Samuel D. Shaffner of this city. Now residing on West Ellsworth Street. Mr Schaffner formerly claimed Ingersoll as his adopted home after migrating from Pennsylvania back in 1880. For nearly a half century he has been a well known figure in the history of Midland County. He served as county Drain Commissioner and as school director for many years. Mr. Shaffner was born in Jefferson Co. PA on Dec 19, 1836, and next Dec. will be 82 years of age. In July of 1864, he entered the service, enlisting in Co. F, 1st Batt., PA State Inf. For nearly a year he was drawn into several important episodes of the war.

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RELATES THRILLING CIVIL WAR EXPERIENCE: TOM MAIN LED PARADE HERE 42 YEARS

Midland Republican, Midland, Michigan May 24, 1928 - For the first time in 43 years, Memorial Day has passed in this city without the dignified presence at the head of the parade of Thomas Briggs Main, distinguished veteran of the Civil War. Mr. Main, now in Florida where he has spent the past winter, had planned to again return to his home town for another march of the Grand Army of the Republic. Poor health, however, prevented Mr. Main's plans from being carried out. Although he expected until a few days ago to arrive here in time for yesterday's parade, a telegram received by his son, T. Wilbur Main of this city, stated that he was unable to make the jaunt from Florida, much to his regret.

Record Perhaps Unequaled

A record of patriotic service perhaps unequaled in Michigan, and even in the Unites States. Mr. Main has for 42 years headed the Michigan County contingent on Memorial Day as Marshal. He enlisted in the service of the Union in Detroit on October 11, 1864 at the age of sixteen years. He was assigned to Company A(?), 23rd Michigan Volunteer Infantry and served until the conclusion of the war. Last December, Mr. Main was 80 years young having been born in Norfolk County, Ontario on December 21 (?), 1847. He came to Midland county in January 1877 and has since resided here with the exception of portions of the last several winter seasons during which he has sojourned in Florida. Last November, Mr. and Mrs. Main celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

Interested in Political Events

In addition to his splendid record as a soldier during the hectic days of the Republic, Mr. Main has taken considerable interest in political affairs. He served as Register of Deeds for Midland county from 1883 to 1892. During those years and the years since, Mr. Main has been noted for his keen outlook upon city, state, county and national affairs. In the old days he was Democratic leader, that being his party preference.

A life-long member of the Episcopal denomination, Mr. Main is affiliated with the St. Johns church of this city, and has served it in various capacities. His fraternal relations include a long membership in the Masonic order, and the honor of having possessed all the offices in the local G. A. R. post, which he helped organize in 1882.

During the war in the interests of his adopted country, Mr. Main participated in many bloody skirmishes, including the Battle of Franklin on November 4, 1864, three weeks after his enlistment, and the Battle of Nashville on December 15, and 16 of the same year. He vividly remembers many of the paramount features in connection with his time in the service.

Tells of Race To Nashville

"There was a race between General Hood's Confederate army of 40,000 men and General John M. Schofield's 20,000 soldiers to reach Nashville first," recalls Mr. Main. "When we reached the Harpeth(?) river at Franklin, we were hard pressed because our supply trains were slow in crossing and so we built breastworks about three feet high with short logs along the top so that each man could use the space between the logs to fire through."

"This was my first real battle and I thought the command to fire would never come. A company of our artillery was out in front and returned to our lines almost with the confederates. When we started to shoot the men in gray were almost upon us. A horrible carnage followed and it is said that more confederate officers were killed in this battle in three hours than died at Gettysburg in three days Seven or eight distinct attacks were made. The battle started about 3 p. m. and lasted until 9 o'clock at night."

Saw General Clabourne Die

"I never will forget one poor Johnny, a lieutenant. He was only a few feet from our lines and was so badly wounded in the fist charge that he could not even crawl. There he lay begging us to come and get him before the next charge and offering to give all his possessions for deliverance. Of course this was strictly against army orders and we could do nothing."

"General Pat Clabourne was killed just as his horse reached our breastworks and he plunged down among us. General Adams fell a short distance away. We lost more than a thousand in killed and hundreds more were fatally wounded. The confederate loss was reported at 7,000."

Missed Only Two Years

"We had reached Franklin by a forced night march, passing within a half mile of the large Confederate army. After the battle we continued on to Nashville, about 20 miles away, arriving there early in the morning. Here on December 15 and 16, the Confederate forces were decisively beaten." Mr. Main returned to his home in Columbiaville, Lapeer county, after the war and in January 1877, came to Midland. He was one of the first G. A. R. members in Michigan and in June 1882, helped organize the Midland post. The following year the first Memorial Day exercises were held and he was the marshal of the day. Continuously since then he has been in charge, marching at the head of the parade every year until the last three years. Tom Main, patriot, will always live in the hearts of Midland folks.

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THE MAYFLOWER PASSENGERS - 1620

The following is a summary of a small pamphlet of 24 pages published in 1992 by the Massachusetts Society of Mayflower descendants. Edited & compiled by Audrey Drummond & Nancy J. Springer. The G.A. Dow Memorial Library has an original copy.

What do you remember about the Mayflower and her passengers? The usual memories from childhood tales or from elementary school lesson are that the ship landed at Cape Cod in 1620 and had about 100 passengers (actually 102 plus two born aboard the ship). Also several names are usually remembered - Myles Standish, Priscilla Mullins, John Alden and the Bradfords and the Brewsters.

More than this is usually not remembered. The Pioneer Record Editor found the little book interesting is several ways. So many persons can trace their lineage back to the Mayflower that it is surprising to learn that only one-half of the passengers have known descendants. The names are carefully referenced, but in the main, the original references are just William Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation," and "Plymouth Colony Wills and Inventories - 1620-1692." You also may remember that the first years were very hard for them. This is usually difficult to remember, but is really brought home in This list by the large number of death years as '1620' and '1621.'

Below we will give a complete list of the passengers, but the information about them will be summarized to the birth and death dates (where these are known) and perhaps an abbreviation 'w/o' for 'wife of', 'h/o' for 'husband of' or 'ch/o' for 'child of'. We will also indicate by (Y) or (N) whether they had descendants or not. For more information see the original booklet.

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1) Alden, John (15981687) h/o Priscilla Mullins (Y)
2) Allerton, Bartholomew (1612-1658/9), h/o Margaret (----), h/o Sarah Fairfax. (N)
3) Allerton, lsaac(1586-1658/9), h/o Mary Norns, h/o Fear Brewster, h/o Joanna Swinnerton (Y)
4) Allerton, John (?-1620/2l) (N)
5) Allerton, Mary (16 16-1 699), w/o Thomas Cushman. (Y) (Last survivor & mother of 8 children)
6) Allerton, Mary (Norris) (?-1621) w/o Isaac Allerton. (Y)
7) Allerton, Remember (1614-1652/56) ch/o Isaac, w/o Moses Maverick. (Y).
8) Billington, Elinor (----) (1580-1642/3), w/o John Billington, w/o Gregory Armstrong. (Y)
9) Billington, Francis (1606?-1684), c/o John. h/o Christian (Penn) Eaton. (Y)
10) Billington, John (1 580?-1630), h/o Elinor (----). (Y)
11) Billington, John (Jr.) (1604-1627), c/o John. (N)
12) Bradford, Dorothy (May) (1597-1620) w/o William Bradford. (N)

13) Bradford, William (1589/90-1657), h/o Dorothy May, h/o Alice (Carpenter) Southworth. (Y)
14) Brewster, Love (?-1650/1), ch/o William, h/o Sarah Collier. (Y)

15) Brewster, Mary (----) (1569-1627), w/o William. (Y).
16) Brewster, William (1 566/7-1644), ch/o William, h/o Mary (----).(Y)
17) Brewster, Wrestling (?-1627/44) ch/o William. (N)
18) Britteridge, Richard (?-1620), First to die after landing. (N)
19) Brown, Peter (1600?-1633) h/o Martha (----) Ford, h/o Mary (----). (Y)
20) Butten/Dutton, William (?-1620). Died at sea. (N)
21) Cartier/Carter, Robert (?-1620) (N)
22) Carver, John (?-162l), h/o Katherme (_____). (N)
23) Carver, Katherine (----) (?-1621) w/o John Carver. (N)
24) Chilton, James (1546-1620) Died aboard ship. h/o Susanna (Furner?). (Y)
25) Chilton, Mary (1607-1679), ch/o John, w/o John Winslow. (Y)
26) Chilton, Susanna (Furner?) (?-1620), w/o James Chilton. (Y)
27) Clarke, Richard (?-1620) (N)
28) Cook, Francis (1583-1663), h/o Hester Mayhieu. (Y)
29) Cooke, John (1607-1695), ch/o Francis, h/o Sarah Warren. (Y)
30) Cooper, Humility (1619-1638/9) (N)
31) Crackston(e), John (?-1620/1) (N)
32) Crackston(e), John (?-1627), ch/o John. (N)
33) Doty, Edward (1600?-1655), h/o (----), h/o Faith Clark. (Y)
34) Eaton, Francis (?-1633), h/o Sarah (----), h/o (----), h/o Christian Penn. (Y)
35) Eaton, Samuel (1620-1684), ch/o Francis, h/o Elizabeth (----), h/o Martha Billington. (Y)
36) Eaton, Sarah (----) (?-1621), w/o Francis Eaton. (Y)
37) Ely, (----), (N)
38) English, Thomas (?-1620/1) (N)
39) Fletcher, Moses (?-1621), h/o Maria Evans, h/o Sarah Denby/Danby. (Y)
40) Fuller, Edward (1575-1620), ch/o Robert. h/o (-----). (Y)
41) Fuller, Samuel (1580-1633), ch/o Robert, h/o Alice Glascock, h/o Agnes Carpenter, h/o Bridget Lee. (Y)
42) Fuller, Samuel (1608-1683), ch/o Edward, h/o Jane Lathrop. (Y)
43) Fuller ---- (----) (?-1620/1), w/o Edward Fuller. (Y)
44) Gardiner, Richard (?-1623/51) (N)
45) Goodman/Codrnoer(?), John (?- 1627), h/o May Backus, h/o Sarah Hooper. (N)
46) Holbeck, William (?-I62 l), (N)
47) Hooke, John (?-1621), (N).
48) Hopkins, Constance/Constanza (1607-1677), ch/o Stephen, w/o Nicholas Snow. Mother of 9. (Y)
49) Hopkins, Darnaris (1618/9-1627), ch/o Stephen (N)
50) Hopkins, Elizabeth (Fisher) (?-1638/9), w/o Stephen. (Y)
51) Hopkins, Giles (1610-1688/9), ch/o Stephen, h/o Catherine Whelden. (Y)
52) Hopkins, Oceanus (1620-1623/7), ch/o Stephen. Born at sea. (N)
53) Hopkins, Stephen (1580-1644), h/o ---- (----), h/o Elizabeth Fisher. (Y)
53) Howland, John (1592-1672), ch/o Henry, h/o Elizabeth Tilley. (Y)
55) Langemore, John (?-1620/1), (N)
56) Latham, William (l609-1645/5 1) (N)

57) Leister, Edward, (?-1651?) (N)
58) Margeson, Edrnond (?-1621) (N)
60) Christopher, Martin (?- 1621), h/o Marie (Prower?), (N)
61) Martin (Prower?), Marie (?-1621?), w/o ---- Prower, w/o Christopher Martin, (N)
61) Minter, Desire (1605-1651), ch/o William? (N)
62) More, Ellen/Elinor (1612-1621), ch/o Katherine, (N)
63) More, Jasper (1613- l620), ch/o Katherine. (N)
64) More, Mary (1616-1621), ch/o Katherine, (N)
65) More, Richard (1614-1693/4), ch/o Katherine, h/o Christian Hunt(er), h/o Jane (----) Crurnpton, (Y)
66) Mullins, Alice (----) (?-1621), w/o William, (Y)
67) Mullins, Joseph (?-1621), ch/o William, (N)
68) Mullins, Priscilla (?-1650/87), ch/o William, w/o John Alden, 10 known children, (Y)
69) Mullins, William (?-1620/1), h/o Alice (----), (Y).
70) Priest, Degory (1579-1620), h/o Sarah (Allerton) Vincent, (Y)
71) Prower, Solomon (?-1620/1), ch/o? Marie (Prower) Martin. (N)
72) Rigdale, Alice (----) (?-1621), w/o John Rigdale. (N)
73) Rigdale, John (----) (?-1621), h/o Alice (----) Rigdale. (N)
74) Rogers, Joseph (1610-1677/8), ch/o Thomas, h/o Hannah ----, (Y)
75) Rogers, Thomas (?-1621), h/o Elsgen ----, (Y)
76) Samson/Sampson, Henry (1603/3)-1684), s/o James, h/o Anne Plummer, (Y)
77) Soule, George (1593/1600-1679), h/o Mary Bucket(?Beckett), (Y)
78) Standish, Myles (1583-1656), h/o Rose ----, h/o Barbara ----, (Y)
79) Standish, Rose (----) (?-1620), h/o Myles Standish, (N)
80) Story, Elias (?-1621), (N)
81) Thomson/Thompson, , Edward (?-1620), (N)
82) Tilley, Ann/Agnes (Cooper) (1585-1621), ch/o Edmund Cooper, w/o Edward Tilley, (N)
83) Tilley, Edward (1588-1621), ch/o Robert, h/o Agnes/Ann Cooper, (N)
84) Tilley, Elizabeth (1607-1687), ch/o John, h/o John Howland, (Y)
85) Tilley, Joan (Hurst)(Rogers) (1567/8-162 l), ch/o William, w/o Thomas Rogers, w/o John Tilley, (Y)
86) Tilley, John (1571-1621), ch/o Robert, h/o Joan (Hurst) Rogers, (Y)
87) Tinker, Thomas (1581-1621), (N)
88) Tinker, ---- (----) (?-162 l), w/o Thomas Tinker, (N)
89) Tinker, ---- (?-1621), ch/o Thomas, (N)
90) Trevnor/Trevore, William (?-1650), (N)
91) Turner, John (?-1621I), (N)
92) Turner, ---- (?-162l), ch/o (----),
93) Turner, ____, ___,(?-162 l), ch/o John, (N)
94) Warren, Richard (?-1628), h/o Elizabeth -----, (Y)
95) White, Peregrine (1620- l704), ch/o William, h/o Sarah Bassett, Born aboard ship at Cape Cod, (Y)
96) White, Resolved (1615-1687), ch/o William, h/o Judith Vassell, h/o Abigail

(----) Lord, (Y)
97) White, Susanna (Ann?) (?-1654/75), ch/o ---- Fuller?, w/o William White, w/o Edward Winslow, (Y)
98) White, William (?-1621), h/o Susanna ----, (Y)
99) Wilder, Roger (?-1621), (N)
100) Williams, Thomas (?-1621), (N)
101) Winslow, Edward (1595-1655), ch/o Edward, h/o Elizabeth Barker, h/o Susanna Ann? White, (Y)
102) Winslow, Elizabeth (Barker) (?-1621), w/o Edward Winslow, (N)
103) Winslow, Gilbert (?-1663), ch/o Edward, (N)
104) ---- , ---- (?- 1621/2?), (Carver's Maidservant) (N)

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Epitaph

Someone in Winslow Maine, didn't like Mr. Wood:

In Memory of Beza Wood
Departed this life
Nov. 2, 1837
Aged 45 yrs.
Here lies one Wood
Enclosed in wood.
One Wood
Within another.
The outer wood
Is very good:
We cannot praise
The other.

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McDANIELS-MAXWELL WEDDING

Midland Republican, April 3, 1914 – Hope, March 31. Saturday evening at the home of William Maxwell, Jr., brother of the groom, a pretty wedding ceremony was solemnized., the contracting parties being Robert Maxwell, Jr. of Hope and Miss Freda McDaniels of Billings, Rev. Wade, pastor of the M. E. church, saying the words which united the happy couple.

The bride is a highly respected young lady of Billings and has lived for the past few month with W. W. Williams, while the groom is a highly respected and prosperous young farmer here. Both have many friends who join in wishing them a happy and prosperous life.

They will begin housekeeping at once at the former John Levely residence and will be at home to their many friends there.

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WARNING ABOUT GENEALOGY POX

Genealogy begins as as interest, becomes a hobby, continues as a vocation. Then it takes over as an obsession, and in its last stage, it is an incurable disease. GENEALOGY POX IS VERY CONTAGIOUS TO ADULTS!

SYMPTOMS: Continual complaint as to the need for names, dates and places. Patient has blank expression, sometimes deaf to spouse and children; has no taste for work of any kind, except feverishly looking through records at libraries and courthouses; has compulsion to write letters; swears at mailman when he doesn't leave mail; frequents strange places such as cemeteries, ruins, and remote desolate country areas; makes secret night calls; hides phone bills from spouse, and mumbles to self; has strange far away look in eyes.

TREATMENT: NO KNOWN CURE! Medication is useless. The disease is not fatal, but gets progressively worse. The patient should attend genealogy workshops, subscribe to genealogical magazines and be given a quiet corner in the house where he or she can be alone.

REMARKS: The usual nature of this disease is that the sicker the patient gets, the more he or she enjoys it.

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MCREAVY BURIED MONDAY; ILLNESS BEGAN NEW YEARS

Veteran Lumberman Succumbs as a result of Fall; Here Many years

CAME FROM MAINE WHEN YOUNG MAN

Midland Republican - March 5, 1931.– Samuel T. McReavy, pioneer lumberman throughout this county and the Upper Peninsula, was buried here Monday after services at 2:30 p.m. at the home of his daughter, Mrs. D.G. Mode. Rev. V.V.Nicholas conducted the services.

Mr. McReavy's death came in Mercy Hospital, Bay City, at 11:15 Friday evening as the final result of a fall on the stairs of the Mode home New Year's night. This 84-year old man suffered a broken hip at that time and was confined to his bed for several weeks, before his removal to the hospital three weeks ago.

He was born in Northfield, Me., Sept. 11th, 1846, and came to Midland as a young man, where he engaged in the lumbering business for himself after a short time in the employ of Sam Sias, Midland. In 1877 he was married to Miss Ella Sias, who predeceased him years ago. Of their family, Mr. McReavy is survived by two daughters, Mrs. D.G. Mode of this city and Mrs. Ernest Whipple of Marquette, and two sons, Harry and Irving McReavy of Detroit. In addition, there is a niece, Mrs. C.V. High, Jr., of this City who grew up in the McReavy home.

More than 30 years ago, Mr. McReavy left Midland to engage in lumbering operations near Gaylord for a short time after which he spent a few months in Louisiana and then went to the Upper Peninsula, where near Marquette he spent the later years of his activity in lumbering and timber cruising. Since his retirement twelve years ago he has spent most of his time with relatives here.

Pall bearers for the service Monday were six nephews: Herbert Hardy, Dr. F.L. Hardy, Merle Sias, Donald E. Sias, Porter Hart, and Dr. W.D. Towsley.

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TELLS OF MICHIGAN WAY BACK IN 1833

New Yorker Went from Chicago to Detroit over "Bleak Prairie"

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Midland Republican, Oct. 15, 1925 - Lansing, Oct. 15.-- The October issue of the Michigan history magazine carries a very interesting sketch of early travel relating to Michigan and nearby territory about the time the state was admitted to the union. It is one of a series of letters running through the Magazine during the year, written by C. F. Hoffman, a New Yorker, who visited the western frontier on horseback in 1833, and included Michigan in his tour. In this letter he is traveling the old Chicago Turnpike on his way from Detroit to Chicago.

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He says, "Being now on the mail route between Detroit and Chicago, I am traveling very comfortably in a four-horse wagon, with the gentleman mentioned in my last letter. I found my horse's back so chafed at White Pigeon, that it was unpleasant to use him any longer under the saddle; and having met with my trunk at Niles, which was forwarded from Monroe by a friend, I am in a measure compelled to adopt what is certainly the most agreeable mode of traveling at this season through a bleak prairie country.

"The cold winter moon was still riding high in the heavens as we were carried over the Joseph's at Niles this morning. A low-sided scow was the means of conveyance; and after breaking the solid ice near the shore to loose us from our moorings, it required some pains to shun the detached cakes which came driving down the center of the dark rolling river, while, near the opposite shore, they had become so wedged and frozen together that it required considerable exertion to break a way with our long poles, and make good our landing. At length, ascending the bank, a beautiful plain, with clump of trees here and there upon its surface, opened to our view. The establishment of the Carey Mission, a long low white building, could be distinguished afar off faintly in the moonlight while several winter lodges of the Pottawattamies, three or four hundred of which tribe inhabit this fine district, were plainly perceptible over the plain. The moon, indeed, shown with an effulgence such as I have never witnessed, except beneath the pearly skies of the west. Morning came at last; still, but excessively cold, our horses manes and our own clothes being covered with hoar-frost while each blade of grass that shot its wilted spear above the snow glistened like a diamond's point beneath the uprising sun."

This entire series of sketches is very readable, giving a vivid picture of early life in Michigan. The Michigan History Magazine is furnished free to schools and libraries. To individuals it is one dollar a year. It is published by the Michigan Historical Commission at Lansing.

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MIDLAND BUSINESSES AND BUSINESSMEN-1904

Midland, May 5, 1904

ANDERSON BROTHERS
Pioneer Druggists

This old and reliable drug firm has been in business in Midland about thirty-seven years, and all the time on the same ground site. They erected the brick building they at present occupy about twenty years ago. In 1897 the firm was incorporated.

They carry a full line of drugs, medicines, herbs, patent medicines, toilet articles, paints, oils, cigars, etc. and have been in business so long that their name is known favorably all through Midland county and beyond. They also give particular attention to the careful compounding of physician's prescriptions.

Probably few merchants, if any, have done more toward the success of Midland than the Anderson Brothers, and today they are just as ready and willing to aid in benefiting the city as they ever were. It is such merchants as these, broad, yet conservative, generous yet careful, that will make Midland the peer of any city in Michigan.

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C.C.ANDERSON
Hardware, Harness etc.

C.C Anderson. was born in Midland and attended the schools here. In 1899 he began his present business and carries a fine stock of shelf and heavy hardware, harness, buggies, wagons, agricultural implements, twine, paint, oils, doors, sash, glass and dressed lumber, etc.

While C.C.Anderson is one of our younger merchants, he has proven by his ability, and fairness in his business methods, that he is entitled to the confidence of Midland people, and in consequence is today is enjoying a large and successful trade.

He is the business manager of the Midland Cornet Band, one of the best bands of the state, and has done mush toward making it the fine organization it is today. Mr. Anderson has the welfare of Midland at heart, and may be relied upon at all times to do what he can to aid in making it the best city in Midland.

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M. ANDERSON & CO
Real Estate and Insurance

The names of Maxson Anderson and Milton P Anderson, the members of this old established firm, are too well known to require more than passing mention. They came to Midland in 1868 and 1871 respectively, and in 1876 the present business was started.

M. Anderson & Co. do a large real estate, loan and insurance business and make a specialty of real estate mortgages, school and other bonds, also buying, selling and renting city and farm properties. They are agents for some the best and largest insurance companies in this country, and are men well known and highly respected by Midland and the surrounding country.

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T.W.ATKINSON
Livery & Undertaking

T.W. Atkinson was born in Middleport, Ohio and came to Midland in 1881. At first he was employed as a clerk in a bromine factory and in 1892 opened a retail meat market which he operated successfully until 1899 when he sold out and entered the livery and undertaking business. He is also a member of the school board with which body he carries on at the present time.

He was mayor of the city, the term ending April, 1904, and by his ability and interest in the welfare of Midland gained the general confidence of serving his second term.

A few words should be added about his livery business, for he has a fine line of carriages of all descriptions and good horses for hire at all times, at reasonable rates. He has resumed the profession of undertaking which he for a time discontinued.

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WILLIAM L. BAKER
Beans, Wheat, Oats, Hay, etc.

William L. Baker is one of the largest dealers of beans in this section of the country, and has the distinction of being the first man to start bean picking as a business in Midland county.

He was born in Flint and came to Midland fifteen years ago. At first he conducted a grocery store in connection with his other business, and introduced to people the first cash grocery store in the city. A store where everything was purchased for cash and everything sold for cash.

He buys, sells and ships wheat, beans, oats, hay etc. extensively but beans are the main feature of his business, and his elevator is a model of neatness and is equipped with all the latest improved machinery. In his employ are a large number of girls who pick and sort the beans as they are fed to the machines, the poor ones being thrown aside and the good or perfect ones allowed to run into barrels ready for shipment. So perfect is this system, each operator having a numbered machine, that Mr. Baker is enabled at any time to know exactly who "picked" a particular barrel of beans, and thus keep up the standard of quality.

Mr. Baker has done much for the appearance of Midland, having erected several handsome buildings on Main Street, and having this spring begun work on another large store building on the Larkin property which he contemplates having finished by October. This building will be of brick and cement, 48 feet front, 120 feet deep and two stories in height, and may be expected to be one of the model buildings of the city.

The Baker elevator is on P.M. near depot.

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G.WILL BALL
Pioneer Hardware Dealer

G.Will Ball was born in Lapeer county, Mich., and when a child went with his parents to Saginaw in 1850. In 1861 they came to Midland. He attended the schools of the city, and in 1887 started the hardware business which he still conducts. In 1892 he purchased the fine corner brick store building he now occupies.

G.W.Ball does exclusively a hardware business and carries only what pertains to that particular line, viz.: Shelf and heavy hardware, stoves, ranges, wire fence, nails, glass, sash and doors etc., but of these he carries a large and complete line. Mr. Ball has been here so long that he can remember Midland when it was a handful of buildings in the midst of the pine forests, and naturally looks with pride upon Midland as it is today and as it was when he came here over forty years ago, but being a progressive man is still anxious to see more improvements and a larger growth. He is a well known Mason and above all, a successful merchant, a kind neighbor and a good friend.

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WILL G. BARBOUR
The Bald-Headed Druggist

Our bald-headed druggist was born in Fenton, Mich., and came to Midland in 1886. He has one of the finest drug stores in Midland county and carries a fine and complete line of drugs, medicines, toilet articles, druggists' sundries, perfumery, stationery, patent medicines and in fact all that pertains to a well-stocked and conducted store.

Mr. Barbour is a progressive business man who has the interests of Midland always at heart and is ever ready to aid in showing the good points of his city to the outside world. He is alderman of the third ward and a member of the K.P.'s Maccabees Woodmen and a good citizen and neighbor.

The cut faithfully represents the bald-headed druggist and his first assistant, his son Harold, who, though not bald-headed, is a promising successor.

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WILLIAM BOLTON
Carriage and Wagon Maker

William Bolton was born in Canada and came here thirty-six years ago. He began his present business thirty-two years ago, and during that time has been identified with all the interests of Midland. He was deputy sheriff for four years, city marshal for five years, constable for several terms, and alderman of his ward for two years.

He makes all kinds of carriages and wagons to order, does all manner of repairing along these lines and as well does all kinds of woodwork.

Mr. Bolton is one of our representative citizens, and nothing that will benefit Midland is proposed but what he is willing to lend his aid in forwarding.

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W.H.BROCK
Midland City Physician

W.H.Brock was born in Ontario, attended schools there, and in 1889 graduated from the ;literary department of the Toronto University. He later entered the Saginaw Medical College, from which he graduated in 1900, coming to Midland soon after. He does a general practice in medicine and surgery and by conscientious work has built up a large practice. He is now serving his second term as city physician, to which position he was elected by the council in 1902. The doctor is also city health officer, and secretary and treasurer of the Midland County Medical society, in each of which positions he is serving his second term.

He was recently elected alternate delegate to the State Medical society, which convenes in May at Grand Rapids.

Dr. Brock is a believer in Midland and is ever ready to do all in his power to benefit the city he takes pride in calling home. Office in Savings Bank block.

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BROWN'S BAZAAR
China, Glassware, Notions, etc.

D. and JW Brown comprise this successful firm. They organized their present business in October, 1902.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the numerous things they carry, but among them can be found china ware, glass ware, notions, tin ware, toys, games, stationery, ribbons, confectionery, etc. In fact, everything carried by a first class modern bazaar store, and it is one of the aims of this firm to continually purchase new and useful goods which they can retail at right prices and thus have not only up-to-date metropolitan store, but keep in touch with their customers. That they are successful is proven by the large trade which is constantly increasing.

Brown's bazaar is managed by people who understand their business and Midland's careful buyers appreciate the fact, and go there in consequence.

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CHARLES BROWN
Lumber, Tile, Brick, etc.

Charles Brown was born in England and came to this country when eight years of age with his parents who settled in Lapeer county, this state.

After attending schools of the place he came to Midland and has been in business here over thirty years. He is an extensive wholesale and retail dealer in lumber, tile, brick, lime and cement, and having a large planing mill in connection does all kinds of finishing lumber, siding, ceiling, flooring, moulding, planing and dressing of all kinds to order.

Mr Brown in one of Midland's representative citizens, and is ready at all times to do all in his power to advance its interest.

His handsomely equipped office and yards are on Main street and the planing mill on the Pere Marquette R.R.

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B.H.CARTER & CO.
The Red Front Store

B.H. Carter is a native of this state, having been born in Allegan. He came to Midland in 1888, and opened business in the bazaar line, which was continued until eight years ago when a stock of dry goods, carpets, shoes and groceries were added and this is the line they carry today.

Mr. Carter has been honored by his fellow townsmen who elected him supervisor and he is today president of the board of public works which position he has held for four years.

He is one of Midland's representative citizens and has done much to forward the interests of the city. The business methods of B.H.Carter & Co. are such that they enjoy the confidence not only of the people of Midland, but the surrounding country as well and in consequence have a large patronage.

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D.W.CHASE
Insurance and Real Estate

This business was originally conducted by Byron Burch, who built up a large insurance business. Last October D.W. Chase purchased the business and has since carried it on.

It is unnecessary to say too much about Mr. Chase, as he is too well known to need recommendations.

For over thirty-five years he has lived in Midland and his friends are legion. During that time, by his uniform courtesy and trustworthiness he has established himself as a representative citizen, ready at all times to forward the interests of Midland, and as a consequence those who desire fire insurance naturally go to him. He represents eleven of the best companies of the world as follows: The Insurance Company of North America; Philadelphia Underwriters of Penn.; Orient Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn.; New York Underwriters of New York; Citizens of St.Louis,Mo.; Sun of London, England; Westchester Insurance Co. of New York; Assurance Co. of America; Northern Assurance Co. of London, England and Home Farmers' Mutual Fire Association of Midland, which does business in Midland, Gratiot and Isabella counties, certainly a list complete enough to satisfy anybody.

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FRED COMMERFORD
Barber Shop with Greenhouse Window

It's a good place to get a good shave, and you'll know it by the forest in the window. The cut is historic, being from a photograph taken some years ago when the grounds of the John Larkin homestead were full of trees and shrubbery. These reflected in the window, and apparently mingling with the plants, etc. that were there, make a most remarkable picture, which is reproduced for the rare beauty of it, and for the fact that it is a souvenir of the past.

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J.H. COMERFORD
Harness and Harness Supplies

The subject of this article was born in Canada and in 1880 came to Midland with his parents. After attending the schools here, he learned the harness and saddlery trade and in August, 1902, started in business for himself at his present stand. He manufactures and deals in all kinds of harness and harness supplies and everything in the horse clothing line, whips, etc. and makes a specialty of harness repairing in all its branches.

J.H.Comerford is a young man who, by hard work and perseverance, has pushed himself to the front, so that today he is well known throughout Midland county as a capable workman who understands his business, and by courteous treatment of his customers and a desire to please has built up a nice business. He is one of our younger merchants who is a believer in his home city and who can be relied upon at all times to put his shoulder to the wheel and help all in his power to advance Midland to the front ranks among the good live cities of Michigan.

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.JOHN DENT
Midland Iron Works

John Dent is another old time resident of Midland, having come here from Port Huron and opened his present business about twenty years ago. Some ten years ago he was alderman of his ward, but his business has assumed such proportions that he finds but little time to give to anything else, although he is deeply interested in Midland and would like to be the best city in Michigan.

He does all kinds of iron works and makes all descriptions of iron castings as well as doing other work along these lines.

John Dent is a well-known member of the Masonic order, a member of the Royal Arcanum and of the Amalgamated Society of Engineer-machinists and Pattern Makers. He is an above average representative citizen a kind and good friend.

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HON. PETER E. DODDS
Judge of the Twenty-first Judicial Circuit

Hon. P F Dodds is a native of the Empire state having been born in St Lawrence county, New York. He came to Michigan in 1865 and to Mt. Pleasant in 1875. After graduating from the normal school, he was superintendent of the Mt. Pleasant schools for about three years. In 1875 he was admitted to the bar. He was prosecuting attorney for two terms, viz. 1880-1882, and spent one year at Olivet College perfecting or rounding out his education. He practiced his profession here until 1893 when he was elected circuit court judge, which official position he has since held, having been once re-elected.

Judge Dodds has the reputation of being one of Michigan's most able jurists, a man whose decisions are seldom questioned; and while he believes fully in the punishment of

the crime, for the welfare of society, he is ever ready to allow for extenuating circumstances and to temper judgment with mercy.

Judge Dodds is very popular in his adopted city of Mt Pleasant, but not less so in Midland city and county, where his carefulness and promptness on the bench are highly appreciated. His " Proceed Gentlemen " is almost a household word suggesting of his purpose advancing business without unnecessary delay off the bench.

The Republican county convention is contemplating with dread the possibility of losing him from the judgeship , unanimously endorsed Judge Dodds for the nomination for the Supreme court of Michigan, and by resolution instructed its delegates to the state judicial convention to do all in their power to secure his nomination. The unanimous feeling here is in support of this expression.

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DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
Midland's Largest Industry

The Dow Chemical Company is Midland's largest industrial organization. In fact, it is one of the largest concerns of its kind in the world. They manufacture bleaches, bromides, etc. and their products are shipped to all parts of the world. The plant consisting of many buildings, covers a large area along the river, and the institution is one the Midland is justly proud of.

A large number of hands are employed and the money received by these employees in wages is expended right here, so that the benefits can be readily appreciated. The Dow Chemical Co., through its officers, are at all times ready to advance the interests of out city in any manner possible.

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WILLIAM DUNNING
Sheriff of Midland County

William Dunning was born in Saginaw. Michigan and came to Midland in 1880, locating on a farm in Hope Twp. He served two terms as township treasurer, four terms as highway commissioner, one term as pathmaster and one term as school moderator. In 1900 he was elected to the office of sheriff and is now serving his second term. His political career has been a very successful one, and Sheriff Dunning has made a host of friends. In his case it was the office seeking the man, and not the man seeking the office.

Mr. Dunning owns a fine farm of 140 acres in Hope township, to which he can retire when his political duties are over and feel that he is entitled to a well earned rest.

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WILLIAM E ELLSWORTH
Register of Deeds

William E Ellsworth was born in the state of Illinois and came to Midland with his parents when very young. After attending Midland schools he entered mercantile business and later was employed in the office of register of deeds, and in 1893 was

elected to his present office, which position he has held since with the exception of nine months, surely a marked proof of the confidence the citizens of Midland county repose in him. Mr. Ellsworth is prepared to furnish promptly and at reasonable rates, typewritten abstracts and tax histories, and from his long service in the register's office is fully qualified in this line of work.

For the past five years he has had with him as deputy register of deeds, his son Will M Ellsworth, and the agreeable manner in which one is treated, who has business at the office, makes it a good place to go.

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IRA FALES
Midland City Clerk

The city clerk, who was city treasurer last year, was born in the Keystone state and came to Michigan in the spring of 1869, and to Midland in 1870. After attending the schools here he read law with D W Hitchcock, an old and able practitioner of Midland at that time, and was admitted to the bar in 1880, when he began the practice of his profession here. For four years and a half he was also agent of the American Express Co. at this point.

Midland's citizens have every confidence in Ira Fales, as is proven by their twice electing him town clerk, supervisor, justice of the peace four years, and in 1902 and again in 1903, city treasurer. He is now serving as city clerk, having been elected in April, 1904.

In addition to the practice of law, Mr Fales makes a specialty of real estate collections and insurance.

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W.H. FANNING
Groceries and Provisions

W H Fanning was born in Shepherd, Michigan where he attended the public schools. Two years ago he came to Midland and purchased his present business. He carries a finely assorted line of staple and fancy groceries, canned goods, fresh and dried fruits, vegetables, confectionery, cigars, tobaccos, hay feed and flour, and also a line of stylish medium and high priced shoes from the best manufacturers.

W H Fanning, while a comparably new merchant in Midland, who is a man who takes an interest in business and leaves no stone unturned to give entire satisfaction with each and every purchase. His business is fair and open and the result is that he is daily building up a list of customers who have every confidence in himself and in his goods.

W H Fanning is a believer in Midland and is always ready and glad to do all in his power to advance Midland interest until it has not a peer in Michigan.

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H. FOSTER
Livery and Undertaking

Horatio Foster was born in Springfield, Oakland county, Mich. and came to Midland January 1, 1882. He had a general store and was engaged in other business until 1889, when the present business was started under the firm name of Haley & Co. In

1894 H Foster assumed the entire business himself and has made a great success of it. In 1893 he erected his handsome brick double store and livery building on Main street which is undoubtedly one of the finest business buildings in Midland county. In the livery department can always be found a fine assortment of carriages of every description for hire and only good horses are kept. The undertaking department is modern in every respect and Mr Foster is a licensed embalmer.

For two years he served as city treasurer. He is a well known Mason, K.P., I.O.O.F., Maccabee, Forester and Modern Woodman and as well, a good citizen who is glad at any time to do all within his power to advance the interest of the city he has so long made his home.

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R.E. GLADSTONE
Photography

R.E. Gladstone, Midland's progressive and artistic photographer, was born in North Star, Mich. and came to Midland in 1901, taking charge of his present gallery. He does artistic photography in all its branches, and the work from his place always gives entire satisfaction, for every attention is given to the smallest details. He also does all kinds of picture framing and carries a full line of frame mouldings. The enlargement of pictures is also a branch of his business.

R E Gladstone is a young man of push and energy and by courteous treatment and a desire and willingness to please, and above all by his ability to turn out good work, has built up a most excellent business, which is daily increasing. Most of the portraits in this paper are from photographs taken by him.

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HON. WM. DONALD GORDON
United States District Attorney

William Donald Gordon was born in Bayfield, Ontario June 7, 1858. He was educated in the common schools and graduated later from the law department of the University of Michigan, in the class of 1879. In June, 1879, he opened a law office here and has made Midland his home since. In addition to his law business he has bought and sold farms and farming lands extensively, and has been largely interested in lumbering operations.

He has been very successful in all his undertakings, and his legal business has extended far beyond Midland county, for he has been retained in many important suits in this and other counties.

That the citizens of Midland county fully realize his worth is evidenced by the many honors her has received. He was chairman of the Midland County Republican committee from 1884 to 1894 and has been elected to the following offices by his fellow citizens. Circuit court commissioner, prosecuting attorney, city attorney, judge of probate and representative in state legislature in 1895 and 1897, being speaker of the house during that time. In 1898 he was appointed United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of Michigan, by the late President McKinley and was re-appointed by President Roosevelt in 1902.

Mr Gordon is a member of the F & A M, R.A.M., K.P., Uniformed Rank K.P., K.O.T.M.M., B.O.O.F., and Modern Woodmen and is a member of the Michigan Club. He is a man who it is a pleasure to meet and upon whom the honors of political preference rest easily, and above all, he has the future of Midland at heart.

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GORDON & MAXWELL

Extensive Dealers in Midland County Farms & Farming Lands

Perhaps no man in Midland has bought and sold more farm lands in the county than Wm D Gordon, who began the business about a quarter century ago. David N Maxwell, a land expert, is now associated with him, and they hold about 5,000 acres in this county, including some improved farms.

There is much inquiry nowadays for the excellent and available lands in this county and Gordon & Maxwell are the right kind of people to inquire of.

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GORDON & McCANN

General Merchandise

These enterprising and successful merchants came here from Canada about twenty-two years ago and entered the employ of Wm Kelly, and later of Reardon Brothers, as clerks. In 1889 They began business on their own account in a comparatively small store, next to the present post office site, where they carried a line of clothing and gents' furnishing goods. For eleven years they remained in that store, and by industry, perseverance and business ability so largely increased their trade that four years ago they were compelled to look for larger quarters to take proper care of their many customers, and so moved into the large double store which they at present occupy.

They carry a fine and complete stock of men's, boy's and children's clothing and furnishings, dry goods, groceries, hardware, boots and shoes, in fact everything that goes to make a modern up-to-date, metropolitan department store.

Stewart B Gordon and Thomas E McCann are men who have proven conclusively what can be done when two young men start out with enterprise, push and energy, determined to succeed, for from a small beginning they have in fifteen years built up one of the finest businesses in this section of Michigan and have not only a large number of customers but, what is better, a large number of friends who have every confidence in Gordon & McCann.

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MYRON J GUE

Attorney-at-law

M.J. Gue was born in Eastmanville, Mich., where he attended the district schools until his family moved to Midland in 1872. He then attended the high school here and later entered the University of Michigan, graduating from the law department in the class of 1882. Upon receiving his diploma he returned to Midland and has practiced his profession here since, building up a successful practice. He also deals in real estate and write fire insurance.

Mr Gue is a member of the Masonic order, and has been honored by the citizens of Midland city and county upon more than one occasion, he having been alderman, city attorney, member board of public works, prosecuting attorney and mayor of Midland. He is a representative citizen and deeply interested in the city he takes pride in calling home.

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RAY HART
The County's Prosecuting Attorney

Midland's prosecutor was born in this city and attended the schools here, later entering the University of Michigan. He graduated in the literary class of 1894 and the law class of 1895, when he returned to Midland and began the practice of his chosen profession. The people in Midland were not slow in seeing his worth, and in 1896 elected him to the office of city treasurer, which office he held two terms. In 1898 he was elected prosecuting attorney which office he has since held. In 1900-1901 he served the city as mayor- in conjunction with his office as prosecuting attorney - and during that time the taxes were very low.

Ray Hart also deals in real estate and writes fire insurance. He is a progressive citizen and deeply interested in the future of Midland

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J P HICKEY
Modern Dentistry

Dentist Hickey was born in Ontario and graduated from the dental department of the Detroit College of Medicine in the class of 1902.

Immediately after receiving his diploma he came to Midland and has been in active practice since and while the doctor is a comparatively a new practitioner here, has by his courteous treatment of patients, built up a lucrative practice and can be relied upon as one who believes in doing his work well and thus keeping the many people who come to him not only as patients, but as friends. His office is in W.L. Baker's new block.

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GEORGE W HINDS
Architect and Building Contractor

George W. Hinds was born in Belleville, Ont., and came to Midland in 1887. He knows how to plan and build houses and other structures. Midland is full of evidences of his good work in this line. Among the examples of his building capacity are the residence of H.H. Dow and Mayor George Rockwell, the Methodist Church, H. Foster's block, O'Brien's, the Patrick block and others. By good and faithful work he has gained an excellent standing as an architect and builder. Mr Hinds has been four years secretary of the McKinley Republican Club of this county. He is a Maccabee and a Woodman.

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THE HOOSIER SHOE COMPANY
Midland's Exclusive Shoe Store

The Hoosier Shoe Co., while one of Midland's youngest business concerns, have proven that they are made of the right stuff and know how a shoe store should be conducted.

The members of the firm are John Kern and Lee Walters, and they formerly operated a large department store in Decatur, Ind.

They opened their present store in October last and their success has been assured from the start. The Hoosier Shoe Co. have the distinction of being the only exclusive shoe house in Midland county.

In this large corner store in the opera house block, can be found a complete assortment of men's, women's and children's shoes, boots and rubbers in every style, variety and price, and such well known makes as Walkovers for men, Reed's cushion shoes for men and women and the celebrated Rochester shoes for women are carried along with their other lines.

Courteous treatment and a desire to please, have placed this firm in the front position among Midland's merchants, and as both partners are expert shoe men their success is not to be wondered at.

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HORNE AND JOHNSON
Cattle Buyers and Shippers

Thomas Horne and J.W. Johnson are the individual members of this large firm of stock dealers, the former having been in business for over seventeen years in Lansing. A little over one year ago the firm started business here and their success has been very pronounced as can readily be seen from the fact that in 1902 they shipped more livestock than has ever been shipped before from Midland county by one firm. They buy and sell live stock of all kinds in large quantities and in addition do a wholesale butchering business, supplying local and near by dealers. They also deal extensively in wool and hay, shipping these articles in car load lots.

Both are shrewd business men who understand their particular line thoroughly, and as they are enterprising, industrious and trustworthy their success is not to be wondered at.

In addition to their local business success they are believers in Midland and can be relied upon at all times to do their share toward pushing our interest to the front.

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KERN & WALTERS
Large Dealers in Farms

Probably no one firm in Midland county has done more to forward and benefit Midland than have this firm.

Coming here only last October from Indiana, they immediately saw the advantages of this locality with its unsurpassed farming lands, and at once started in to interest their old neighbors in Indiana and Ohio and bring them here. They have already brought and

located on farms a large number of good responsible farmers and are confident in the very near future they can arrange to have seventy-five or more come from Indiana and Ohio and make this their home.

They deal extensively in improved and partly improved farms and have a large assortment from $ 10,00 an acre upward. These men are leaving no stone unturned to prove to the outside world the benefits of our county, and are in consequence meeting with marked success. They know what a farm should be, and their business methods and dealings are such that every confidence can be placed in them.

To anyone desiring to change location or purchase a farm, either fully or partly improved, no better firm can be found to deal with than Kern & Walters, and any information that may be desired regarding farming property in this section will be freely and cheerfully given, if you will write to Messrs. Kern & Walters, Midland, Michigan.

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GEORGE KLEINE & CO.
Dry Goods and Lady's Furnishings

George Kleine was born in Eastmanville, Mich., and came to Midland in 1869. After attending the district schools he engaged in the dry goods business in Chicago and sold goods on the road. On December 10, 1901, he, with M.J. Gue opened the present business and today they carry a fine assortment of dry goods and ladies' ready-made clothing and furnishings, and have the distinction of being the only house in Midland county dealing exclusively in these lines. When the business was begun, a little over two years ago, the firm occupied only a portion of a store, but their business has so increased that now they use one large store and part of another: in other words, in two years so successful have they been that their store room has been enlarged three-fold in order to accommodate their growing business.

George Kleine & Co. are progressive merchants and are entitled to all the success they are enjoying.

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JAMES LAMAY
Livery and Sale Stable

Mr. Lamay was born in New York state in the city of Oswego, and came to Midland some years ago, working in the shingle mills. Later he started to livery business and has been very successful. He has some of the best turnouts in town, and prides himself on the horses and carriages he has for hire. His success is attributed to his courteous treatment and a desire to please all his patrons and anybody who patronizes him once is sure to come again

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E.J. LEE & CO.
General Dealers in Farm Produce

Mr. Lee came here from Saginaw fifteen years ago. He has been in the produce business seven or eight years, buying for cash and shipping all kinds of farm produce. The warehouse is near the court house, and the firm is a good one to do business with

Mr. Lee was supervisor of the fourth ward three years, and then moved into the third ward.

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F.L. LEHNER
The Imperial Cafe

Mr. Lehner was born in Gratiot Co. in 1877 and came to Midland in 1902, when he opened his present business.

He has one of the finest appointed bakeries in Midland county, making fresh daily a superior line of baked goods of all descriptions, which he supplies to the best families of Midland.

His business is daily increasing and his methods in business are such that success is assured him.

In connection with the bakery is conducted one of the finest short order restaurants in Midland county and when you are hungry if you will try the Imperial Cafe you will be satisfied, not only inwardly but outwardly, but feel that life is worth living. Ice cream and confectioneries, best in the city, are found there too.

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JOHN MADILL
County Treasurer

Our county treasurer was born in Canada, and came to this country with his parents when a small boy. After attending the village schools he engaged in business of several kinds until the people, realizing his worth, elected him sheriff, which office he held for four years. He also served as county game warden eight years, and in 1900 was elected to his present office, and upon the expiration of his first term was re-elected. At the present time Mr. Madill is also chairman of the city and county Republican committees.

He has associated with him as deputy treasurer, Leslie D. Madill and the uniform courtesy received at the hands of these popular officials, makes it a pleasure to have business at the county treasurer's office.

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THOMAS B. MAIN
Midland County Abstracts

Thomas B. Main was born in Canada and came to this country when a child of three years of age. In 1861-65 he went to the front and carried an old Springfield rifle in Co E 23d Michigan Infantry.

He came to Midland in 1877 and was for some years in the dry goods department of Reardon Brothers store. He was elected register of deeds in 1883 and served continuously for ten years or until 1893. During this term of office he had also done an abstract business and in 1892 opened his present business, so that now for over twenty years he has been making Midland county abstracts and tax histories, and this long experience has made him thoroughly familiar with the business in every detail. He has a full and complete set of abstract books of the county, and the abstracts from this office are noted for their accuracy, neatness and completeness. T. B. Main also deals

extensively in city and country real estate, and farms and farming lands, and loans money on real estate.

For the past five years his son T. Wilbur Main has been associated with his father in the business, and has proven a most efficient helper in the affairs of the office.

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JOSEPH MARIENTHAL
Dry Goods, Clothing, Etc.

Joseph Marienthal was for a number of years in business in Au Sable, this state, but learning of the superior advantages of Midland, he moved his business and stock here in 1897, and so successful has the move proven that a little over a year ago, he was compelled to seek larger quarters and moved into his present large and handsome store next to the Republican office on Main street.

He carries a complete stock of dry goods, carpets, ladies' jackets, ladies' and gents' furnishings, clothing, boots and shoes, hats, caps, gloves, trunks, valises, etc. , and is prepared at all times to meet the demands of his largely increasing trade.

Mr. Marienthal is an enterprising business man who believes in Midland and its future, and is always glad to do his part toward anything that will benefit the place.

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K. McKAY
A Successful Dentist

Dr. McKay was born in Midland and naturally feels proud of his birth place. He attended the public schools here and later attended the University of Michigan, graduating in the class of 1897. His faith in Midland and the opportunities it offers led him to open an office here, and he has been successful from the start. He is a young man who makes no great pretensions, but that he has been a good dentist in proven by his large practice today.

Dr. McKay can always be relied upon to do all in his power to forward the interests of Midland, and is one of our citizens in whom we rely. His well appointed office is in the Johnson block.

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MIDLAND CO. SAVINGS BANK
A Sound Financial Institution

The soundness of any city is usually demonstrated by the soundness of its financial institutions, and in this respect, Midland is indeed fortunate.

The Midland County Savings Bank has a capital of $ 25,000. and was organized Sept. 10, 1886. It does a general banking business and solicits and cares for deposits of no matter how small a sum.

The policy of the officers and directors is to keep the bank's business entirely within its control, and its resources available for any emergency.

The officers are Stewart B. Gordon, president; Charles Brown, vice-president; D. W. Chase, treasurer; and the directors, George Peck, Charles Brown, Stewart B Gordon, William D. Gordon and Daniel W. Chase.

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J. H. MUSTARD
County School Commissioner

"Harry" Mustard is one of Midland's active young men, a graduate of the public schools, and a progressive student who in April, 1901 was elected to the honorable office of school commissioner. In 1903 he was elected for two years, with but one vote being cast for any other candidate. He is doing good work.

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JOHN NEHIL
Stave Manufacturer, Etc.

John Nehil is a native of the Keystone state. He came to Midland in 1886 and began work in the pail and woodenware business. About five years ago he opened he opened his present business and has been very successful.

His business is increasing to such an extent that he proposes installing two new boilers in his plant this spring.

He is also a manufacturer of "Dimension stock", which means all manner of stock for barrows, crates, barrels, etc. His products are shipped to all parts of the country in large lots.

Mr. Nehil is a good citizen, ever ready to push in the right direction for Midland and its interests. His plant and grounds are on the M.C. tracks.

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H. D. NORTHWAY
Midland's Post Master

Postmaster Northway is a native of the Buckeye state, having been born in Ashtabula county, Ohio. He came to Michigan in 1866 and to Midland in 1869, engaging in the lumber and mill business.

He was appointed postmaster in 1898 and under his conservative methods the business of the office has increased over twenty-five percent in all departments.

Three rural routes start from Midland post office and a fourth one in now pending.

He has associated with him in the office Lynn I. Northway, as assistant postmaster and Mrs. N.J. Northway as clerk.

H. D. Northway is a well known Mason, an Odd Fellow and a K.P.

The office is conveniently located on Main street, and by courteous treatment and a desire to please, Postmaster Northway and his assistants have made the Midland post office one of the most popular in this section of Michigan.

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OLMSTEAD & SOMERVILLE
Dry Goods, Groceries, Etc.

C. G. Olmstead and O. C. Somerville, under the firm name of Olmstead and Somerville, began business in 1901, succeeding W. L. Baker. Mr. Olmstead was born in Midland, and Mr. Somerville in West Virginia, he coming to this city in 1883. They are among the largest merchants in the Midland county and carry a very complete stock of

dry goods, groceries, canned goods, vegetables, cigars, tobaccos, etc. etc. They are also dealers in hard and soft coals, blacksmith's coal, hay, feed, flour, lime, cement, salt etc. They are both young men of push and energy, who by hard work and a determination to succeed have, in a few years, placed themselves among the front ranks of Midland's merchants and are doing a successful business which they have just reason to feel proud of.

Olmstead & Somerville believe in Midland and consequently Midland believes in them.

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FLOYD L. POST
Judge of Probate

Judge Post was born in Allegheny County, New York, and came to Midland when a child with his parents.

His early education was obtained in the schools of the vicinity, after which he read law with Judge Wheaton and C. W. Perry, of Clare and was admitted to the bar in March, 1882. He has been shown marked preferment by the people of Midland county and in 1885 served as state representative, and in 1887 as state senator. In 1888, he was elected to the office of prosecuting attorney, holding this position two terms, and in 1892, was elected judge of probate, and has been twice re-elected since.

Certainly this record is sufficient to prove the high esteem in which Judge Post is held and the confidence the citizens of Midland county have in him.

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E. H. POWERS & CO.
General Machinists

E. H. Powers came here five years ago from Kenosha, Wisconsin and three years ago the firm of McDonald and Powers was started. A little over one year ago Mr. Powers bought out the interest of Mr. McDonald and the firm became E. H. Powers & Co. This firm are expert machinists and are prepared to do all manner of work in their special line. They makes tools, dies, special machinery and sheet metal stampings of every description, and do their work as only experienced men can.

Any orders they accept, whether large or small, are finished in a manner that gives entire satisfaction, and under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that their business is very successful.

Aside from their business, Messrs. E. H. Powers & Co. can be relied upon in doing all possible to forward Midland, for they are deeply interested in the city where they have their business and their homes.

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REARDON BROS. MERCANTILE CO.
The Largest in Northern Michigan

Messrs. Reardon Brothers began this business in a very small way in 1873, and so large has it grown that in 1892 it was incorporated under the name of Reardon Brothers Mercantile Co., and today lays claim to being the largest wholesale and retail department

store in northern Michigan. In reality it is three large stores in one, besides the outside buildings used for related purposes.

The company carry dry goods, groceries, provisions, crockery, clothing, boot and shoes, furniture, carpets, hardware, glassware, produce of all kinds, coal, shingles, salt, etc. and in addition control the Midland flour mills, one of the largest in this section of the country, as well as an elevator where a large number of girls are employed in bean picking and, in fact, about everything one can imagine.

They are also large buyers and shippers of wool, hay, grain and produce.

This is truly a mammoth institution, employing a large number of hands and heads of departments, and is one of Midland's greatest business enterprises. The growth of this concern is proof of what business ability in such an excellent business place will lead to.

Reardon Brothers Mercantile Co. are progressive and untiring in their endeavors to make Midland a city among cities, second to none in this section of the country

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A. REINHART

A Prosperous Merchant

Probably few men in this section of the country have been more successful, from a business standpoint, than has A. Reinhart.

He not only owns the two large stores he occupies but the two blocks known as the Opera house and Crum blocks, as well--brick store buildings which are among the largest in Midland.

He was born in Midland and has been in business for fifteen years. In his two large stores can be found an immense stock of furniture, hardware, stoves, bicycles, cutlery, clocks, robes, whips, harness, sewing machines, etc. and in the large repository in the rear is carried a varied assortment of wagons, carriages, implements etc. He also deals largely in real estate and makes loans.

A. Reinhart is a well known Mason and Odd Fellow, and is a citizen of Midland who believes in doing everything possible to advance the interests of the city in which he was born and has spent all his life.

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GEORGE ROCKWELL

Real Estate and Loans

George Rockwell was born in Cambridge Springs, Penn., and came to Midland in 1867. For some years he was engaged in the lumbering business, and for a long time past has given his attention to the real estate business. He also loans money on real estate and farming property.

He was supervisor for ten years and served one term as mayor of Midland, and during his administration the city underwent great improvements in the paving of streets and in many other ways.

Geo. Rockwell has built more houses in Midland than any one man and is ever ready to erect a home for anyone who may need--either to purchase or to rent.

He is an old time representative citizen who has the interests of Midland at heart and may be relied upon at all times to do his share in forwarding the interests of the city. He is member of the F.& A.M.; I.O.O.F. and G.A.R. having carried a musket in the

second Pennsylvania Cavalry in the war for the union. Since the above was written Mr Rockwell has again been elected to the office of mayor, and has entered with energy upon duties of that office.

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MICHAEL W. RYAN

A Leading Furniture, Implement & Vehicle Dealer

M. W. Ryan was born some years ago in New York state. About thirty years ago he came to Midland, where he has been a good and honored Citizen. He was four times elected sheriff of the county, for eight years service. Six years he was compelled to handle Uncle Sam's mail for the people of this city and vicinity, and he did it well.

In 1899 he built the handsome brick block where he deals in fine furniture in large variety, agricultural implements, carriages, wagons etc.

He does a large amount of this business, and he has been lengthening out the store to accommodate himself and his customers who are numerous.

Mr. Ryan is a public spirited, agreeable man whose friends are counted by hundreds all over the county.

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JAS. J. SAVAGE

Progressive Real Estate Dealer

Jas. J. Savage was born in Greenville, Mich., and came to Midland in Sept.,1890 when he became editor and publisher of "The Midland Sun" which he conducted until 1899, when he sold out the business and began dealing in real estate, and particularly in improved and partly improved farm lands in Midland county, and while, as he says, "he sells the earth in parcels to suit the purchaser from a city lot to a thousand acre farm", he makes a specialty of wild and partly improved lands.

Midland county farms are lower in price than in the surrounding counties or states and are equally as fertile, in fact, no better farming lands can be found anywhere than right here, and a crop of any kind can be raised. Mr. Savage is glad at all times to show, free of charge, his lands and prove beyond a matter of doubt the many good qualities they possess.

To any one seeking a good farm, unimproved, partly improved or improved, a letter addressed to James J. Savage, Midland, Mich., will be cheerfully answered and every facility given the purchaser in the way of easy terms, etc.

Mr. Savage is deeply interested in Midland and Midland county, and is very enthusiastic over the good lands with which the county abounds.

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SHERWOOD HOUSE

Midland's Leading Hotel

Horace M Ellsworth was born in New York state and came to Midland in 1865. He worked in the woods for years and is one of our pioneers. Eleven years ago he purchased the Sherwood House and has since conducted the same. Midland is noted for its hospitality, but nowhere can it be more generally found than at this hotel.

The house is steam heated, lighted by electricity, abounds with comfortable beds and pleasant rooms, and the treatment one receives at the hands of Landlord Ellsworth, his son "Will" and his corps of assistants is such that we forget the troubles of life and enjoy the comforts of a home within a hotel. To anyone coming to Midland, no better place can be found to make a home than the Sherwood House

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W. H. SHORT
Butcher
Dealer in Fresh and Salt Meats

W.H.Short was born in Port Huron and came to Midland fifteen years ago, where he has long been buying, butchering, selling and shipping in this line. He at the present time conducts one of the finest meat markets in Midland, and in his place can always be found a full line of fresh and salt meats, sausages, etc.

Mr. Short is one of our leading merchants, and can always be found ready to aid Midland in anything which may lead to her future welfare.

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SMITH & HUBBARD
Popular Druggists

On Apr. 10, 1900, E. C. Smith and W. A. Hubbard began business under the firm name above. The first named gentleman had been a traveling salesman and came here in the winter of 1900, while W. A. Hubbard, who was born in Tuscola county, came to Midland thirteen years ago, and after attending the high school here later entered the employ of W. G. Barbour, where he remained for seven and a half years.

The firm carry a very complete stock of drugs, medicines, druggists' sundries, patent medicines, toilet articles, stationery, perfumes, paints, oils, cigars, tobaccos, etc., and in fact everything that goes to make up a well appointed drug store. They also make a specialty of the careful and scientific compounding of physician's prescriptions.

Messrs. Smith and Hubbard are trustworthy, up-to-date merchants and are doing an excellent business.

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GEORGE R. STANFORD
Attorney

Mr. Stanford was a native of Fenton, Mich., where he was educated in the high school. In 1884 he came to Midland, where in 1899 he was admitted to the bar. He has been practicing law here ever since, except about two years when he drew his salary from Uncle Sam on a postal car. He has done a good law business, besides handling real estate, etc.

He has been supervisor of the third ward "goin' on" six years, and chairman of the board of supervisors for one year. He owns a comfortable home and has accumulated a fair proportion of wealth and avoirdupois. He believes in Midland.

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W.E.THAYER
Flowers and Flowering Plants

This is one of Midland's newest industries and one in which the city should take much pride and do everything possible to support.

W. E. Thayer came here from Ithaca seven years ago, so is not unknown to our citizens. Early in March he opened his present business and already has erected two good sized hot houses. In fact, he will put up just as many and carry and grow as many plants and flowers as Midland will support. There is no need now of sending away for anything in the floral line, for W.E.Thayer is prepared to furnish cut flowers, flowering and potted plants, etc., and will make to order wedding and funeral designs of any description on short notice. While he is carrying flowers of all kinds, he will make a specialty of carnations. The hot houses are located on Larkin street.

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F. A. TOWSLEY, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon

Dr. Towsley was born in Kalamazoo county this state and graduated in the class of 1880 from the University of Michigan. He came here in 1884, a young man, and has practiced his profession here since, having identified himself fully with the interests of the city, of which he has been mayor two terms by practically unanimous election.

Dr. Towsley is one of our leading established physicians, and has built up a large and successful practice. He is awake to the interests of the city of Midland, a keen observer of events, and remarkably well versed in current history. His office is in the Reardon block.

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MIDLAND COUNTY FAIR (1890)

Midland Sun - September 25, 1890. The Fourteenth annual fair of the Midland County Agricultural Society is a thing of the past, but there still remains with us the fact that it was the most successful ever held as to display, crowd, number of entries and last but not least, financially.

Some of the departments were not as well filled as in former years, but this was more than made up by the superior display in other departments.

FLORAL HALL

Gordon & McCann had a fine display of men's, boy's and children's clothing, hats, caps, gents furnishings, underwear, trunks and valises. Berryman, as usual was to the front with an elegant display of crayon portraits, cabinets, views, frames, etc. Mr. Berryman has a fine collection of views taken at Petoskey, where he spends his summers, and among the groups we noticed several familiar faces of Midland people.

A.S. Cody had a large and elegant display of plush goods, 50 varieties of dolls, chamber sets, rugs, mats, glassware, toys, etc., in all a very pleasing feature.

Jos. A. Jay exhibited a case of ladies' and children's fine shoes.

Anderson Bros., displayed a collection of perfumes, toilet articles, and patent medicines.

Wm. E. Wilcox, agent for Nugent & Hess of Saginaw, exhibited three Clough & Warren organs, one W.W. Kimball organ and an upright McFall Piano. The pleasure of visiting Floral Hall was greatly enhanced by the excellent music from these instruments.

Geo. W. Abbey drew the attention of the visitors be a display of Domestic sewing machines, a combination sewing machine, sewing table and writing desk being much admired.

Last but not least, comes the domestic manufacturers, fancy work, etc. This department was under the supervision of and contributed to by the ladies, therefore was a pronounced success both as regards quality and quantity of exhibits.

A rag carpet made by Mrs. A.L. Rooker, 86 years of age was much admired, as were also the rag carpets of Mrs. A. Wellman and Mrs. Wm. Mixer.

Mrs. Wm. Barbour exhibited a silk embroidered panel in frame, tinting on chamois skin, cuff and collar bag of black satin lining of old gold, rope stand with plush top, muslin drape embroidered with daisies, linen stand cover etched in rope silk, linen drape drawn work, chamois button bag, serim drape embroidered.

Dolley Reed, 13 years old, exhibited two doilies.

Mrs. Wm. C. Plumer, one knot handkerchief and two of drawn work. Mrs. Plumer also exhibited two canes carved by her uncle, A.P. Dean of Oswego, N.Y. One of these canes was a wonderful piece of skill as it was carved entirely with a pocket knife. The family record was cut on it; a verse from Revelations 21 Chapter 7 verse, illustrated with curved figures, numerous mottoes, maxims, etc. an eagle, lion and alligator.

Rena Hosner had a fine collection of wild grasses.

Several pieces of home made linen and flannel were much admired.

Mrs. M.H. Standford had an exhibit of silk work on linen, embroidered splashed, table center, scarf; stand cover, sofa pillow, dec sham.

Mrs. L.L. Eastman, muslin hanging basket filled with paper flowers, muslin hemstitched drape.

Mrs. Hittell, green plush photograph holder, embroidered handkerchief case, drape of scrim, catch-all, hair-pin case, and an appedo head of pounded brass in frame.

Mrs. Byron Birch exhibited a plush and felt hair cushion embroidered in chenille, two plush covered toilet bottles embroidered in chenille, and a hemstitched baby dress.

Lewis Burch had a collection of insects, including a tarantula and its nest that was much admired.

Johnny Madill's large wax doll was conspicuous in the display.

Mrs. Fred Reed displayed a fine piece of work in a skirt trimmed with hand knot lace.

Mrs. G.W. Carpenter, mull drape.

Mrs. Eastman's hand made yarn rug was much admired.

Mrs. F.J. Beach, worsted cutter robe crochet work.

Mrs, O.L. Mosher of North Bradley exhibited a rag and yarn rug.

Mrs. Wm. Barbour, linen sofa pillow.

Two bouquets of cut flowers by Miss Janes were very beautiful.

There were also several crazy quilts, very fine work; the names of the exhibitors we were unable to learn.

AGRICULTURAL HALL

John Manhood of Geneva prize pumpkins raised from one seed that weighed 239 pounds, native sunflower, early red onions, golden manigolds, half bushel golden cross wheat.

Dell Knoll, from the Dorr farm, Warren, three flat dutch cabbages, turnips, beets, purple top baggas, scarlet carrots.

August Rome, Geneva, half bushel peas, short horn carrots.

Warner Bros., Geneva, early Vermont and white rose potatoes, Tom Thumb popcorn, Prince Albert corn, yellow danvers onions.

Henry Hecox, Warren, purple top turnips.

T. Jones, Warren, long green cucumbers.

Chas. Haley, Warren, had a mammoth native sunflower with a stalk 11 feet high and head that was two inches larger than a bushel basket.

A.L. Mosher, war club cucumber, Essex pumpkin, mammoth sunflower.

Babcock Bros., North Bradley, had a fine display of honey.

J. Pierce, Warren, plate of hyssop crabs, transcendent crabs, standard and egg plums, fine variety of apples and plate grapes.

Russell Gage, Warren, cushay pumpkins.

D.B. Menery, of the Coleman Independent, exhibited evergreen sweet corn, blue blade corn, early rose potatoes, early red onions, hubbard, Boston improved and summer squashes, citrons, California pie apple, long green and white cucumbers, peppers,

improved blood beets, purple top turnips. Mr. Menery also exhibited a coop of partridge couchon chicks, a cockerel and two pullets that score from 93 to 96 pounds. They were only three months old and averaged seven pounds each. Mr. Menery had charge of the exhibit from his section and spared neither time nor effort to explain to visitors. If he makes as much of a success of gardening on a large scale as he does on a small one he will not give his subscribers who so desire much of an opportunity to pay subscriptions with garden truck.

O.B. Hosner, Hope, had an exhibit of 100 varieties of fruit, 95 being of apples, and seven varieties of potatoes. His exhibit of fruit was larger than all others combined.

M.J. Johnson exhibited potatoes, hubbard squash, six samples of fruit. A plant called endive similar to lettuce used as a vegetable or for greens, is the only sample in the county.

E.P. Rice took 17 first premiums on grapes, and 23 first premiums out of 24 exhibits. Mr. Rice acknowledges gardening as his hobby, and from the samples of grapes, corn, etc., exhibited by him, it is a successful one. He raises more different varieties of grapes than all others in the county.

Potatoes were the finest exhibit in this department, and judging from the different varieties are made a particular study among farmers.

Thos. McCulloch exhibited a fine sample of Pride of the Valley potatoes grown under straw with no earth covering.

Register of Deeds Main exhibited some mammoth pumpkins, one weighing 101 pounds.

We were sorry we were unable to get the names of other exhibitors in this department as they were well worthy of special mention.

N.K. Dean exhibited seven varieties of apples on which he got seven first premiums; also first on one variety of potatoes.

The horse exhibit was good. One of the features in this department was a colt exhibited by Mr. Unger. It was six weeks old and a beauty. When foaled it only weighed 45 pounds and was 23 inches high. A special premium was awarded it.

True Hart was on hand as usual with a fine display of light single harness, lap, wolf, goat and bear robes, blankets, etc. He also had a fine cutter on exhibition.

Hart & Chamberlain had a large and varied display of agricultural implements, buggies, carriages, wagons, road carts, road scraper, hay fork, etc.

THE RACES

Much of the increased attendance and interest in the fair was due to the improvement made in this department. The premiums were sufficient to warrant good horses coming here and each race was hotly contested. The free for all race Thursday resulted as follows:

St. Patrick	3	1	1	1
Mollie B.	1	2	2	2
Charlie Silver	2	3	3	3

Time: 2:48, 2:44, 2:44, 2:41

The 2-year bid race was given to Fly, Billy M. being drawn after the first heat on account of lameness.

The half mile running race resulted in favor of Texas Boy, Link second John Wesley and Bold Cruiser divided third money.

Five heats were necessary to settle the 2.40 trot which was won by Billy Kitchen.

The running race was again won by Texas Boy in three straight heats, Link 2nd, John Wesley 3rd, Bold Cruiser 4th.

We give below a list of premiums, the figure after each article designating whether first or second premium was awarded.

DRAUGHT HORSES

Thos. McCulloch, 5-yr. old stallion, 1.
Wm. Doherty, 2-yr. old Stallion, 2.

HORSES FOR ALL WORK

Park Barrett, 2-yr. old mare, 1.
Jas. A. Wells, 6-yr. old stallion, 1.
O.B. Hosner, 4-yr. old stallion, 2.
" 4-yr. old mare, 1.
Wm. Doherty, yearling, 2.
G.H. & E.F. Stowits, 2-yr. old, 2.
M. Unger, weanling,, special Premium.
Chas. Steere, yearling, 1.
" 4-mo. weanling, 2.
T. McCulloch, span brood mares, 2.
:" weanling, 2
" " 1.
Geo. Hutchins, weanling, 2.

ROADSTERS

Fred. S. Anderson, brood mare, 2.
C.F. Smith, yearling filly, 2.
Geo. O. Rockwell, 5-yr old mare, 1.
Lewis Swartout, 3-yr " , 2.
" , 6-yr " ,2.
Fred Laissure, 4-yr old stallion, 1.
" 3-yr. " ,1.
" 2-yr. " ,2.
" 3-yr old gelding, 1.
Chas. Martindale, weanling, 1.

CATTLE-SHORTHORNS

O.B. Hosner, 4-yr. old bull, 1.
" 2-yr " , 1.

" 5-mo. " , 1.
" 4-mo. " , 2.
" 6-yr. old heifer, 2.
" 3-yr. " , 2.
" 2-yr. " , 1.
" 1-yr. " , 1.
" Herd, 1.

DEVONS

Wm. Doherty, 3-yr. old bull, 1.
" 4-yr. old cow, 1.
" 3-yr. " , 1.

JERSEYS

Wm. Mixer, 3-yr. old cow, 2.
" 2-yr. ". 2
" heifer calf, 1.
" bull calf, 1.
Anderson Bros. 2-yr. old bull, 1.
" calf, 2.
" 4-yr. old cow, 1.
" 2 yrling. hfrs, 2.
' herd, 1.

HOLSTEINS

Stoel E. Dean, 2-yr. old cow, 2.
" 5-yr " , 1.
" 2 heifer calves, 1&2.
" Yearling bull calf, 1.
H.A. Sias, 3-yr. old bull, 1.
Mose Unger, 4-mo. old calf, 1.
Garner Aldrich, yearling, 1.

GRADES

Wm. Mixer, 3-yr old cow, 2.
O.B. Hosner, 4-yr. " , 1.
" calf, 1.

SHEEP-MIDDLE WOOL, SOUTHDOWNS

F. Olmstead, 2-yr. old buck, 1.
" two lambs, 1.

LONG WOOL, LEICESTER, COTSWOLD

Richard Ashley, yearling. cotswold, 1.
" lamb, 1.
" 2 cotswold ewes, 1.

" 2 " lambs, 2.

SWINE-BERKSHIRES

F. Olmstead, 2-yr old boar, 1.
" 2-yr old sow, 1.
Ed Coon, 6-mo. Jersey sow, 1.

POULTRY

F. Olmstead, pair brahmas, 1.
D. Menery, coop partridge cochin chicks, 1.
D.B. Menery, coop partridge, cochin chicks, 2.
Willie Burch, 3 pairs doves, 2.
Albert Pomranka, 1 pair doves, 1.
Sylvanus Burch, cage canaries, 1.

GRAIN AND SEEDS

N.K. Dean, red blaze corn, 1.
Tom McIntosh, yellow dent corn, 1.
Chas. Steers, redtop popcorn, 1.
" black bearded centennial wheat, 1.
M.J. Johnson, rye, 1.
" canarybird millet, 1.
D.B. Menery, golden cross wheat, 1; slossen wheat, 1; fire weed peas, 1; blk barley, 1; tom thumb popcorn, 3; prince albert corn, 1; 8 rowed yellow corn, 2; blue black corn, 1.
B.P. Magoon, tom thumb popcorn, 1.
John E. Sous(?), white field beans, 2.
F.H. Olmstead, white field peas, 1 & 2.
E.P. Rice, rice popcorn, 1; marblehead mammoth sugar corn, 2; Stowell's evergreen sweet corn, 1; concord sweet corn, 1.
G.H. & H.F. Stowits, white winter wheat, 1, white oats, 1; black oats, 1; red cloverseed, 1.
H.A. Sias, rice popcorn, 2; 8-rowed yellow field corn, 1; smidinosy(?) corn, 1; early dent corn, 1; late sweet corn, 1; white winter wheat, 2; winter rye, 2; white barley, 2.
Richard Ashley, white barley, 2.
Garner Aldrich, King Phillip corn, 1.
M. Keenon, milo maize corn, 1; kaffir corn, 1.
S. Burch, white Florida beans, 1.
R. Steers, sample dent cornstalk, 1.
Stella Janes, Stowell's evergreen corn, 2; Quaker corn, 1.

VEGETABLES

Wm. Mixer, cucumber, 2.
N.K. Dean, Vick's early gem potatoes, 1.
V. Allvord, yellow English multiplier onions, 1.

Thos. McCulloch, pride of the valley potatoes, 1,

Richard Ashley, 3 hubbard squash, 1; 3 summer radishes, 1; 3 mammoth squash 2.

Chas. Steers, 3 round Florida pumpkins, 1; 3 long pumpkins, 1; white victor potatoes, 1.

M. Keenon, turnip beets, 1; long orange carrots, 1; early red onions, 1.

M.J. Johnson Vick's early Chicago market potatoes, 1; palloris early potatoes, 1; white elephant potatoes, 2; parsnips, 2; sweet potatoes pumpkin, 1; endive, 1; black grant sunflower, 1.

August Hintz, oxheart carrots, 1; early blood turnip beets, 1.

D.B. Menery, citrons, 1; early red onions, 2; mammoth prize pumpkin, 2; yellow leviathan mangolds, 1; native sunflowers, 1; light green cucumbers, 1; Russian sunflower. waterloo(?) cucumber, 1; early rose(?) potatoes, 2; early Vermont potatoes, 1; white rose potatoes, 1; white rock potatoes, 1; yellow danvers onions, 2; short horn(?) carrots, 2.

H.P. Mangoon, salem narrow squash, 2; Jonesville, squash, 1; victor tomato, 1; 6-weeks market potatoes, 1; early Puritan potatoes, 1; red star potatoes, 1; green mountain potatoes 1.

D.B. Menery, purple top baga,1; long imported blood bee, 1; flat dutch cabbage, 1; hubbard squash, 1; white Spanish cucumber, 1.

John E. Sayre, early sunrise potatoes, 1; Chicago market star Potatoes, 1; early evert, 1; early cabbage, 1; red cabbage, 1; cauliflower, 2; ruta- baga, 1; orange charro, 1; white carrot, 1; turnip beet, 2; winter radish, 1; miknold tomatoes, 1; acme tomatoes, 1; paragon tomatoes, 1; cucumber tomatoes, 1; peppers, 2; yellow onions2; white onions, 1; sweet potato pumpkin, 1; rhubarb, 1; celery, 1.

F.H. Olmstead, sugar beets, 1; parsnips, 1; peppers, 1; hubbard squash, 1; turban squash, 1; crook neck squash, 1; round pumpkin, 1; Turner's high bred tomato, 1; late celery, 1; early beauty, late white Elephant and empire state potatoes, 1 each; early cabbage, 2; late cabbage, 1; red cabbage, 2; cauliflower, 1; white carrots, 2; short horn carrots, 2.

E.P. Rice, rural N.Y. potatoes, 1.

G.H. & E.F. Stoich, mammoth squash, 1; yellow hubbard squash, 1; sweet pumpkin, 1; snake cucumber, 1; yellow onions, 1.

Mrs. Pangborn, pumpkins, 1.

T.B. Bain, Pumpkins, 1.

Henry Camp, long field pumpkins, 1.

A. Pomranky, long green cucumber, 1.

O.B. Hosner, Bay View muskmelons, 1; nutmeg muskmelon, 1; blue flesh colored potatoes, 1; seedling early rose, 1; Canada red, 1; pride of the west, 1.

Garner Aldrich, ear;y rose potatoes, 1, late rose, 1.

M. Kenyon, yellow danvers onions, 1.

M.J. Johnson, hubbard squash, 1.

Byron Burch, flat turnip, 1.

D.B. Menery, Essex Pumpkin, 1, purple top turnip, 1.

Sylvenus Burch, calico late potatoes, 1; yellow california squash, 1; turban squash, 1; yellow marblehead squash, 1.

F.H. Olmstead, rhubarb, 1; rutabaga, 1.

D.B. Menery, castoria pumpkin, 1.
Claude Crissey, summer squash, 2; double and triple simmer squash, 2.
Stella James, peach tomatoes, 1; ruby kink peppers, 1.
Leslie Madill, Russian cauliflower, 1.

DAIRY PRODUCTS

Mrs. N.K. Dean, loaf bread, 2; cake, 1; pie, 2.
John E. Sayer, 5 lb. butter, 1.
Ethel McReavy, loaf, 1; plate, biscuit, 1/
Ethel Sias, chocolate cake, 1.
Mary Dorr, " " , 1.
Mrs. F.T. Reed, loaf brown bread, 1.
Mary Marsh cake, 1.
Mrs. Wm. Mixer, sample Jersey butter, 2.
Mrs. F.T. Reed, apple pie, 1; pumpkin pie, 1, cranberry pie, 1; plate baking powder biscuit, 1.
Mrs. N.K. Dean, gal. maple, syrup, 1.

FRUIT

O.B. Hosner, collection green fruit, 1.
Maggie Cunningham, late crawford peaches, 1.
D.B. Menery, lombard plums, 1.
David Brown, Russian egg plum, 1; Washington plum, 1.
Harry McReavy, plate plums, 1; egg plums, 1.
Mrs. J.B. Lownsbury. late, peaches, 1.
Mrs. F.J. Braley, can cucumber pickles, 1.
Thos. McCulloch, hyslop, crabs, 2.
M.J. Johnson, transcendent crabs, 1; hyslop, 1; mountain beauty, 1.
O.B. Hosner, hyslop crabs, 2.
D.B. Menery, branch hyslop crabs, 2; Hyslop, 2; red astracan, 2.
Clem McDermott, hyslop crabs, 2; alberiam, 1.
E.P. Rice, lombard, plums, 2.
Herbert Hardy, plate crabs, 2.
Edith Sias, alberian crabs,2.
David Brown, hyslop crabs, 2; Van Wick's sweet crabs, 1.
E.P. Rice, first each on plate of perkins, worden, agawam, vergennes, concord, delaware, mary, salem, diana, brighton, martha, cottage, lindley, telegraph, massasoit, duchess and eurvelan grapes.
Harry McReavy, Iowa grapes, 1.
Edith Sias, cinnamon grapes, 1.
Stella Janes, gothe grapes, 1; Janes seedling grapes, 1.
Mrs. T.J. Barley, can plums, 1.
Mrs. Byron Burch, can plums, 2; can cherries, 1; can peaches 2 years old, 1; can pears 2 years old, 2; can huckleberries, 2.
Mrs. A. Wellman, can peaches 20 years old, special premium.

Mrs. F.T. Reed, first each on can of pears, peaches, blackberries, huckleberries, glass current jelly, glass, crabapple jelly, 2.

Hazel Anderson, crabapple jelly, 1.

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LAST WILL & TESTAMENT OF A GERMAN IMMIGRANT

I am writing of Will minselluf that damn lawyer want he should have too much money, he asked too many answers about family.

First ting I want I don't want my brother Oscar have a damn ting what I got. He done me out of forty dollars fourteen years since. I want it that Hilda my sister she gets the norty sixty akers of at where I am homing it now. I bet she don't get that loafer husband of hers to broke twenty akers next plowing time. She can't have it if she lets Oscar live on it. I want it should have it back if she does.

Tell Momma that six hundred dollars she been looking for for twenty years is berried from the backhouse behind about ten feet down. She better let little Frederick do the digging and count it when he comes up.

Pastor Lucknitz can have three hundred dollars if he kiss the book he won't preach no more dumhead polotiks. He should have a roof put on the meetinghouse with the elders would the bills look at.

Momma the rest should get but I want it that Adolph shud tell her what not she do so no more slick irishers sell her vokum cleaners. Dey nooise like hell and a broom don't cost so much. I want it that mine brother Adolph be my execter and I want it that the Jedge make Adolph plenty bond put up and watch him like hell. Adolph is good business man but only a dumkoph would trust his with a buster pfennig. I want dam sure that schlemic Oscar don't nothing get. Tell Adolph he can can have hundred dollars if he prove to Jedge Oscar don't get nothing. That dam sure fix Oscar.

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Midland Farm Boy Given Many Honors By People

Retirement From Public Life After 25 Years Recalls Chapters in Rise of Dow Chief Counsel

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Midland Republican, Thursday, April 16, 1931 Something more than a quarter of a century ago a farmer boy walked in to Midland from near Smith's Crossing to go to school. Today he is chief legal counsel for a forty-million dollar corporation. He is still in Midland.

Necessarily, the tale hangs somewhere in between. It began with the day young Gilbert Currie came home from the law school at Ann Arbor and began to look about for a place to practice. But only a few gallons of the traditional water had flowed under the Benson street bridge when he had decided that local affairs needed a little gentle guidance, and he hung out his shingle in Midland. Evil practices, he discerned, were rampant in various county offices. Currie announced himself a candidate for supervisor of Midland township and was elected in 1906. Two years later, he became chairman, defeating Stewart B. Gordon, then Mayor of Midland. Then began his crusade for better government. Here he was opposed by practically every political leader in the county, and by its principal business interests.

A powerful political organization dominated the Board of Supervisors and influenced it to punish the taxpayers of Midland township for electing Currie. The Board increased the township's equalization, burdening its people with more than a just share of taxes. Yet, notwithstanding higher taxes had been imposed upon them for electing this new leader, the people of Midland township re-elected Currie by an overwhelming majority. Twenty-three votes only were cast against him.

Supreme Court Victory

It was a general custom for the Board of Supervisors to equalize according to whether the supervisor acted with their organization or against it. It was a powerful weapon for bad government, and few supervisors dared stand against the organization. It remained for this young man, entering public service at the age of 23 years, to oppose it, fighting single-handed and with a vigor that commended respect not only in Midland county but through the state.

The result of this skirmish initiated a new era in county politics. The Supreme Court had previously ruled that an equalizing ??? the several townships within the county the action of the Board of Supervisors was final and conclusive and could not be reviewed by any state agency. Currie challenged that decision, and in an outstanding legal battle succeeded in obtaining from the Supreme Court a reversal of its previous ruling.

The court fully sustained him in his contention that it was not only the right of the state but its duty to supervise equalization to the end that the burden imposed should be equitably distributed. That decision ended the practice of punishing the taxpayers of a township for selecting a supervisor not in sympathy with the dominating machine. Townships no longer feared to elect supervisors who would oppose whatever they considered wrong.

To State Legislature

Midland county was famous for its political battles, but without question the hardest fought campaign ever witnessed by Midlanders, was that in which Gilbert A. Currie was nominated and elected over Stewart B. Gordon for a seat in the State Legislature in 1908. Here again the former was opposed by the shrewdest of politicians and one of the best organized and financed political organizations in the state. But Midland township's farmer boy won the election, and the influence of that result has been felt in local government to the present time.

In Midland county and elsewhere generally, the county treasurer made his own arrangements with the bank and did not account for any interest received on public funds. To end that practice, Currie, during his first term, introduced and secured passage of what was then commonly referred to as the "Currie county depository act." Under this act, thousands of dollars have been saved to the taxpayers of Midland county and millions to the state at large. He also introduced and fathered the juvenile court act, which brought an innovation in court custom and has proved of inestimable value in handling juvenile offenders.

Becomes Speaker

He was re-elected in 1910. Ingersoll Township with the largest voting population cast all but seven votes for Currie. This and a quite similar vote from the adjoining township of Midland where he was born have remained with him as one of the happy memories of that campaign. In this term he was named chairman of the Railroad committee and chairman pro tem of the Judiciary committee, two of the most powerful committees of the House of Representatives. He introduced the Railroad Commission act of 1911, and his name was associated with many other progressive acts of that period.

During his third term, Currie received the unanimous vote of the Republican caucus for speakership. The Bull Moose campaign, which had just ended, swept into the legislature many Democrats and Progressives. The Republicans had only three majority and it was evident that the party's control was in jeopardy. Yet so ably and fairly did Mr. Currie preside over the deliberations that throughout his speakership not a single appeal was ever taken from his rulings.

These personal characteristics were generously attested editorially by the newspapers of the state, setting him forth as the logical candidate for governor. But Mr. Currie's inclination led him into a different field, and he decided to oppose Colonel Loud

for Congress in the Tenth District. A third candidate in the western part of the district divided his support and he was defeated by a few hundred votes.

On to Congress

In the succeeding campaign of 1916, however, he was elected to Congress and served from March, 1917 to March, 1921. Here his name was from the first associated with important national legislation. He was named on the powerful Judiciary committee through friendship with the late Nicholas Longworth, Joseph Fordney of Saginaw, and other well-known national leaders. He was also a close friend of Champ Clark, then Democratic leader and Speaker of the House.

Among the important legislative acts handled by the Judiciary committee was the Volstead or National Prohibition act. This bill was before the House for several weeks before final action was taken, and during this period, Currie was often in charge and defended the bill against attacks on the floor. President Wilson vetoed the bill; upon his message's coming back to the House, Mr. Currie is credited with having induced that body to pass it over the President's veto.

Returns to Business

In the primary election of 1920, Currie was defeated for Congress by the present congressman, Roy O. Woodruff, the large Bay county vote decided the contest. At this time, important leaders sought to influence the Midland man to remain in public service and offered him many inducements to that direction. Appointment to a Federal judgeship or to the office of United States Comptroller were suggested, but by choice, he desired to remain at home and follow the pursuits of private life.

There were also other interests demanding his attention. As early as 1910, he had been engaged by the late Dr. H. H. Dow to handle legal cases from time to time. It was not until several years later, however, that he was definitely retained as Dow legal counsel by this rapidly expanding industry, a position he still holds with its legal business now many times in volume what it was at the time of his first company suit.

Served City A Decade

But Mr. Currie was not to shake the dust of public service quite from his heels. John A. Whitman had just been elected Mayor of the city in 1920, destined to serve for 10 years. He persuaded Mr. Currie to become Midland's legal advisor. In spite of the immense demands of the Dow company on his time, and in spite also of the negligible remuneration the city office could offer in proportion to the work entailed, Mr. Currie held the position for a decade. The association of these two men, Ex-Mayor Whitman and Currie, and their activities upon the Board of Supervisors in advancing the cause of good government are fresh in the minds of Midlanders and need no recounting.

The final act of Mr. Whitman's administration, taken at the council's most recent meeting, was to accept the resignation of Mr. Currie as City Attorney and the two

stepped out of public office together. For Mr. Currie, it rounded out 25 years of continuous public service. He was the youngest man, with one exception, to have ever been elected Speaker of the Michigan House of Representatives, and his retirement at the age of 48 years with a record of public service covering a quarter of a century is probably without known parallel.

Family

Mr. Currie recalls with pleasure his early days on the farm, four miles east of Midland, where now the concrete turnpike leads the way to Saginaw. But there was no concrete road there when Dougald Currie, his father, at the age of six years, had been brought from Canada by his Scotch parents, late from Glasgow. And there was no smooth turnpike when Gilbert was born on September 19, 1882, nor when with his brothers, Donald, John andAngus, and his sisters, Mary and Flora, he attended the Bluff schoolhouse, then right next door. It was a muddy road when they took their books under their arms and walked to Midland to high school.

Donald Currie died at 16 in 1912. John died five years ago, leaving a family still residing in Midland. Angus has become vice-president and general manager of the Erie Foundry company, one of the largest of its kind in the country, and a leading industry of the Pennsylvania city. Miss Mary and Miss Flora Currie are both Midland residents, the latter having resigned some time since a responsible position in the office of the Securities Commission in Lansing; the former serving as secretary for her brother in his legal offices here.

Fathered Country Club

Speaking of the early days, Mr. Currie grins to recall his janitorship of the Bluff school at five cents a morning; of his return there later for a year of three terms as teacher, during which his remuneration averaged $30 a month.

In his immediate family now are Mrs. Currie, once Charlotte B. Chapman, also of Midland, and Jean, 16, Betty, 13, and Gilbert Angus, 17. Another child died the day following Mr. Currie's selection as speaker of the House of Representatives.

Speaking of the present, he plays golf for health companionship, and because he likes it, and has been incidentally the father of the Midland Country Club, with the financing of which he is in general charge, and upon which project he has spent endless hours since, the property was purchased several years ago.

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MIDLAND MEN VOLUNTEER
Large Gathering on Main Street Friday Evening,

Patriotic addresses,
Patriotic Signers

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Midland Republican, July 5, 1917 - As announced last week, recruiting officers were here Friday evening to receive the enlistments of young men who were ready to go with Company B of the 33rdto help make up its membership to the required number. As the Band marched down the street to the corner of Main and Rodd streets, a large number quickly gathered, six to eight hundred, and climbing an improvised stand, Will E. Reardon with a few remarks upon the demands of the times, introduced Hon. G.A. Currie, whose presence in Midland was a surprise to many. Mr. Currie spoke very earnestly of the seriousness of the conflict in which our Country finds itself involved, the treacheries that have confronted US and the absolute need now of stretching every nerve to make the great result so decisive that we may have the right to hope for peace and justice in the future. Rev. V.V. Nicholas was introduced as a man of peace. He was one of the kind that while loving realized that there are times when there can be no peace until the enemy of peace is subdued. Veteran Thomas B. Main spoke briefly of the men of the 60's and knowing the horrors of war and of as its sometime necessity. While the addresses were being made the still more patriotic act of signing the pledge of a soldier was going on, until 16 names had been enrolled.

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THOSE ENLISTING

Charles H. Short, Edmund Schemerhorn, George Bates, George C. Smith, Albert L. Carmon, Floyd W. Braley, David C. Whipple, Paul Mapes, John C. Price, Charles E. Herrell, Glenn H. Hayett, Russell O. Beamish, Herman Lemenberger, Emil L. Phillips, John Anger, Ralph Finn.

Three were examined at Bay City Saturday and two were not able to pass the physical examination. They were Schemerhorn and Bates.

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Sixteen Responded Friday Evening to the Call of the 33rd Infantry - Four Others Join Ambulance Corps

Additional notes from Midland Sun. July 5. 1917 - For the first time since the Spanish-American War, Midland young men were urged to volunteer for service last Friday evening. Sergeants Harris and Witt, Corporals White and Christian and Private Schmidt of Co.B, 33rd Michigan comprised the recruiting corps, and at their invitation, W.E. Reardon, veteran of the war of 1898 acted as chairman of the rally and the addresses were made by Congressman G.A. Currie, Rev. V.V. Nicholas, and G.A.R/ Veteran Thomas B. Main.

Sixteen young men volunteered (See names above.)

Midland also during the past week has had four young men enter the Second Ambulance Corps, 33rd Michigan at Bay City: Keith Johnston, Rollin Closs, John D. Murphy and Cassius H. Rice, the latter a valued employee of the SUN force for several years.

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GRANDMA GALLATE SAW FIRST TRAIN, BOAT, STORE, SCHOOL AND CHURCH HERE.

Midland Republican, August 1, 1929 - "Yes," said Grandma Gallate, rocking a bit, "there was lots of Indians here when I came. They were always nice to you though, as long as you treated them all right. I remember there was a Mr. Taylor built a house up where the city park is now, and one night he had to go away and leave his wife alone. She was afraid too, because it was quite a long ways from any other houses. But he told her nobody'd bother her any, so she said she'd stay.

"Well, along after dark she heard a knock, and somebody said, 'Me cold. Me cold.'

"She knew it was Indians, but she didn't know what to do but let them in. So she opened the door.

They came in and asked for something to eat. She gave it to them, and then they sat down in front of the fire.

'Me no hurt white woman,' they'd say.

"But she was scared. After while she went in to bed and drew the curtains together around her bed. She took a tomahawk with her, too, but she couldn't sleep.

"The next morning, after she'd fed them breakfast, they stared off. One of them patted her on the back and said, 'You 'fraid us last night. Take tomahawk to bed. We never hurt no white squaw.'"

Mrs. Guillotte at 87, cannot remember one other man or woman still alive who was here when she came 71 years ago.

"There wasn't any schoolhouse," she says. "There weren't enough children to have one. There wasn't any church, either, when I come.

"The Balls? Oh they came a long time after that. By that time we had a church, and one day we were having a benefit social for the minister. We all went in the afternoon and took our baskets of food, and then we took extra for supper. I remember that the woman where we went was a milliner, and had caps and bonnets pinned up on the curtains. Well, one of the ladies' husbands came in a whispered to her, and she got right up and went home with no explanation. We all wondered why she left so early before supper. Come to find out the mail had come while she was away from home, and she'd got a letter from her son saying he was coming home that night, bringing his bride. She had to go home to get ready for him. And the son who was bringing his bride was Will Ball, Mrs. Dow's father."

From Belfast by Mailboat

All of this conversation was on the cool porch of the Ewart Gardiner home on East Ellsworth. For, having outlived her husband, three sons, and a daughter, Grandma (as she is known) broke up housekeeping about nine years ago and went to live with the Gardiners.

"Grandma was born in Ireland," said Mrs. Gardiner. "Tell us how you came over."

"I came over in a sail-boat," said she, "with my uncle and aunt. It took us five weeks and three days. My father and mother had come over some time before. A big storm came up while they were on board, and they had to throw overboard all their luggage to lighten the ship. We didn't have anything like that, but I got sick."

"What kind of boat was it?"

"It had three masts," she remembers, "and I guess it had an engine, but they used the sails. I remember we took our own food, and cooked it.

"My father had worked in the linen mills in Belfast, where they made the finest linens in the world. He worked in the lapping rooms, where they tied up the linens with ribbons. He came over here to New York State, and ran a planing mill there for a long time. That was when he sent for me. After a while his mill burned. They didn't have any insurance in those days, so he lost it all. Then he came to Michigan, to Zilwaukee, and started another one.

"When I came with my uncle and aunt, the agent in Now York gave us our tickets, and when we got off the train we found we were in Milwaukee, instead of Zilwaukee. I guess he had never heard of that town, but he had heard of the other place, so we had to go away back to Detroit, and then north."

The Best Looking Man

"Do you remember the first time you ever saw your husband?" we asked.

"Yes, I do," she replied, fixing us with her bright eyes. "We had a neighbor that had a shingle mill in Saginaw, West Side. So his wife went over to keep a boarding house for the men. I went over to help her.

"When the men came in the first day, we could see them through the place where we served the food, but they couldn't see us very well. We stood there looking at them, and she says to me, "Which do you think is the best looking?"

"Well," I says, "The one at the end of the table's the best looking."

"I'm going to introduce you to him," she says.

"No, you aren't," I says.

"But that night he came in while we were sitting there in the house, so she introduced me. Some time after that, my sister married his brother, and then we were married.

"We came over to Midland one time with a horse and buggy to visit the old Wyman family. We kind of liked it here, so a while after that they wanted Mr. Guillotte to be engineer in a shingle mill here and so we moved in."

Buys a Lamp

"Tell about the lamp you wanted, Grandma," urged Mrs. Gardiner.

"When they got a store here," said Grandma, rocking, "I saw so many pretty lamps in the window, and I thought if I could just have one of them! So I tried to get my husband to go in and price them, but he wouldn't.

"What would people say, if we had a lamp like that?" he said. "They'd think we were putting on airs, sure."

"Why didn't you go?" someone asked.

"Oh, I was ashamed, too," she laughed.

"But his brother went down and brought one back for me to look at. It was the biggest one they had, and pretty as it could be. I wanted it but I told him to take it back and have them put it away for me till I could get the money."

"How much was it?"

"Twenty-five cents," she said. "But he had the money in his pocket, so he let me have it to get the lamp. I kept it till I broke up housekeeping. It was a pretty one. I remember it had rings on the side," said Grandma.

Mrs. Chase's Organ

"We didn't have any store for a long time after I come," she went on. I saw them put the railroad through, too. We were all out watching the first train go through. Before that, we had to walk to Saginaw or catch a ride on a lumber wagon. I walked from Freeland to Saginaw with some other ladies once. It was so muddy that we had to climb over the fence and walk in the fields.

"Remember when the first steamboat came up the river, too. The first trip the Belle Seymour made was to take the body of Tecumseh Ashman to Saginaw. He was part Indian and the government sent him up there to look after the Indians. They got so they didn't pay any attention to him, though, after he got sick.

"After a while they built a school house up where the old Unitarian church is now. One of the McCartney girls taught there. We used to have church there, too-- had to plow through the stumps to get there, and had a preacher come on horseback every two weeks. Then they built a Methodist church near where the post office is now; and a Baptist church across the river. I remember that the Baptist church, every Friday night they used to take a horse and dray and go get Mrs. Dan Chase's organ and take it over to use for choir practice and over Sunday.

"When we were raising money to finish the Methodist church, we had an old folks concert. The concert was ten cents and the oyster supper two shillings. There was a Mr. Hemingway there that was quite heavy. There was a door back of where we were sitting on the stage, for the actors to come through. At one place in the program we were all supposed to sit down quite quick. Well this Mr. Hemingway sat down so quick that he went right back and fell through that door into that little room.

No Doctor, or Undertaker

"Everybody used to help us earn money for those things. When the men came out of the woods, they always give us something, and then the Indians were good, too when they got their pay every three months.

"Finally we moved the church, because the train loads of logs made so much noise every Sunday that the preacher'd have to stop and wait. So Mr. Carpenter said he'd trade lots with us, and we got those where the church is now. Old Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Evans helped set out trees there.

"The first big silk flag we had, was made for the 4th of July, we sat up late and sewed it together, to get ready for the celebration. We had tables over across the river under some plum trees. That was the only flag we had there for years.

"There wasn't any doctor here for a good while after we come. Mrs. Sim Kent, Sim Kent's mother, always took care of me. There wasn't any undertaker, either. One of the carpenters at the mill would make a little box for a coffin. But after a while, there was a store built on the side of John Eastman's store, and it had a little coffin up over the door. A little lame man ran it, and he'd take orders for coffins and get them from Saginaw.

"My husband worked in the shingle mill till Larkin built that big sawmill. He was there when the explosion came too. I remember one of our neighbors ran down with a dish cloth in her hand. But Mr. Guillotte wasn't hurt.

First Folding Doors

"Why did they call him 'Dolly'?" we asked, remembering Mr. Gus Malcom's name for him.

"Oh, they all had nicknames at the mill, and his name was Adolphus so that was what they called him," she explained.

From 1880 to 1920, Mrs. Guillotte lived in the white house on East Ellsworth, now occupied by the Herbert Beckwiths.

"We bought four lots there for $75," said Grandma, "and built the house two years after we came here. My father gave me a cow when I was married.

"There used to be a real swampy place right behind our block, and I remember one spring when the water came up so high there that we could see thick black stuff on the top. When we came to look at it closer, it was black oil.

"I had the first folding doors in Midland," said Grandma. "Little Billie Thompson used to think I had the nicest house in town. He used to love to come over.

"Yes," she said, "we used to have good times in those days. We were awful glad when anybody new moved in. We'd go and call on them. We weren't bad about that the way people are now."

That was Grandma's only comment on the changed times, excepting that in telling of the three hotels of the early days here, she said, "It was different then than it is now. We had three hotels and no people, and now we have one hotel and lots of people."

Pioneer Stock

Grandma, while she protests that her memory fails her, had retained the personality that seems to have won her so many friends. Her 87 years (the 15th of next month) and the fact that she is the last of her family have not dimmed the vibrant optimism that has always characterized her. Her keen recollection of details of long departed days have become the marvel of the neighborhood.

Her husband died in 1913; her son, Claude, the same year; a daughter, Daisy, had died in 1871; the last son, Eugene, in 1920. But the toughened fibre which made of the pioneer women a class of national heroines, supports her still.

A trim, plump little figure in black, she sits in her rocking chair on the Gardiner porch in sunny weather, her hands at rest after long years of labor, but in her eyes still a smile of bright interest in all the doings of the universe.

The tiny black bow which Grandma habitually wears in her hair was missing Friday.

"Why, Grandma, where's your bow?" asked Mrs. Gardiner.

"It's too hot," said Grandma, grinning.

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FRIENDS SURPRISE GRANDMA GUILLOTTE ON 87th BIRTHDAY

by Mrs. Minnie W. Ball

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Midland Republican, August 22, 1929 - Mrs. Sarah Jane "Grandma" Guillotte has sometimes remarked that most of her friends reposed in the cemetery, but on the occasion of her 87th birthday last Thursday, she was obliged to moderate that statement.

It was an old fashioned tea party at the E.L. Gardiner home with only a few guests chosen from those who have been nearest to her in recent years; however, there were others who remembered the date and sent their gifts and felicitations, or called in person.

Cards came from Chicago, New York, and even from friends traveling in Germany. Besides the three birthday cakes there were useful gifts, quantities of fruit and flowers.

Those present at the tea were: Mrs. E.W. Austin, Mrs. Walter Beckwith, Mrs. Mary Burdick of Mt. Pleasant, Mrs. J.H. Lowe, Mrs. Wm. Andrews, Mrs. Leo Nehil, Mrs. M.W. Ball, and Mrs. Gardiner.

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SATURDAY RITES FOR AGED WOMAN

Midland Republican, April 9, 1931 - Rites were held Saturday afternoon, April 4th, at two o'clock in the E.L. Gardiner home on East Ellsworth street, for Mrs. Sarah Jane Guillotte, 88, who passed away Thursday morning at 12:25. Rev. W.J. Dudgeon, of the M.E. church, officiated at the service, and burial was in the Midland cemetery. Pallbearers were: Ellsworth Brown, Walter Beckwith, John Mathews and J. Leo Nehil.

Mrs. Guillotte had been confined to the Gardiner home for the last five weeks by serious illness and diseases incident to old age caused her death. Two granddaughters survive, Mrs. Erwin Johnson and Miss Hazel Guillotte both of Chicago, Illinois.

Born in Ireland September 15, 1842, Mrs. Guillotte lived in Belfast when a small girl. Later she followed her parents to America, joining them in New York state, and finally moving with them to Michigan where they settled in Zilwaukee. She accepted a position in Saginaw where she met and married Adolphus Guillotte, and they came to Midland to make their home. From 1860 to 1920, she lived on East Ellsworth street in the large white house now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. H.W. Beckwith.

Mrs. Guillotte is the last of her family. Her husband died in 1913; a son, Claude, the same year. Her Daughter, Daisy, had died in 1871, and the last son, Eugene, passed

away in 1920. For the last ten years she had made her home with the E.L. Gardiners, 610 East Ellsworth street.

In an interview with a Republican reporter in August of 1929, when the Midland woman was 87, she reminisced humorously on her sailing trip from Ireland to America and told of her early days in Midland.

Attending the Funeral rites from out of town were: Mrs. Erwin Johnson of Chicago, Mrs. Mary Dixon, Mrs. Robert Wright, Mrs. M. Kolleg, Mrs. Rufus Love, Mrs. Willis Van Auken, Mr. and Mrs. James Cartwright, and son James, Jr., Mrs. Sarah Hollaway, all of Saginaw.

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Speaks No English After 40 Years on Midland Farm

Herrmann and Mrs. Pluss Make Record at Staying home

Midland Republican - Jan. 22, 1931. One night away from home in 40 years. That's the record of Herrmann Pluss of Larkin. And that one night was one more than Mrs. Pluss has ever spent away from home. Furthermore, as if that were not enough of a record, Mrs. Pluss speaks not one word of English after 40 years in a home, lying as "Mrs. Dr." Grether, expressed it, the sixth road on the left past the three mile corner, a matter of five miles or so from Midland.

But these facts do not mean, as one might suppose, that the Swiss Plusses spend their lives in isolation.

Says her, "The best people in Midland come out to the worst looking place in Larkin. I don't know why. I used to be ashamed to have them come, but I get used to it." she laughed.

The answer is that Herrmann Pluss's ____(?) house has some indefinable attraction, distilled from the personality of this grizzled Schweitzer (as he calls himself), from his plump frau with the smile in her eyes, and the continental air of the house.

He drew up chairs to the big round heating stove in the corner of the room, the frau came in from the kitchen to warm her hands and smile a greeting.

"I didn't want things any better than this when I had money," said he.

"The woman doesn't like it here very well. She can't talk to anybody but me. So we were going back to Switzerland to stay, just to please her, but after the bank failed we didn't go. Besides I heard from the Old Country that the price of little farms such as I would want has gone up so high.

"This is a better country for poor people, anyway," he declared.

"In Switzerland if a man gets down and out, he stays there. Nobody helps him. Here it is different. Neighbors help each other."

From Murgenthal in the Swiss canton of Argo came Herrmann Pluss as a youth of 24, following the lore of letters from friends and relatives in this country. Murgenthal was disappointingly in the low lands and the picture I had conjured of his stocky figure among a hypothetical flock of twisty horned mountain goats on some secluded alp was ruined by his more accurate word photo of himself as a farmer on the broad areas north of those historic peaks, as son of the town clerk, formerly a weaver.

His name is a joining of those two German words Herr, or Mister, and Mann, or man, making it entirely unnecessary for anybody to address him as "Mister Pluss," he contends. The last name wears in the Swiss, the umlaut over the U.

And Mrs.. Pluss? Plump Elise Lesenberger she was when, three years after he had arrived in Midland, she came over to live with her brother and married young Herrmann within a few months.

"I built this house first," said her husband, "and batched it here all one winter, I tell you I had pancake batter from that door clear through to that one," he laughed. "We were married in the spring right here in this room, with an interpreter to help us understand each other. She came from the canton of Bern and spoke a different dialect.

"I had been in Cleveland before that. I came away from the old country the 22nd of February 1883, although I didn't know then it was a holiday here. My ticket cost $44 - 220 Francs - from Basel, Switzerland to Cleveland.

"I asked just one man for a job - that was Charlie Strosacker's grandfather - Charlie Frank. That was in Cleveland. He said he had an Irishman, out at his place, 18 miles out, who said he needed a greenhorn.

"I'm a greenhorn," I said.

"How long have you been over?" He asked

"Since last Sunday," I said.

"How did you come to Midland? There was a country store-keeper down there that came up here with a carload of horses. He bought a 80 up in Lincoln township and wanted to sell it to me. So I came up here to look at it. But I didn't buy then. I went back to Ohio and stayed there five years more, seven altogether. But I'd always thought about this country, and finally came back and bought some land here."

"In Switzerland so much more beautiful than this country?"

"They call it so," he replied, "I couldn't say. I have never been much in the mountains."

Mr. Pluss had hinted jestingly that he might be asked to tell some of the tricks he'd played over in the Old Country. But reminded, he shook his head.

"Only getting drunk a thousand times," he laughed. "Everybody did that way then. I don't know how they do it now. I was one of those wet fellows years ago," - he grinned. "And when I quit I wanted everybody to quit, too. So I voted dry. I know how to make

whiskey, but I don't - I'm a dry bugger. I never made any out of apples and cherries. Not out of potatoes. The poor people would have those to eat - on the table not in the bottle.

Now I asked Mr. Pluss where he stayed the one night away from home during the forty years just passed.

"I used to go often to Saginaw on business." he said, "but always came home at night, only one time I stayed in Saginaw with a friend of mine that had a saloon. He lived right there so I stayed there with him. But not drunk that time," he said. "Not but what I knew where I was."

"I used to work for the neighbors years ago, getting out some logs, but only by the day. Do you know George Gray?"

"Not well."

"That's too bad," he said. "George gray, was the best friend I have had for years. He had a mill right on the next corner. I knew the Fosters here, too, for years. I sold wood to them and eggs, onions whatever I had. Mr. Foster had that livery barn there on Main Street, and I used to stop there with my span of oxen. He'd help me hitch them as if they were a fine span of horses. Rich or poor were all alike to him. He was a fine gentlemen.

"I sold Wm. L. Baker thousands of feet of lumber at $6 per thousand delivered, and wood at 75 cents a cord. Eggs at that time were six cents in cash and seven in trade. I bought shingles for 35 cents a thousand for my barn and its just starting to leak now, built nearly 40 years. For my house, I bought shorts at $1 a thousand.

Did you ever see a pen like this?" he asked, producing a double pointed pen tied to a wooden handle.

And in a few minutes he had fed one point with red ink and the other with blue and executed as pretty a job of ornamental printing his name as one could wish.

"I've got rheumatism in my paws and everything," he deplored. "I can't to this like I used to." But in spite of this, he turned out a result that accounted for his success with the job of Larkin township and school director, from which he has twice had to resign against his neighbors wishes.

Mrs. Pluss, in her apron, was new showing signs of wishing to lay the cloth for lunch, and as I rose, both extended an invitation to join them. Shortly with the wind howling down the stove pipe of the warm heater, we were sitting at the table in the corner. Mrs. Pluss putting in remarks more and more frequently, in fluid Swiss which her husband interpreted with good nature.

"She never learned to talk English," he repeated. "I learned from a neighbor Johnnie Shear. Even when her nieces and Nephews come here she cannot speak to them. It is very hard."

Mr. Pluss admits he put his money in the wrong bank, and was caught in the crash of 1929.

We've had bad luck the last two years," he said. "But I'm not mad at the Gordons. I had more confidence in those men! If I had my money back now and they were to start a bank, I would put it t in there again. But if the woman could talk now, it would be different. She's mad at 'em." he said with a nod toward the stove.

"I had money in on Midland Bank." he said. I took it out and put it in Gordon's. I had two Liberty Bonds in another bank. I sold them and used $30 and put the rest there too. Then I got some money from the old country. It came from the post office. I didn't even put it in my pocketbook: I carried it in my hand, and on the street I met my neighbor and said to him, "Fritz, what do you think of those, eh."

"Where did you get that!" he asked.

"At the post office I said. I didn't know I was going to get it. You'd better go and see if you get any." and do you know I went down and put that all in Gordon's bank?

"Then one day I started for town riding with Fred Siebert. I had over $20 with me and I said to the woman. 'I'll buy a suit of clothes and in a few days the interest from the bank will be due and we can use that around the place' As we got part way to town, Fred said. 'Did you hear Gordon's bank closed yesterday.'"

"He said afterward he had never seen anyone change color like I did then. I was scared.

I swear a little bit," he admitted. "Who wouldn't swear? But I'm mad at myself. I didn't have to sell the bonds and put the money there. Besides I lost the most of my pile in the Old Country, more than I lost here. I had money in banks there, and I never got anything out of it after the war. They wrote in 1928 that there was going to be a settlement, but I never heard anything after that.

"We're getting old now and we can't do much any more. Ever since I had my leg broken a few years ago - the horse stepped on my back, and the wagon wheel ran over my foot and I was stung be a bumble bee. Outside of that I wasn't hurt very much." And he laughed at his joke, evidently an old favorite.

"They didn't think I'd get well. Some of them were telling one of my neighbors about it. Old Herrmann Pluss won' last long. They said. But he said. 'Not last long! You couldn't kill him with an elm club. Look at his eyes, just as sharp as ever."

"But I had a kind of a funny spell a while ago one Sunday. And I suppose I'll have a stroke one of these days and wind up the whole business." he said cheerfully. I made my will and had Wilbur Main fix up the deeds and things so the woman will get everything. And her folks sent down word they will come and get her when I'm gone.

"That's the reason I don't fix up the house." he explained. "My neighbor says he will buy the land for pasture when we are through with it. Now we don't raise much any more. Dr. Grether had a garden out there two summers. I plough the land for him. He comes out here sometimes with Mrs. Grether and Leonie, Charlie Strosacker and his sister and the Grossmutter - the grandmother." he corrected himself. "They were out last summer. They were Schweitzer's, too. It was funny that I should have known their family in Cleveland."

Lunch over I helped the Frau carry out the dishes to the kitchen where she smilingly declined further assistance and bent to her work.. Herrmann stirred the wood in the big heater. Under my arm his big book in which was neatly scribed in German the stormy voyage over. I drove away. From his porch, Mr. Pluss, in his boots and overalls, his white hair blowing in the wind, waved goodbye.

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BURIED UNDER HOT BRICK AND IRON WHEN OLD MILL BLEW UP IN 1892

MIDLAND REPUBLICAN - July 4,1929 — Probably the greatest disaster, the old-timers say, that has ever befallen Midland was the "blowing up" of the boilers in the old Salt and Lumber company's mill, the 12th of May, 1892. Gus Malcolm, still living in his East Main street home is a survivor of that wreck, and the painful injuries he received at the time from his burial under a shower of hot iron and brick have left keen memories of the event.

"There were three big boilers in the mill," says Mr. Malcolm, "and each of them had two doors. The other fireman, Charlie Glynn, and I had just fired all six doors with sawdust, dry wood and green slabs, and I was pretty hot when we got through, about two o'clock in the afternoon, So the other fireman went up to tend to the water, and I went outside and sat down on a wagon tongue right at the door. I hadn't sat there two minutes when he came down and said, There's a steam manhole leaking up there, Can you hear it?"

" 'Yes,' I said. And just as I said it, boom, she went. "It threw me about 25 feet, I should say, and when I stopped rolling it buried me in a shower of iron and brick. I was conscious all the time, and tried to get out, but couldn't move. Charlie Glynn was buried, too, all but one arm and hip, which showed under the pile. That's the way they found me -- when they dug him out. My head was forced down between my knees, with all the weight on my back. "I don't know how long we were buried, but it must have been at least ten minutes or so, because my wife heard the explosion, and had run all the way down to the mill from our house (now the Towsley place across the river) before they got me out.

THREE KILLED

"Perry Elton, the foreman, helped with the rescue, and then Old Man Stranahan took me home with his horse and buggy. My Head was cut open, my right shoulder and several ribs were broken. A big piece of iron had fallen across my leg and Glynn's hip. For ten days I couldn't move a finger.

"It was a terrible thing. Three men were killed – Charlie Men, Dick Steers, and Gene Van Valkenburg. If Charlie had stood still, he would have been all right, but he jumped down off the tramway, and started to run. A big steam dome went 200 feet into the air, they said and came down, striking him on the head. A piece of boiler with seven flues fastened to it was blown through a twelve inch solid brick wall and up into the mill where it killed VanValkenburg at the edger. The other fellow, Dick Steers, was killed when the chimney fell on him.

Several others were hurt: Charlie Burt, Albert Bye, Arthur Robinson, A. Elton, Sanford Walton, Shattuck, Albert Moll, Fred Robinson and Patrick Burke."

Dr. TOWSLEY

"Everybody was excited. Everything in town was wide open -- that is everybody was ready to help all they could. Old Dr. Towsley took care of me and brought me out in good shape. One morning when I got so I could walk out around, I met him and told them that I didn't know how much I owed him, and it wouldn't do any good to ask, because I didn't know when I'd ever get to work again. But he said, "Gosh, you don't owe me a cent." I always thought that was pretty fine of him. And he stayed right by me until I was all right again. But afterward the company saw fit to pay the doctor bills so he got his money, after all."

Asked whether any investigation was ever made as to the cause of the accident, he replied in the negative. "There wasn't anything left of the boilers to investigate," he said. "One piece of manhole plate blew clear over to the Reardon building, and struck the second story. Some thought the boiler was defective, and others thought it had gone dry. But there was no way of telling."

CLOCK STOPPED

"I didn't see anything of the blow-up myself, of course. By the time I got out around again, the mill had been rebuilt. Charlie Brown was president of the company then, and William Patrick was vice-president. They had bought out John Larkin. They had to put in a new firehouse, and all new boilers. I suppose that if it had to be done now the cost of rebuilding might have amounted to $150,000. But of course in those days it was cheaper."

"I was young then and healthy," said Mr. Malcolm, " and it didn't seem so bad. I went back when they rebuilt, and was the first man to fire the new boilers, as I had been the last to fire the old ones."

"How I happened to know what time it was that the mill blew up was that we had a small wall clock there on the wall, and when they dug it out afterward, it showed just a quarter after two. As soon as they moved it, it started up again, and kept as good time as ever."

"It was a good mill," he commented. "It ran most of the time in the summer, but not always in the winter. While Larkin had it, he used to keep it going most of the time, any way, to keep the men employed. It wasn't a band mill -- just circular saw, with edger and trimmer. We used to cut from twenty to twenty five thousand feet of pine a day. We used to have a clipping from the old Republican about it -- had it around the house for years. Maybe it's still around somewhere."

Following Mr. Malcolm's suggestion that the story would be found in the old files of this paper, the reporter found it under the same date of the disaster, May 12.

"The city is in mourning for the dead and sympathy for the bereaved," says the story. The material loss to the city cannot be estimated. Sixty men were employed on the premises - twenty five in the mill proper. The loss in work and wages cannot be estimated." "One of the company estimates that the cost of rebuilding will be about $6,000."

"A piece of casting weighing 41 pounds struck the rear of Reardon's store close by a second story window, making a dent 18 inches long and two or three in depth. A third story window was broken by a piece of brick."

The mill was located on the bank of the Tittabawassee, near the foot of McDonald Street.

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Paul Bunyan - Famous Giant Logger

Research of Stevens, Bunyan Author, Shows Paul Lived in Region

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Take Steps to Claim Greatest Figure in American Folk Lore. Urges Authority.

Midland Republican, July 16, 1931 - Midland is logically and in truth the home of Paul Bunyan. This is the conclusion to be reached after an afternoon's interview with James Stevens, author and collector of the Paul Bunyan lore, whose second volume dealing with the Olympian fears of the mighty muscled, bellicose, bearded giant "boss-logger" of the pine forests will appear this winter as a Knopf publication. "I am calling the book 'Paul Bunyan of the Saginaw," said Stevens last week to a Republican reporter on the porch of his cottage at Portage Lake, near Grayling, "because as a result of my careful investigation
of the tales, I have come to the conclusion that the real Paul Bunyan originated in the pine forests of the Saginaw Valley. Although I am a westerner myself, I am compelled to admit, this

The fact that Paul Bunyan never came to town, says this authority, and hence was little known in commercial lumbering centers like Bay City and Saginaw, but was rather to be found in the deep woods and around the camboose fires of the bunkhouses, places his
real home in the actual lumbering activities capital of the Saginaw watershed. In other words, in Midland. The significance of this revelation becomes apparent, when it is recognized that by the most fortunate of accidental circumstances, Midland may claim what Stevens terms the greatest creation" of American folk lore, which he declares "embodies the souls of millions of American camp men who have always done the hard and perilous pioneer labor of this country."

With the Bunyan tales told from coast to coast, handed down from timber-jack father to son, accumulating by telling like the sages of Roland and Beowulf and now like them, collected in University libraries, the universal significance of the local claim may be estimated. Asked upon what, evidence he stakes his faith in this locality as to old stomping ground of the mighty logger and his Blue Ox, the author answers that the tales were first told here about, the time of 1850.

"About, that time," he explains, "the big lumbering traffic here started. At the same time there was a famine in Ireland and vast numbers of Irish Immigrants came to Michigan to work in the lumber woods. Ever since 1850 there has been a Corktown in Detroit.
There still is. Lee Smith writes in his "Sidewalks of Detroit," column about the "Mayor of Corktown." These Irish lumberjacks and, the French predominated in the Saginaw valley. Authentic sources establish the fact that the Paul Bunyan stories started here, first, and at

about that time.

Had A Real Origin

"They were a combination of French braggadocio with Irish fancy and sly humor. The terms so inextricably connected with Paul Bunyan lore namely "the Winter of the Blue Snow" and the "Year of the two Winters" are typically Irish. The Detroit Free Press old
radio hour has brought together many of the old ballads of the same time, "The Flat River Girl," for instance, that are Irish beyond a doubt. The "Come All Ye," so typically a national strain, appears in many of them.

"It was these Irish loggers and their French Contemporaries who began to tell the Paul Bunyan stories (or Paul Bunyon as he spelled it, in the French). who really figured in the Papineau Rebellion of 1837. This was a revolt of the French-Canadians against, Queen Victoria. In the Two Mountains country at. St. Eustache, loggers armed with mattocks, ases and wooden forks, stormed into battle. Among them was the bearded giant named Paul Bunyan, who with a mattock in one hand and a fork in the other, raged among the
Queen's troops, like Samson among the Philistines. He came out of the rebellion with great fame among his kind. His slaughters got the grandeur of legend."

Down from Canada

Among the camboose fires in the bunk houses at "16", at Red Keg (now Averill), all up and down the Tittabawassee, the Chippewa, the Saginaw and over on the Au Sable as the tales spread, loggers sat. about. in the long winter evenings and invented new Herculean achievements for the giant logger, brought, him down over the Canadian border, told how as he crossed the line, with his great Blue Ox, who was forty-two as handles and a plug of tobacco wide between the horns. Paul lifted his hands and spoke in the language of Real America. In his first Paul Bunyan book, Stevens tells that Paul said: "In becoming a Real American I became Paul Bunyan, I am Paul Bunyon no more. Even so shall my Blue Ox calf be called Babe, and Bebe no longer. We are real Americans both heart, souls and hides.

"And I'm glad of it! By the holy old mackinaw, and by the hell-jumping high-tailed, fuzzy-eared, whistling old jeem cris and the seventeen slippery saints. I'm proud of it, too!"

Western Material Foreign

Then as a Life Work, the lumber jacks explained with simplicity, Paul invented logging, and made it the greatest industry of all time.

"The stories go on, of course," says Stevens, "to tell how Paul lumbered off North Dakota, and relate his experiences in the Bad Lands, but those are not the real old stuff. The West has its tales about him, of his prowess as a rancher. The Paul Bunyan legend has been invaded and distorted by material foreign to its native type. But although the last that is seen of Paul as he was going West as the lumbering receded from this region, 1 shall never write [of tales beyond the] Mississippi, because the western yarns get into the machine stuff, and Paul was really a pine woods man. I have seen pictures of him out West, showing the true legend always told how he kept his beard brushed with a pine tree, which he kept in his shirt pocket when not in use. "I came here to Michigan to talk with the old-timers, because I wanted tro get in touch with old loggers who didn't know much about the modern developments in lumbering, and who consequently would have the virgin lore."

Should Appreciate Value

The West has its own lore, says Stevens, and has other figures such as Jim Bridger, who discovered Great Salt Lake and the Yellowstone, and much of that lore has got mixed with the Paul Bunyan stuff. One is to add to the Bunyan cycles, he explains, but rightfully the additions should be governed by the laws of type, in order that the saga should not be corrupted. The West has failed to observe this rule he deplores.

"I spent the winter in Bay City talking to old lumber men and working in the library among old files in search for this stuff," he explains. "But Bay City is not in the right frame of mind to appreciate the lore. All people there can remember are the 'terrible things' that went on in the saloons on Water Street.

"As far at that goes, the West had exactly the same thing among the miners and ranchers, but that is past, and they can now see the romantic figure the miner or the rancher was. They've idealized it and built legends around it. I hope the people in the Saginaw Valley will wake up to what they have, and will take steps to realize on its possibilities. They should impress it on the school children by telling the tales to them as a reward for work well done, as one of the school heads in Saginaw has already been doing. It's a priceless mine of lore right at their very doors.

"The superb pageantry of the old days on the rivers in that valley - of the river man, the French voyageur, the first land-lookers, should be capitalized, not commercialized, but used as an enrichment of the present life by the reconstruction of the romanticism of the old."

Tamed Tittabawassee

A tale of how Paul Bunyan tamed the wild young rivers in Michigan so he might drive logs down them is told by this author in the July issue of the Woman's Home Companion. The Twin Rivers, says this yarn flowed always side by side and were always

wishing they were lakes so that they'd stop flowing If Paul took his eyes off them. Old Contrary would never flow along peaceably in its bed, but was always flowing up and down the hills. Another river caused trouble by flowing along for a time a mile wide and a foot, deep and then turning over on its side and flowing a mile deep and a foot wide. Of his greatest struggle of all, that, with the Big Auger, which impudently spat seventy
seven barrels of water in his eye when he spoke of driving logs down it, the story treats mainly. Paul finally got his legs twisted about the Big Auger and broke it in two, making Niagara Falls, as they are now called, where the break came. One can imagine how he tamed the Tittabawassee too, and made it the peaceful stream it is excepting in the spring when the spirit of All the spring brings back youthful urges and causes trouble for the countryside.

Yes, Paul Bunyan for whom Jack Fathey. Paul's best top-loader, loaded the logs so high that the moon couldn't go over, made his home here in Midland in the roaring '50s and '60s and 70s. World famous, nay cosmic, he belonged to this valley first, and Midland claims him.

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[EDITOR'S NOTE: Surprisingly, the book is still in print: "The Saginaw Paul Bunyan," by James Stevens, with wood-cut illustrations by Richard Bennett. Reprinted in 1987 by Wayne State University Press. It is still interesting reading.]

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Pioneer Days Of Midland Are Recalled By Business Group

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Dinner Marks Midland's Recognition Of Women's 100th Year In Business

Midland Daily News, October 12, 1939 – Pioneer days of Midland were recalled last night at the Country club, and for a short time were relived, by members of the Business and Professional Women's club as they met for dinner to honor the 100th anniversary of women in business in America.

Forty-five guests found their places at the uniquely appointed dining table. Pumpkins hollowed out and used as vases for pine branches and nut cups mounted on colored maple leaves made a truly outstanding table.

Guests who were honored by the club for their service in Midland business were Mrs. B. B. Ball, Mrs. Roy Walker, Miss Laura Foster, and Miss Lottie Sias.

Miss Ruth Allen, high school instructor, gave a manuscript compiled from papers and notes of older Midland citizens. Included in the paper were recollections from Midland's pioneer days dating back to 1819 when a treaty was made reserving to the Indians two 6,000-acre tracts of land. One of the tracts was near Midland near forks of the rivers, and the other was over in the Saginaw was reserved to the Chippewa Indians. In 1822 a survey was made by John Wampler and in 1831 the seat of justice was established in Saginaw, Midland not having been located as yet. The first white man to come here was a man by the name of Porter according to Miss Allen's notes. In 1835 other settlers began to come. The Whitmans were the first family here, but were shortly followed by the Rodds, Ellsworths, Cronkrights and Larkins. In 1850 the population of the locality was 65 and a school established and taught by a man named Ashmun who was part Indian.

In 1853 the lumber industry began to thrive with pine and hardwood being cut to the tune of 4,000 cars per month. Government surveys showed that after the lumber was gone, the land in the territory was not good for cultivation. Transportation in the "town" was by canoes and small boats on the river. A pole boat was built which made three trips to Saginaw each week. The Indians moved out of Midland in 1855 when a reservation was established in Isabella County. A 25 ton steamer was built for transportation on the river but the river was too shallow and the boat discontinued running in about 1860.

At this time there were about 49 buildings in Midland with about 150 residents. The hotel was located on the site where the Cunningham store is now standing. The Sjolander block was then but a swamp.

In 1864 a four-piece orchestra started and the Methodist church meetings were held in private homes. A railroad was built from Saginaw through Midland to Averill and the river was used for lumber transportation. In 1868 the Methodist church was built where the post office now stands. In this same year a fire which started at the river burned two blocks wide to Marley's house which was on Grove street.

In 1880 there were wooden side walks in Midland. Proper and Main street was what is called a block road. An ordinance was issued at about this time for residents to put up fences so that the cows could not wander through the streets.

Mrs. B. B. Ball mentioned a number of business places. All awnings were wooden. Miss Mahany's place of business was the gathering place for women. She sold yard goods and everything had to be made; nothing was ready made for sale.

Miss Lottie Sias used to be a milliner and told how a coil of wire and yards of chiffon and feathers made up hats. She has worked two days on making one hat. Some hats sold for $35.

Mrs. Ray Walker mentioned the bath house established because of the mineral spring which supplied mineral water both for drinking and bathing.

Miss Foster told of the Memorial day spirit and how everybody marked the day.

[The article was accompanied by a large photograph which included four of the ladies who were honored at the Business and Professional Women dinner. The ladies in the picture Mrs. Roy Walker, Miss Norine Weinberg (who was dressed in an old fashioned duster which belonged to Mrs. A. S. Arbury's mother), Miss Lottie Sias, Mrs. B. B. Ball and Miss Laura Foster.]

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RUNS PERE MARQUETTE ENGINE THRU MIDLAND NEARLY FIFTY YEARS WITHOUT ACCIDENT

by Claire Morrill

Midland Republican — Consolidated with — The Midland Sun, – Thursday, August 15, 1929 — Engineer Thomas H. Sharpe climbed down from the cab of Number 393 at the Pere Marquette water tower here Monday morning, with his long-pointed oil can in his hand. Engineer Sharpe has been climbing down from his engine at Midland almost every day for fifty years.

We were waiting for him Monday, when the 8:57 passenger train pulled in, and he had no more than tipped his oil can up two or three times at strategic points in his engine when our journalistic companion approached him and extended greetings.

Sure, he said, he had a few minutes to spare while they were transferring baggage.

"Understand you've been running through here fifty years," said our spokesman.

"Went firing in '79," assented the engineer. "I was promoted in '83, and I've run an engine ever since -- on this run, all except two years on a Detroit run. Never had an accident in all that time.

"We come near having them every day, though, with all these automobiles on the road. Why, one time when we were going in to Evart, a man drove across in front of us, and we took the back tire off his car. He didn't even know it. Two other cars were waiting for us, and someone told him his tire was gone. It rolled off and went over into a field. I don't see how we can help killing people like that," he said, shaking his head.

He explained that he runs from Saginaw to Ludington, arriving here at 7:57 a. m. one day and coming back the next morning at 10:54.

Rob't Tremper

"Did you ever live here in Midland?"

"Oh, yes, I lived right next to Fred Sias in the Fourth Ward years ago. Then I moved to Saginaw, and have stayed there ever since.

"Another old-timer and I were in Midland last Friday looking up old friends -- Robert Tremper, he was. He used to live in Midland, too, years ago. He's an engineer of 29 years experience. Now he's General Chairman of the Railroad Brotherhood -- goes all up and down the lines and looks after our interests, wage scales and so on.

"Mr. Tremper entered the service of the P. M. R. R. in 1886 as warehouse man at Midland, went firing in 1887, was promoted in 1893, and ran a locomotive constantly until 1922 when he was chosen to represent the men as general chairman, a position carrying with it great responsibility. It requires a man of exceptional executive ability.

"He spent his boyhood days in Midland and still cherishes in his heart a fondness for the old town.

"We went over and saw old Johnnie Johnson, the barber, you know. When we were kids, we used to go into Johnnie's barber shop on cold days to get warm, and if there was a vacant chair, why he'd let us sit there. When we grew up and another generation of kids came up, he'd do the same for them. We wanted to see Byron Burch, too, but we missed him.

In The Cab

"Yes," said he heartily. "I've got a lot of sympathy for this little place. I remember when we used to haul logs through here, we didn't have curtains on the cab like we have now, and this wind used to blow through something terrible. We'd sit there for hours when we were almost frozen.

"I can tell you one thing -- in all those years, I've never had an official come up and dig into me. That makes you feel pretty good toward the company."

"How many engines have you worn out?"

"Oh, a good many. There's a faithful old machine, there," he said, glancing up at Number 393. "I've only had her about two years, though."

"Do you like to do this sort of thing?"

"Sure," he said. "I was born right to it."

Engineer Sharpe pulled out his watch and started toward the cab. "Almost time to pull out," he said. "Would you like to come up and get warm?"

Going Strong

Accepting the fireman's canvas gloves, we grasped the hand rails and, assisted by our companion, ascended to that paradise dreamed of by all small boys.

Two neat leather seats beneath the windows indicated the vantage points from which the engineer and fireman surveyed the landscape o'er. Levers and handles suggested the brakes and whistles obedient to their move.

"There's the big one," said the engineer, pointing to a pedal in the floor. "Step on it."

Gingerly, half expecting the floor to slide out from under and precipitate us into the boiler, we pressed our foot upon it. Two big doors in front of us slid back, exposing the red maw of the fire box. A blast of heat smote us, and we hastily released the pedal.

"How old are you now, Mr. Sharpe?" asked the masculine half of our expedition, looking at the husky engineer, bedecked in overalls and goggles.

"Sixty-nine next May."

"Almost ready for a pension?"

"I don't want any pension," said the engineer, firmly, "I'm going too strong."

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MR. SHARPE WRITES A LETTER

The Midland Republican, Thursday, August 15, 1929

424 No. 3rd Ave.
Saginaw, Michigan
July 30th, 1929

My Dear Sir:

After our little talk at Midland the other morning I got to thinking that it would be much more satisfactory to you if I would write up a short biography of my boyhood days in your little city, you excusing and correcting all mistakes not forgetting that it is written by only a Locomotive Engineer whose chief concern is getting in on time and obeying the company rules.

As I look back across the years, I see through boyish eyes, happenings of the happiest days of my life, the old Chippewa and Tittabawassee rivers teeming with fish, their banks fringed with wild plums, grapes, walnuts and butternuts for miles up -- everything that was dear to the heart of a bare-foot boy.

Can you wonder that there still lingers in my heart a fondness for your little city that still harbors some of my boyhood friends, the majority of whom have passed on. As I look back at the outstanding figures of those days, John Larkin, the pine baron of Midland at that time, John Sias and Sam Sias, two strong characters that reflect back that indomitable spirit to the discoverer of oil in Isabella County, Mr. Fred Sias, the man that knows no backward trail. Any man that loves a fighter, take off your hat to him.

That dear old character that bore no ill will to any man, honest and fair in his judicial decisions, kind and good in his every day life, Judge Hart, father of our present Judge, Ray Hart.

John Maloney, who ran a shingle mill, five miles north of Midland, always my friend as a boy. I remember that he had a log camp on what was then called the Maloney Branch, that left the P. M. R. R. rails two miles west of Farwell. He couldn't get along with the railroad men that handled his logs and took a great dislike to them. He came to me and said, "Boy, get off that railroad: You are working with a lot of cutthroats. Come home and I'll give you a job." He sounded my praises so much among the railroad men that the boys nicknamed me "Maloney" which stuck to me a long time.

Later came Mr. Herbert Dow, and with his knowledge of chemistry and indomitable spirit, give us one of the finest chemical plants in the world. It was characters like these that handed back to the people one of the most prosperous and beautiful little cities in the State of Michigan.

John Johnson

As I strolled through your city, meeting an acquaintance here, another there, it occurred to me that there was one more. You do a kindness to a boy and its memory will follow through his life. As I think of this man, the latch string of his little shop was

always out for the boy with cold fingers or toes, the warmest place there was his without the asking, and as I think of his many little kindnesses, my eyes fill. None whiter than he, John Johnson.

Slow Summers

I went railroading in the spring of 1879 with my belongings in my hand. I left home and I will never forget my dear old Mother, standing in the door waving me good bye until I could see her no more, bless her memory. I went to Ludington and went to work in the freight house there. In the fall of that year I went firing and was promoted to engineer in 1883, a momentous day in my life. Things were different at that time. When a fellow was promoted, he was not put back firing when business slacked as he is now. The result was that he did little or nothing through the summer as about the only extra work there was was log trains and they generally commenced to run sometime in November. Sometimes there would be one firm that would load in the summer, but that was about all. So when the summer was over and business was again upon us, we were sadly in debt. We owed the tailor, the boarding house keeper, and last but not least the shoe repairer for our shoes were sadly in need of repairs by the time business commenced. It was indeed a lucky man that chanced to draw the easily handled engine for he put his foot against the boiler head for a brace to raise the reverse lever, and if your shoes were bad, you burned your feet. But we were happy for all that. We generally succeeded in paying off our debts during the winter so as to leave our credit good for the next summer.

Hands Off

Our largest engines at that time had cylinders 18-24 inches. We had two of this size. They were monsters of their time. The next largest freight engines were 16-24; passengers were 15-22, all scrapped years ago. Every man owned his machine and woe be to the man or boy that put his hands on the polished brass or in any way defaced another man's machine. Better were he in the bottom of the sea. But all this has changed.

The R. R. Co. found there was more revenue in pooling their engines, and after all, revenue is our chief concern. It took the men a long time to get used to this new condition, but I doubt if any of them would care to have the old conditions back again. So many improvements have taken place for the best. Everything has been looked after that would make the men more comfortable, no steam leaks in the cab, piston rods and valve stems tight, cab well curtained to keep out the cold in the winter, mechanical stokers on our largest engines. In fact, if a man is discontented now, let him take a trip back in the old days.

Our chief concern now is the automobile, the greatest menace we have. One does not know what minute some fool driver will drive upon the crossing in front of you, ignoring flash lights, whistle, clanging bell. Only one thing in his poor foolish head -- to get across first. When I tell you that the pilot beam of our engine took the rear tire off one man's machine on a crossing and he did not know it until he was stopped and told, (dead from the neck up) did not know that there was a train within a thousand miles of him.

You can guess what a locomotive engineer is up against with drivers like this on the road -- and they are numerous.

The Old Brakeman

But as I look back, the most interesting figure of them all that comes to my mind is the old time brakeman, a man from his toes to the top of his head, as a He Man goes, his hands calloused and broken with constant contact. His work was never done until his wheels stopped at the cinder pit. He coaled or wooded up the engines as the case might be, broke the train, and was roundly berated if he let it run by. In addition to that he unloaded all of the freight, and there was some freight to unload those days. He was in constant demand. But he is gone forever, swallowed up in that great vortex of changing scene, a victim of the air brake and the automatic coupler, and so it goes. I like to dream it all over, and bring back those dream faces, good fellows, all of them. But we are getting old; our time is short. It won't be long until I for one will step down, and when I do, I want to do it with the good will of all my associates from the call boy up.

Yours truly,
Thos. H. Sharpe
Loco. Eng. P. M. R. R.

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The REARDON DESCENDANTS PILGRIMAGE

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This was not merely a Pilgrimage, but a Roundup and a Reunion at the Old Birch Run Home.

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MORE THAN 50 GO FROM MIDLAND

Midland Republican - July 5, 1917. Sixty-three years ago, in 1854, John Reardon migrated from Canada and went out into the woods where the little village of Birch Run in Saginaw county now is. There was no village there then; there was not even a bridge at Saginaw. John was the father of 11 children, including those who were added after the removal, and from these have descended a numerous and vigorous race to whom by marriage have been added many more. In the big old home, built there in the new land, the "tribe" gathered July 4th for the second reunion. 'John, Thomas and William and some of the sisters came to Midland in those early days and besides Reardons there are here Thompsons, Prices, Nehils, Cotes, O'Briens, who are closely related to the Reardon families. There is a sister, Mrs. Dexter. in Saginaw, and two sisters in the far west. It was ox-teaming in those days.

Nine rushing auto-cars took more than 55 to the spot last Wednesday from Midland. They made the 45-mile trip in from an hour and a half to two hours, whizzing across iron bridges at Saginaw and along stone roads and meeting at the old place, now occupied by Charles Wolohan, one of the family, with 100 others coming from all directions - the Reardon Reunion. At a hall in the village 150 sat down to a banquet suitable to the happy occasion, and after this, business matters were attended to. Each had to stand and give name, location. occupation, etc. A great, many O'Briens were in evidence, among them William O'Brien of Midland and Patrick O'Brien of Kansas, who made the longest trip. William Reardon was so over come with the O'Brien name that he stood up and said:
"I am William O'Brien!" He amended his record, however. There was music and dancing and a jolly time generally.

Robert Clancey of Detroit was elected president. He is U.S. Appraiser at Detroit. Thomas Clancey of Detroit, secretary and treasurer. Their mother was a cousin of the Reardon Brothers.

The meeting next year will be at Belle Isle July 24, and it is intended to charter an interurban car at Bay City to make the trip to Detroit

Additional comments from Midland Sun. July 5, 1917 - At high noon an elegant four course "Irish Stew" was served in which Irish potatoes played an important part and it is intimated that the pig was Irish also. The oldest person present was John Reardon of
this city. W.L. Wood of Ann Arbor was the only member to be removed by death during the year. The Reardon reunion was inaugurated at a get-together meeting of the family in this city last year. when they met at the spacious home of Wm. Reardon, Sr., and it was voted to make the reunion a permanent affair and (hold the) 1917 meeting on the old homestead at Birch Run. This farm was homesteaded in 1855 by John Reardon, father of John and William Reardon of this city, he coming from Blackwater, Ireland

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RECOLLECTIONS of SE MICHIGAN 1810-1885:

Part 1 of 3.

By Ephraim S. Williams, of Flint

EDITORS NOTE: *This is the first of several articles which we would like to reprint from the Michigan Pioneer Society collection These give some family and south-east Michigan history Since these are lengthy, they will be given in several installments. This first one gives us quite a bit of Fur Trader history in Midland In many cases this is lost in the index under Saginaw There is some additional information in William's personal notes, now in private hands.*

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MICHIGAN PIONEER COLLECTIONS, VOL. 8. 1885. P. 234-259 —

The Williams family dates back in the history of the British islands to a remote age. The name is of Welsh origin, and the descendants among the mountains of Wales claim to trace their ancestry back to the time of "Rodric the Great," king of Britain, about the year 849. Others claim that the family has descended from Brutus, the first king of Britain, 1100 years before Christ. The famous Oliver Cromwell is said to have belonged to a branch of this family. The earliest representative of the name in the American Colonies is believed to have been Robert Williams, who emigrated from Norwich, England, and settled at Roxbury, Massachusetts, about the year 1638. Among the noted men of this widespread family have been Roger Williams, the pioneer settler of Rhode Island; Colonel Ephraim Williams, killed at the battle of Lake George, in August, 1755; General Otho Holland Williams, a prominent officer in the American army during the Revolution. Hon. Charles K. Williams, chief justice of Vermont; Hon. Norman Williams, of the same state; Hon Archibald Williams of Quincy, Illinois, and many others prominent in the field, in the pulpit, and at the bar.

My father Major Oliver Williams, one of the pioneer settlers in Michigan, and of Oakland county, was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, May 6, 1774. He came to Detroit in 1808, established the mercantile business there, purchasing his goods in Boston, carting them overland in covered wagons to Buffalo, and shipping thence by water to Detroit. He ordinarily made two trips a year, on horseback, between Boston and Detroit. During the winter and spring of 1810-11 he built, at the River Rouge, a large sloop, which he named the "Friends' Good-Will," and in the summer of 1812, just previous to the breaking out of the war between the United States and Great Britain, made a voyage to Mackinaw, acting as super-cargo. At Mackinaw his vessel was chartered by the government to take military stores and supplies to the garrison at Chicago, then a small military and trading post. She was also to bring back a cargo of furs and skins for the government and himself. The commanding officer at Mackinaw, Lieut. Hanks, furnished father with a box of ammunition, twelve stand of arms. a noncommissioned officer and six men as a guard against Indians who were then openly hostile, and it was known that War was imminent. Before his return from Chicago he was decoyed into the harbor of Mackinaw, which had in the meantime been captured by the British, they keeping the American flag flying over the fort, and they were made prisoners. His vessel and cargo were taken possession of

for the benefit of the British government, on account of his vessel being under a government charter.

The name of the vessel was changed by the British to "Little Belt," and it formed a part of the British squadron and was captured the nest year by Commodore Perry on Lake Erie. At the time of the battle she mounted three guns. She was burned at Buffalo the following winter, having, with two others, been driven ashore by a gale. Father was paroled, sent to Detroit under charge of British officers; was at Detroit at its surrender by Gen. Wm. Hall, and, with other citizens, was marched through the province to Kingston as a prisoner of war. In time they were exchanged. He then visited his family in Concord, Massachusetts, and soon after returned to Detroit to look after his business and property., which he found scattered to the winds. Detroit and the entire frontier had been lain in waste. The most that he saved from the general ruin was his residence, on the corner of Jefferson avenue and Bates street running back into Larned street, in front of St. Anne's Church, and twenty acres in the then called Bush, on Woodward avenue, somewhere about Winder street all of which he sold when he bought his farm in Oakland county.

In the fall of 1815 he moved his family from Concord, Mass., to Detroit. Mother and eight children, myself the oldest, then about thirteen (born February 7, 1802), traveled with spring carriages, and their goods (what were necessary) in double covered wagons, to Buffalo, stopping at the Cold Spring Hotel, near Buffalo, kept, by one Col. Miller. Buffalo, we found in ruins, it having been burned by the British. We remained nearly three weeks before passage could be obtained to Detroit. At last the small schooner "Mink," owned by Messrs. Mack & Conant, of Detroit, was procured, and under the care and kind protection of the late Hon. Shubael Conant, a particular friend of my father, we embarked for Detroit, where we arrived, after the very short passage of nine days.

Our vessel was becalmed about one mile below the city, then at or opposite the G. Godfroy's tannery. Father seeing the vessel, expecting us aboard, and passing on the road just at evening, hailed us, and enquired if his friend Conant was on board, and his brother's family; Mr. Conant answered, "Yes." Soon after father came on board and requested the captain to set us on shore, which he declined; but two of the children being sick, Mr. Conant requested the Captain to do so, he assuming all responsibility, and we were landed, and, with Mr. Godfroy's carriage and a cart, we were conveyed to our home, on Jefferson avenue. We rode and walked up past the fort, whose frowning guns, pyramids of balls and strong stockade, with its heavy gates were all new and strange to us. The people all turned out to see the Yankees, and as we passed along by the curious, one story and a half French houses, the women greeted the little ones with a kiss saying: '*!Ah., to mon petit Bostinien,!*"

We found Detroit a very strange place, walled in with high pickets, with three large, very heavy gates, and two regiments of United States soldiers lying in tents outside the pickets, on the rise of ground about where now stands the Detroit Opera House, the Kirkwood, market, etc. The old fort also was full of soldiers. At each gate of the city stood a United States soldier on guard, and no one passed in or out without a password. The city contained probably only about five or six hundred whites. Father opened a hotel and boarding house, raised a large gold ball for a sign, and it was known as the Yankee hotel, with the sign of a pumpkin. His house was overrun with eastern people, as the troops were mostly eastern men, many of them from Massachusetts, and father and his

family became great favorites. We had many eastern boarders, to wit: Mr. Thomas Palmer, Calvin Baker, Paul Clapp, Wm. Brewster, Levi Cook, and Orville Cook and others. Levi Cook taught school in part of Mr. Thomas Palmer's store, which I and my brothers and sisters attended until he commenced other business.

As I have said Detroit was a strange place. The old market stood in the centre of Woodward avenue south of Jefferson avenue, with a whipping post at the northeast corner, where criminals were whipped for petty crimes, and sold for fines and costs to the one who would take them for the least number of days' work on the streets. I have often seen them whipped and gangs of men at work on the streets, often many with ball and chain, and made to work out their fines and costs of suits, instead of being a city or county charge. We boys had an old two-horse sleigh, with bar-iron shoes (no cast-iron shoes then), and a dozen would often get on and ride down hill in the winter, going on to the river quite a distance. There was no Atwater street then; the river came up to the rear of Mr. James Abbott's store house deep enough for boats and canoes to unload furs, sugar, etc., which was about half of what was then the Abbott block, where he lived and had the post office for many years. The old Frenchman used to run the ferry with a large canoe until Mr. Ezra Balding (Baldwin) put on a scow and boats. There were only three brick buildings - The Governor Hull house, that stood where the Biddle House now stands. the Government store house, and the old bank on the Major (Jonathan) Kearsley corner.

I clerked it. awhile in this building for Mr. Melvin Dorr, a dry goods merchant, who afterwards settled on a farm near Little Springs and was superintendent of the building of the United States turnpike to Saginaw, which was built six miles north of Flint City, one hundred feet wide. Father purchased all the fruits the orchards on either side of Detroit River and put up many winter apples and made a large quantity of cider - one year picking two thousand barrels of apples and making seven hundred barrels of cider. Apples sold for twenty shillings and twenty-four shillings per barrel, and cider ten dollars per barrel for all he could make, most. of which went to Ohio. I recollect I took ten barrels in a boat to Mr. Henry J. Hunt, merchant, for his use and he paid me one hundred dollars, (ten dollars per barrel).

Everything in proportion. Potatoes were two and two and a half dollars. Whiskey sold for two dollars per gallon by the barrel. Butter, fifty and seventy five cents per pound; roasting pigs, two and three dollars each; turkeys, from twelve to twenty shillings. All these things were brought from Ohio - little vessels plying all the time in this trade, buying our apples and cider. Many families who left Detroit during the war, returned in 1816. Governor L. Cass brought his family to reside there. The currency was mostly shinplasters and what was called "cut money" - that is, a Spanish dollar, for instance was cut into halves, quarters and eighths, which passed current for small change, and times it. was cut into nine shilling pieces, from one dollar.

The troops were paid off for long back pay, and money flowed like water - everybody had plenty. Many of the troops were discharged (times expiring) in Detroit and settled on farms in Oakland and other counties in the state. Being first class eastern men, they made many of our best citizens. Lieutenant Chesney Blake resigned in Detroit, and afterwards became the noted Captain Blake of the Lakes, and finally settled on a farm in Oakland county. Colonel John Hamilton, of Flint, was discharged a sergeant in Detroit. I

have seen all of these men march Detroit streets, and lived by them in after years. Mr. Samuel Munson, father of Mr. Henry Munson, of Detroit is now living at East Saginaw. He came to Detroit in 1816 or 1817, and tended bar for my father. Being about my age, we used to slide down hill together on Woodward avenue. We boys had a large skating park, of several acres, the water in the fall coming from the upper part of the city and flowing the low grounds in the rear of old Ste. Ann's Catholic church. This water ran out across Woodward avenue on Congress street making its way to the river down that low ground or valley. It was crossed on Woodward avenue by a bridge, perhaps three or four rods long, made of round poles and pole railing - the same as we were glad to make over streams and mud holes in the country, in the settlement of the same.

These places have been filled up by the improvements of the city, and splendid business buildings erected thereon. I have lived in the state ever since those days and am astonished when I look in vain for our old playgrounds. About where the old Michigan bank stands. there was in that hill a small fort open then to the river where stood one or more guns and mortars, used for throwing shot and shell across the river during the war of 1812; there being the foundation of an old church and a burying ground in Jefferson avenue, we had to crook around to the north side of the street to get. down street. I remember seeing this foundation and those burials all removed and the street improved.

On the 14th day of August, 1817, President James Monroe visited Detroit and was received with public honors. My father was then city marshal, and was conducting the procession through the city. Passing his residence on Jefferson avenue, mother beckoned to him, when he dismounted, went into the house, called Dr. Brown, next. door to us. and in a short time a son was born to him, which was named James Monroe Williams. He now lives in Santa Rosa, California, has raised a large family and is now "grandpa." His wife was a sister to the late Judge (Crofoot) of Pontiac.

The first steamboat upon Lake Erie, the "Walk in-the-Water," visited Detroit in the summer of 1818. She was a great wonder to the French and Indians, in fact to us all, being the first I or any of our family had seen. I recollect one circumstance which I never shall forget. The steamer landed at what was then Wing's wharf, at the foot of Bates street, originally built. by Henry Hudson and called Hudson's wharf. It was built on bents and planked over, about ten feet wide, running to the channel; at the end was a large pier with an ice-break, laid of spruce timber and filled with stone, also a pier built in (the) same way about half way, and carts could drive out there, turn round, fill their barrels with pure water and water the city.

I have described the wharf; now for what took place. On the deck of the old "Walk-in-the-Water" stood Lord Selkirk, with cocked hat English coat and breeches and buckles, talking with some gentlemen, when Hon. Austin E. Wing, United States marshal, walked up and arrested the lord for crimes committed against the Hudson Bay Fur Co., in the Hudson Bay country years before, and the lord and Marshall Wing walked up town together.

In the fall of 1818, my father, Calvin Baker, Jacob Elliott, my uncle Alpheus Williams, and others, made a journey to Oakland county, on horseback. He had a French guide. Following the Indian trail towards Saginaw, they crossed the Clinton River at Pontiac. After exploring the surrounding country, my father selected three hundred and twenty acres of land in the vicinity or upon a beautiful lake, which he afterwards named

Silver Lake. After an absence of three or four days, the party returned. Their report electrified the staid, quiet inhabitants of Detroit, among whom the belief was general that the interior of Michigan was a vast impenetrable and uninhabitable wilderness and morass.

In the winter of 1818 and 1819 father started with his horses and wagon, provisions and tools, and three men for his new home. to build a house for the reception of his family in the spring. This was the first team and wagon ever driven to Pontiac taking three days, cutting his road and bridging streams and bad places. The few families then at Pontiac had packed their supplies on ponies or on their own backs. There were Maj. Todd, Orson Allen, son-in-law of Maj. Todd, and one other man and his wife all living in one (not large) log house. Father's house was of hewed logs laid up very nicely, fifty feet long and twenty wide, one and a half stories high, with a shake roof.

In March, 1819, he moved his family into his unfinished yet comfortable house and all commenced to make a farm among the Indians, flies, mosquitoes, snakes, wild game, and fever and ague. Father used to say when asked if we had the ague, "Yes, we had a little bit, about thirteen months in the year." Our family suffered much from sickness, privations and lack of the comfort of life. Mother and sisters lived there six months without, seeing the face of a white woman; then my aunt. and her daughter made us a visit from Detroit, stayed with us a few days, helped us and cheered us up.

The summer of 1820 father raised and finished a large barn, 40x40, which was the first frame raised in Oakland county and which still stands upon the old homestead in a good state of preservation I was one who drew the pine logs from a pinery, about one and a half miles from the old home, for the finishing and enclosing the barn. The plank boards and shingles were sawed and made on the place.

The Indians were kind and very friendly during our sickness, bringing us many luxuries in the shape of wild meat and berries of the choicest kind. We found them not bad neighbors. The winters of those days were not much like 1885; no snow of any consequence until March, and then we got barely enough to enable us to get, up our year's stock of wood. I have driven team to break up our land through the months of January and February, as we would now in May and June. We used three and four yoke of good heavy oxen, to plow the oak openings, among what we called the "nigger-heads" (the heads of the oak scrubs that had been burned off). I recollect, the first field of wheat of about six acres we had; when in the milk the yellow birds commenced coming. The first we saw delighted us, but they increased and destroyed every head of grain, and we never cut a straw. This we thought rather rough on the start.

Father kept a few goods and we boys traded considerably with the Indians, collecting a good many furs and skins, sugar, wax, etc., which we sold in Detroit, procuring in exchange many comforts we could not get from the new farm. Every spring while I remained at, home I would take a load of furs, sugar, etc., to Detroit. I could not go direct, the roads being impassable; consequently I used to go by way of Mt. Clemens, taking two and three days, usually staying at Mt. Clemens overnight, with Colonel Clemens, going from there out to the lake and then down the lake and river road (this was a little like pioneer life).

Often I had to stop, when night, overtook me, (very few taverns, if any), with farmers who had nothing to eat but baked potatoes and milk, but who afterward became

fine farmers and leading men. The road direct from Pontiac to Detroit became, after some travel almost impassable, so wet and muddy to any depth.

Father purchased a corn mill, which was put up in a tree in the yard; the hopper would hold half a bushel or more. With two cranks we boys would grind out a bushel of corn when wanted, which gave us nice corn meal. The neighbors also came and ground their corn, and this proved a very great convenience to the neighborhood.

Deer and all wild game were very plenty. We boys became quite expert hunters. I hunted considerable, but for a long time could kill nothing, often having deer stand all around me, distant from three or four rods to ten, fifteen and twenty. I would take t,he nearest, aim and fire, but could not get one though I was an expert marksman - could hit the size of a quarter of a dollar twice out of three times at twenty rods. The trouble was, I was excited and in sighting a deer I would see the deer's body, and, of course, I would fire above the deer. My younger brothers had killed many, and they laughed at me, to my great annoyance. I started out one morning early and said to myself, Now, if I get a shot, I will be calm and take time and take good aim, as if shooting at a mark, I will have no more fooling I had not got out of sight of the house before I saw a deer about twenty or thirty rods from me. I took deliberate aim, drew a fine sight, and my deer fell. Then to get him home. I thought I could carry him on my back, as I had often seen the Indians do. So I fixed him, got him on to a log, and then on to my back, and started, but did not go far before I backed up to a log and let him off. After a little I started again, but it was no go. I was in sight, of the house for which I had started. Such a looking object as I was! I had daubed myself from head to foot with blood and deer hair. Oh, how I looked, but I marched bravely home, for I had killed a deer. The family were at breakfast as I went in. As soon as my father saw me, he and my brother shouted, "He's killed a deer!" Mother, good woman, smiled and said. "Why Ephraim, how you do look! Just look at your clothes." I said, "Never mind mother, I have killed a deer." I was then over the buck fever and could kill a deer every time I fired on one. Father took his horse and wagon and we went and brought him in. We never spent much time in hunting, for we could go out an hour or two, morning or evening, and kill a deer. Our lakes were almost black with ducks, spring and fall. We could kill a mess in five minutes near our house. I recollect. father and myself crawling beside a fence leading from the barn to the lake, and, upon his giving the word, we fired together into a flock of ducks near the shore and we got eleven large. fine, black-neck ducks.

An Indian family by the name of Wa-me-gan lived on the high bank near the house, and were a fine, friendly family. Wa-me-gan started out one morning a-hunting, went in north a few miles, when it commenced snowing. He fell upon an old bear lying under a turned up tree. We supposed he found and wounded him, and the bear made fight. The old man defended himself, losing his knife and tomahawk in the fight. The bear struck him on the head, cutting gashes with each claw like a blow from a tomahawk, the thumb claw taking out one eye. We supposed this blow knocked him down, then the bear bit him through the legs and arms terribly, and left him for dead. The old man recovered, went a few steps, set his rifle beside a tree, sat down with his head on his hands and knees, and was found frozen dead.

His sons found him, after one or two days' search. It had snowed several inches; his knife and tomahawk were never found. The sons followed the bear, but never found

him. My brother and myself took the horses and sleigh, and, with his sons brought him in. He was buried on the farm. This grave was always protected, and I presume it is to this day.

Editor's Note: *Ephraim Williams' personal recollections will be continued in Part 2..*

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RECOLLECTIONS of SE MICHIGAN - 1810-1885

Part 2 of 3

By Ephraim S. Williams, of Flint

EDITORS NOTE: *This is the second part of an article which gives quite a bit of Fur Trader history in Midland. We intend to reprint four articles from. the Michigan Pioneer Society collections. These give some family and southeast Michigan history, Since these are lengthy, they will be given. in several tnstallments.*

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In the fall of 1822, Mr. Rufus Stevens, his brother A.C. Stevens, and myself went from Silver Lake to Saginaw on horseback, following the Indian trail. We found the two companies of United States troops in their tents, hard at work building the stockade and their winter quarters. We remained a day and returned. There was not a house from Waterford to Saginaw.

In the winter of 1822-3, Colonel John Hamilton, Harvey Williams and myself each took a team and load of supplies and provisions for the troops. Mr. Schuyler Hodges accompanying us to see the country. The soldiers had cut a road through the woods and pine windfalls for a sleigh track. Going out we put all three teams on each load to draw it across the Flint River and up its banks. We slept on the Cass River, between two large pine trees. In the morning we were under about four or five inches of snow. It snowed all day. We arrived at Saginaw and crossed the river not until after dark, having traveled only about twelve miles. The soldiers took charge of our teams and put them in warm stables and we were ushered into good warm quarters and fared sumptuously. We left next afternoon and slept that night at Cass River, where we found a vacant log house. We got our horses into it and with rails we built a big fire in the fireplace and camped for the night. Our horses and ourselves suffered severely. Of that company I am the only survivor, the Messers. Stevens, Hamilton, Williams and Hodges all have crossed the river, where
we must all follow ere long. My sister Caroline married Mr. Rufus Stevens and moved to Grand Blanc, Genesee county in 1823, they being the first settlers in that. town. In the fall of 1824, a party of eight young men and girls visited my sister, Stevens, traveling on horseback, there being no road, but only an Indian trail Next morning we rode to Flint River, seven miles, (where the city now is), crossed the river on the rapids where the dam and mills now are; explored the surroundings. which were beautiful, being an open oak
forest, like an orchard. We could see for miles around, the area having been burned over, and could see the wild deer feeding on the acorns in from two to droves of often a dozen. You may think this an exaggeration but it, is not, for they were as plenty as sheep. It was not unusual to see in the fall of the year, droves of twenty and even more.

In those days we could not ride through the oak openings without seeing deer feeding on the rolling hills, in all directions. The oak openings were perfectly beautiful, being from June a perfect flower garden.

In the year 1821 a militia company was formed in Pontiac and vicinity, Calvin Hotchkiss was the captain. I hold a commission, as ensign, under Lewis Cass, Governor of the Territory, dated June 13, 1821. A regiment. was afterwards formed, and I hold a commission as its adjutant, dated the 11th day of August, 1824. I think the above was the first company and regiment formed in the Territory. We were well uniformed and equipped. Had a grand regimental parade every fall in Pontiac. To have a parade ground, I engaged men and mowed off the brush and cleaned off the ground from Pike street to the river, on the west side of Main street, in Pontiac, where the Hodges House stands; Calvin Hotchkiss, colonel; David Steward, lieutenant colonel; Henry C. Brunson, major. We soon had three or four rifle companies, in full uniform, commanded by John Hamilton, Captain Archibald Philips, Captain John Hamlin, and so on. We used to have fine parades and any amount of fun. We also had one company of horse, about. thirty strong, commanded by Captain Daniel Lyon.

Father and mother were married in 1796, in Concord, Mass. Mother's name was Mary Lee. They had a family of fourteen, ten boys and four girls. Father died in 1834. Mother died April 1, 1860, and in January 1884, seven of those children were alive, six being of the eight that came to Detroit, in 1815. Two died in California during the summer of 1885.

March 13, 1825, I married Miss Hannah Melissa Gates, on her Grandfather James Harington's farm, near the village of Auburn, Oakland county. I built a log house on part of the old homestead, and lived there until I moved to Saginaw. My daughter Mary (afterward Mrs. Hiram Walker of Detroit) was born September 25, 1826. We had a family of seven, of whom four are still living.

In 1829 I moved to Saginaw, our party going on horseback, I carrying my daughter before me on a pillow. My wife's sister and several others accompanied us. The first night we camped out. at Pine Run. The next day we arrived at Saginaw, and made our home in the officers' quarters - a very comfortable place, inside the stockade, until I built, on the corner of Mackinaw and Washington streets.

In 1828 my brother and myself commenced the Indian trade under the firm name of G.D. and E.S. Williams, which we continued about twelve years, under the auspices of the American Fur Company, of which James Abbott, of Detroit, was agent. There were no roads. We had, with others then at Saginaw, to go on horses (or ponies) from Saginaw to
Grand Blanc, some forty odd miles, and not a house or white family the entire distance, carrying our children before us. Often, from high water and bad roads to get through, we were obliged to camp out for the night, and so always went prepared for the emergency. Over bad places, swamps, etc., we crossed on fallen trees, old logs, etc., carrying our wives and children on our backs, while the men took the ponies through or around places almost impassable. We usually traveled in companies of a dozen or more, for mutual protection and assistance.

My oldest children, May and Olive, had only Indian children for playmates. The chiefs gave them Indian names, in token of their friendship. The wives and daughters of the chiefs, would take them to the pay grounds, and, under the direction of the chiefs, they would draw their share of money the same as, and with the Indian children. We

bought our goods for the Indian trade, and also for what, little white trade there was of the American Fur Company, and sold them our furs in the spring.

Perhaps it is well to give a short sketch of the city of Saginaw at. this time. The government made it a military reservation, and troops were sent there in the summer of 1822. being part of the third regiment. U.S. Troops. They were ordered there from Green Bay, for the protection of the frontier. They were under the command of Major Daniel Baker, and remained at this point about fourteen months. Here they lost some valuable officers, Lieutenant Baker, the major's brother, and Lieutenant Allen, and about a dozen men. This discouraged the major and they were ordered by the war department to Detroit.

The venerable and beloved Dr. Pitcher, of Detroit, who was then assistant surgeon in the regular army, and had reported to Major Baker at this time, was in attendance upon the garrison. The event of withdrawing the troops tended to draw away attention from the Saginaw Valley, and retarded immigration. The military reserve was purchased of the government, by Samuel Dexter, of Dexter, Mich., for seven or eight thousand dollars. We rented the property of Mr. Dexter, and occupied it until we built up town in Mackinaw street. Mr. Dexter often urged my brother and myself to purchase the property, which at one time he offered to us for seven thousand dollars. He afterwards sold it to Dr. Millington, of Ypsilanti, for $11,000, who, in turn, sold it, to Mr. Norman Little, for himself. Mackie, Oakley, and Jennison, of New York city, for $55,000 - a nice little speculation in a short time for the doctor.

Then commenced the building of Saginaw City. In 1836 Mr. Normal Little came from Detroit, with Governor Mason, by the steamboat "Governor Marcy," the first steamboat. that ever plowed the waters of the Saginaw River. The citizens all took a ride on the "Marcy" up the Tittabawassee River, above Green Point (which is the head of the Saginaw River), a mile or two, got aground and were most of the day getting off and back to the city, being a hard day's work instead of a day of pleasure.

The expenditures of the firm of Mackie & Co., of which Mr. Little was a member, in their efforts to build up Saginaw City, by the erection of various expensive structures, some of which still stand as monuments of their enterprise, amounted to a very large sum, and, followed by the financial crisis of 1837- 1838, it, is not to be wondered at that trouble and embarrassment ensued, causing further active effort on their part, at that time, to build up Saginaw City almost entirely to cease. Disappointed but not discouraged, Mr. Norman Little turned his attention to the east side of the river, and in 1850 induced Mr. James M. Hoyt, of the old firm of Eli Hoyt & Co., of New York city, and his son. Mr. Jesse Hoyt, to become interested with himself, each one-third, in the site and business of East Saginaw.

In the year 1834-1836 my brother and I (G.D. & E.S. Williams) built the first steam mill, with one saw, ever built, in the Saginaw valley; and I think, the first in the state. Harvey Williams owning one third, he furnishing the engine and boilers. In after years it was burned down. My brother G.D. Williams, built a fine mill afterwards, on the point opposite the first one. That was burned down. Then his sons built a first-class modern mill on the river, and it, with salt block and fixtures, still runs.

When G.D. & E.S. Williams commenced the Indian trade in 1828 we occupied the sutler's store, outside the stockade; and, as I have said, lived inside the stockade in the officer's quarters. We built the red store and occupied it as long as we continued trade. Reaume, a Frenchman and an Indian trader (who was at that time, 1828, and at that point the agent of the American Fur Company, and was trading under them), and the Messrs. Campau had had personal difficulties of long standing, which had become an inveterate feud, creating unprofitable divisions with the Indians, amounting to fierce partisan hatred. The current becoming turned against Reaume, and his personal safety endangered, his store was kept closed too much of the for him to continue a profitable agent of trade for the company at that post. Judge Abbott, the company's superintendent at Detroit, selected the Messrs. Williams as the successors of Reaume, who became the owners of his entire interest in his Indian trade.

The hatred had become so strong against Reaume by the opposition traders that they endeavored to and did set the Indians against the outposts. Dequindre, an active young Frenchman, clerk of the store at the forks of the Tittabawassee, was driven out. of his store, by a very ugly Indian called White Devil or Wah-be-man-e-too. White Devil taking possession with his friends, of the store, drinking and enjoying themselves until the employees came home from the woods. The clerk fled to Saginaw, got lost, and was frozen badly before he got in.

This was the state of things we found when we commenced trade in 1828. The traders had become savage toward the Indians and often abused them for little or no cause, which we had to put a stop to, putting in their written agreements if anything of the kind was done, without good provocation, they would be discharged.

In arranging for our winter trade, in the fall of 1828, we considered it very important, to reestablish and open trade at the Forks where the store had been broken up, that being a good business point, and it was thought best that I go to that post. I consequently prepared to do so, with a good stock of goods for the trade. I chose for my assistants, interpreter and runners, Jacob Gravenrod [Graverod], one of the best, inter-
preters in the whole country, and the two younger Rays. Prudent friends endeavored to persuade me not, to embark on an enterprise so evidently fraught with danger, but my own and the company's interest required the venture, and I with my assistant, soon arrived at the post.

The opposition store, with three men, was about sixty rods from mine. The Indians in this section were, at this time considered the worst and most dangerous in all the country, but almost the best. hunters and trappers of valuable furs, and it was a very important post to be maintained. I was successful in taking in a large lot of valuable furs, such as beaver, otter, martin, mink, fisher, bear, coon, and muskrat. and doeskin. My men were absent from home most of the time gathering furs from the Indians; therefore I was alone and experienced many unpleasant, affairs. a few of which I will relate. I soon gained the friendship of the Indians and they behaved well toward me and my men, only when put up to mischief by the opposition who were half-breeds, and being jealous of our success.

could with a little whiskey, cause the ugly ones to give us serious trouble but always, when sober afterwards, say they were sorry and ask forgiveness. It was necessary to have an Indian guide who understood where the hunters and trappers were in the interior.

The opposition house had a very good one, who had been their guide for years and not good for much else. During the winter Gravenrod and myself, when about retiring one cold and snowy night,, heard a "bang" on our outer door; soon again, another. We asked who was there; "bang" again, harder than before. We told him to go away or he would get hurt. "Let me in;" "bang" again. I picked up a hickory sapling about three feet long we had been using and crept carefully to the door, unfastened the inner door, unlocked the outer door (having double doors), and when the "bang" came again, threw open the door and sprang out. He ran, I after him, down toward his home, the snow being about a foot, deep. I came up to him in about twenty rods, struck him over the head with my hickory, and he fell in the snow. I gave him one or two good cuts across his thighs and left him. The next morning I left for Saginaw, on business, on an Indian pony, and as I was about starting, the fellow came in, painted black; said he was drunk and was sorry; said he was put up to it.

I told him we wanted nothing to do with him, to go home and keep away from us, or he would get worse punished. I left for Saginaw, and when twelve or fifteen miles on my way, I heard a slight noise. and, looking around, this fellow, with a shotgun on his shoulder, was trotting along behind me, looking black and ugly as possible. It, gave me a little start, yet I knew he was a coward. I asked him what he was following me for. He said the clerk had sent down for some goods. I told him to take the front and trot ahead, and I kept him in the front the rest of the way to Saginaw.

On my return he came to the store, said he was sorry and ashamed of what he had done, wished me to forgive him, and if I wanted him for a guide, he would leave the opposition and join us. Good guides were very scarce! and he being an excellent one, we took him. We found him very useful and he remained with us ever after. Indians are peculiar. If they feel they have been abused or punished unreservedly, they never forget it, and sometime will retaliate on you or your property: but when they deserve punishment for doing wrong, if partially drunk, they know it, and will invariably, when sober, come and say you did right; that they were wrong, and ask to be forgiven and to be friends, and they will ever after be good friends and do anything for you.

This very thing is the cause of much of the trouble with the Indians in the western portion of our country. Government officers and traders misuse them, rob them of their reservations, their game, and often of their wives and daughters, at which they feel injured and abused. I often think they are not so much to blame, after all.

During this winter two parties of Indians came to the store from different sections, and of different totems, between whom a feud existed, of long standing. After trading their furs, they had a drink together, and began to talk up the old feud. Gravenrod and myself made up our minds there would be trouble, and we must, guard against it, as much as possible. There were about twenty, and they were outside the store. I proposed they should not come into the store, unless they gave me their knives at the door.

Only one refused. I stood on the outside of the door, which being low, one had to stoop a little. This one said he would come in, and I said he should not, unless he gave up his knife. He lowered his head to rush in, an I met him between the eyes with my fist, and

he went to the ground. He jumped up and handed me his knife. This man's brother was a chief, and a powerful man, called Chee-a-min-nee (Big Man). The leading man from the other party was called As-see-nee-wee, one of the finest. built men I ever saw. These two leading ones became the contestants, the rest of each party trying to prevent. hostilities, and Gravenrod was doing his best to separate the two, as they had clinched each other. I stood by the door, in the rear of Big Man. Gravenrod called to me at the top of his voice to pull Big Man back. for he had a knife an would kill As-see-nee-wee. I sprang and caught Big Man by the shoulders, and sprang back with all my strength, separating them, and we all came down upon the floor. Old Man, his brother and two or three more all had hold of the old man, his brother and myself holding him down, and it was all we could do, the old fellow roaring and frothing at the mouth with rage. He had dropped his knife. We got the advantage of him, so his brother could hold him. They told me to get a rope and we would tie him.

Hearing this he begged us not to tie him, and he would give up and be quiet. Tying is something an Indian fears and looks upon as degrading. While this was going on, Graven-
rod got the others out of the store and started them off to their camps. It was now getting dusk. I spread some deer skins beside the chimney, in a corner, and his brother got the old man to lie down, and he soon got to sleep, and his brother watched him all night. During
the night As-see-nee-wee came to the store and asked Gravenrod to let him in, which he did. He was almost sober. He came to my bed and said if I would let him have a knife, he would fix the old man so he would never trouble us again; if I would do so he would give me a big beaver skin, then worth about $15. I said, "No, ain't you ashamed of yourself, you coward, to take the life of that, good old man while asleep." He shook my hand and said, "You are right,; let me out and I will go home."

In the morning they all met friendly, and soon left for their several homes. I have often thought how we barely escaped being injured. It was a terrible fight, bloodless, however. The winter passed without any more excitement. One pleasant day in the spring, while alone, I saw Mr. White Devil coming up from the other trading house, apparently a little "set up" and I thought he would probably give me a call. I had not seen him all winter. I had kept a good hickory cane, about an inch in diameter, in the store in case of necessity, which I took in hand. White Devil came in, threw off his pack of traps and fixtures for his spring trapping, seated himself on a stool, looked ugly and about half tight. He raised his head and says, "Mis-shay-way, " (my Indian name, meaning Big Elk), with an insolent and defiant bearing, which a half-drunken Indian only can assume, "give me some whiskey." I refused. He placed his hand upon the handle of his tomahawk, drew his knife, and then repeated the demand more fiercely than at first, and was met with another refusal as defiant as his last demand. He then sprang for me (I was standing beside the door) with uplifted tomahawk and knife, aiming a blow at me which, if I had not warded it off, would have proved fatal. With my hickory cane, and keen eye on his movements, I took him on the side of his head, felled and him to the floor, and being about to repeat the blow, the discomfited hero begged for mercy.

Getting up, after recovering from the stunning effects of the blow, I ordered him to leave the store, which he did and sat down in front of it in apparently deep thought, his

head in his hands and blood flowing from his nose and mouth. After an little he called me to come to him, and expressed great, mortification at the outrage he had attempted, and, to confirm his sincerity, promised that on his return from his trappings, if he had good luck, I should have all his furs except enough to pay his debts at the other store I told him never to attempt anything again on me, for he would not escape as easily. I had no confidence he would keep his promise, for he had always been a fast friend of the opposition. But he did, faithfully, and became my fast friend, and would stand by my side in case of any trouble with the Indians as long as he lived. I got about fifty dollars' trade on his return and all future trade.

He was a desperate fellow, had killed several during his time, and all the Indians stood in fear of him. He was finally killed. He and another hard case sat down opposite each other with a bottle of whiskey between them and commenced talking over their exploits, which was the best, man, etc., exchanging drinks, until they drew their knives and
commenced striking for each other's hearts, and White Devil was killed and the other nearly so. White Devil is the same man who I have said broke up and took possession of the store the winter before I went, in charge. This winter settled the question of quietly holding the Forks trading post during remaining years of trade. During this winter's trade of mine at this post, my wife and daughter were with my father on the old homestead at Silver Lake.

We established stores at River Au Sable, with a clerk and two men; one on Cass river, clerk and two men; one at Sebewaing, clerk and two men. We also commissioned several Indian women with goods to trade for us. Many were very good traders and collected many furs, and were usually very trusty and would render just account for every dollar.

My brother and I owned a small sloop of about thirty tons burden called the "Savage," which plied constantly between Saginaw and Detroit, and many a time she was looked for with much anxiety, as often not a barrel of flour could be gathered in the valley. One spring, cranberries were very high in Detroit and Buffalo, and that spring there were any quantity on the Shiawassee lowlands. We told the Indians we would buy all they
would bring us. They went to picking, and we took the "Savage" and filled her full in bulk, after filling all our barrels and boxes. I think we had one thousand five hundred or two thousand bushels. She left, for Detroit,, I went overland. Mr. Abbott, told me there was a man from Buffalo buying all the cranberries he could. We sold him the entire cargo, delivering by the "Savage," at Buffalo, at two dollars and fifty cents per bushel. We bought about, one hundred bushels of other traders at eight shillings per bushel. We thought this a very good little operation.

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Editor's Note: Ephraim Williams' personal recollections will be concluded in Part 3.

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RECOLLECTIONS of SE MICHIGAN 1810-1885

Part 3 of 3

BY Ephraim S. Williams, of Flint

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EDITORS NOTE: *This is the third part of an article which gives quite a bit of Fur Trader history in Midland. These give some family and southeast Michigan history. Since these are lengthy, they were given in several installments.*

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It has been mentioned that the ancient Chippewas imagined the country which they had wrested from the conquered Sauks, to be haunted by the spirits of those whom they had slain, and that it was only after the lapse of years that their terrors were allayed sufficiently to permit them to occupy the "haunted hunting grounds." But the superstition still remained, and in fact, it was never entirely dispelled. Long after Saginaw Valley was studded with white settlements, the simple Indians still believed that mysterious Sauks were lingering in their forests and along the margins of their streams for purposes of vengeance; that the "-," or bad spirits in the form of Sauk warriors, were hovering around their villages and camps and the flank of their hunting grounds, preventing them from being successful in the chase and bringing ill fortune and discomfiture in a hundred ways.

So great was their dread that when (as was frequently the case) they became possessed with the idea that the "Manesous" were in the immediate vicinity, they would fly as if for their lives, abandoning everything, wigwams, fish, game, and all their camp equipage, and no amount of ridicule from the whites could convince them of their folly or induce them to stay and face the imaginary danger. Some of the Indian bands whose country joined that of the Saginaws, played upon their weak superstitions and derived profit from it by lurking around their villages or camps, frightening them into flight and then appropriating the property which they had abandoned.

There was a time every spring when the Indians from Saginaw and the interior would congregate in large parties for the purpose of putting up dried sturgeon which make a very delicate dish when properly cooked, and was much used on those days by the first families of Detroit. We used to purchase considerable of it for our use. The Indians would select the best, flay them, hang them across poles in rows, about four feet from the ground and two feet apart, then a gentle smoke was kept under them until they were perfectly dry, then packed up in bales of perhaps fifty pounds each. Where they accomplished this was on the Point Au Gres (as it was then called).

At a certain time every spring the sturgeon would come upon this point, which was very shallow a long distance out, and in the warm sun would work themselves to the shore until they would lie and roll like cord wood, perfectly helpless, and here the Indians would go among them and select the best. I have been on the point at these times and seen the performances. It was great sport. A little Indian will wade in to about a foot of water, find a big sturgeon (some are very large), strike a small tomahawk in his nose, straddle him; the sturgeon will carry him through the water at quite a speed, the little fellow steering by the handle of his tomahawk, not letting him go to deep water, and when he feels tired of the sport he runs his fancy rig ashore.

When their sturgeon was dry and often put up in bales for summer use, then poor, lazy, worthless Indians from a distance, having an eye to supplying themselves with provisions which they never labored to obtain, would commence, in different ways, to excite their fears that the "Manesous" were about their camps, until at last they would take to their canoes and flee, often leaving almost everything they possessed. Then the "Manesous" (the thieving Indians from the bands who had cunningly brought about the stampede for the sake of plunder) would rob the camps of what they wanted, and escape to their homes with, perhaps, their summer supplies of fish, and often of sugar and dried venison. I have met them fleeing as above; sometimes twenty or more canoes; have stopped them and tried to induced to induce them to return, and we would go with them (as we were going by their camps); but no, it was the "Manesous," they said, and nothing could convince them differently, and away they would go, frightened nearly to death.

I have visited their camps at such times, gathered up their effects that were left, and secured them in some one camp from destruction by wild animals. After a while they would return and save what was left. During these times they were perfectly miserable, actually afraid of their own shadows.

It was not alone on their annual fishing expeditions to the lake that these things occurred; similar scenes were enacted by their hunting parties in the forests of the Shiawassee and Flint, and at their summer camps, the beautiful inland lakes of their southern border. I had had them come from places miles distant, bringing their rifles to me asking me to examine and re-sight them declaring that the sights had been removed (and in most cases they had, but by themselves in their fright). I always did, when applied to, re-sight and try them until they would shoot correctly, and then they would go away cheerfully. I would tell them that they must keep their rifles where the "Manesous" could not find them.

At other times, having a little bad luck hunting or trapping, they became excited and would say that the game had been over and in their traps, and that they could not catch anything. Have known them to go so far as to insist that a beaver or an otter had been in their traps and gotten out; that traps were bewitched or spell-bound, and their rifles charmed by the "Manesous" so that they could not catch or kill anything. Then they gave a great feast, and the medicine man or conjurer, through his wise and dark performances, removed the charm, and all was well, and traps and rifles did their duty again. These things have been landed down for generations, and so through all the domains of the Saginaws their lives were made miserable by their superstitious fears; and they expiated the crimes committed by their ancestors against the unfortunate Sauks.

The Indian trade was attended with many strange incidents. Where there was opposition each party was on the lookout to get the advantage of his opponent in starting on expeditions for trade unknown to him or, wherein it was thought they could not follow on, to get by the opposition's traveling posts so they would not know it. I started one bright, cold winter morning about sunrise for the bay and lake shore, with one man. We had an old style French cutter, with high back, loaded full of goods and provisions for the trade; the ice was fine, and with skates on we shoved the sleigh before us. We were going with great speed down the river, when, about in front of where East Saginaw now stands, we found ourselves on new ice formed the night before, over an air hole. We left the cutter to save ourselves, on strong ice, when our cutter dropped into the river.

Our load consisted of corn, one two-bushel bag of flour, a large bundle of dry goods, silver ornaments, etc., for Indian trade, a bundle of traps, hatchets, i.e., chisels, etc. We soon worked our load up to the strong ice and got it all out, except the traps, etc., which went to the bottom. Our goods, being on top of the load with our blankets and provisions, were not wet. The corn and flour were pretty wet, and ourselves very wet. The question was should we return (being only about a mile from home) or load up and go ahead? If we returned the opposition would take our place and laugh at us, and get the trade we expected to get. We decided to go ahead. The ice being fine for skating we were not going to the mouth of the river, and running along the bay a few miles beyond O-kaw-kaw-ning (now called Kawkawlin) river, we drew up under a sand bank and evergreens where the sun came down warm.

We made a good fire, dried ourselves, took a lunch and started on. Reaching an Indian camp, where we had a squaw trader, we left part of our corn and flour for her trade and what goods she wanted, and left and camped at the River Au Gres, making our day's run some fifty miles or more. Next day we arrived at the river Au Sable, where we had a trading post. We had sold our corn and flour before we reached the River Au Gres, where we camped the first night. The cotton bag with the flour had wet in, and considerable flour stuck to it. I requested the squaw to dry it and keep it until my return. While at the Au Sable a heavy wind broke the ice up, in the bay and lake, making it difficult to get back. Having to keep along the shore, we left our cutter, and with packs on our backs, made our way slowly homeward. When we got back to where we left our flour bag we had about used up all our provisions, always depending much upon the Indians; but the ice being gone, we found them very destitute, in some cases almost starving, as the lake Indians depended on fish for their living, going out a great distance to fish through the ice, often getting camped down for the night by a fire.

The young men came in from hunting, but had killed nothing and they had nothing to eat. I asked the squaw if they had cleaned the flour off the bag that stuck to it, being wet. I supposed she had, she said she had not, thinking we might want it on our return she brought it forward, and it being heavy I told her to scrape the flour off and cook it up for our suppers. She was more than pleased to do so. I told her to cook it the way she could make the most of it. She made a large kettle full of Per-quish-a-gan-nor-bo, flour mush made about like our paste, only thin so you eat it with a spoon. I asked her then to give it out to all her family. She gave us a good pan full, which made us a good supper. This night was very cold and the following morning extremely so. I supposed our repast was all gone, but no, this good woman had kept a pan full for our breakfast, which she gave us hot and good.

As we were about to leave and bid them good-bye the old father of the large family who laid in one side of the wigwam almost helpless, fumbled over his bags near him; he took out a dried fish, about the size of a medium whitefish, and addressed me with, "My son, this is a very cold morning, you have a very cold trip, you will find it very cold traveling on the ice on the other side of the point, you have nothing to eat and you will find the Indians on your route very poor and hungry, take this fish. It's the only thing we have left; I have kept it in case of necessity; this cold spell will make ice so my sons can go out and catch more; you will need it more than I." I thanked him and said "no," and handed it back to him, we would not take it but insisted I should do so. I cut the fish in halves and

handed him a half, and told him I could not take it all from him; he accepted the half, and we shook hands and departed.

We soon crossed the point and found it as the old man said, severely cold and the ice slippery, obliging us to keep nearer the shore on the old ice and snow. We traveled until in the afternoon, it was so cold we could not stand it, and, seeing a smoke in the woods, we concluded to make for it, and take quarters for the night. We found the women and children all out digging in about eight or ten inches of snow for acorns, which was all they had to eat. These they boiled and made a kind of mush, which was not very bad. We took quarters for the night with them, for it was a long distance before we should find another camp. About dusk one or two hunters came in with a large raccoon, and there was much rejoicing all around. They soon had him dressed and in the kettle, and, when cooked, the lady of the house kindly presented us with one shoulder of Mr. 'Coon, in a clean wooden dish, which was really more than our proportion, and, with our half fish, we made our supper.

It was awful cold; they kept fire all night, till we could sleep but little. We started in the morning, without breakfast, traveled all day and until after dark, when I became about tired out, and told my man we must go in shore and camp, for I could not go much further. He thought the same. He said we must be near the Indian camp, where we left corn and flour on our way out, and just at that moment he said, "I smell smoke," and he gave an Indian whoop, and a dog answered. This was a cheering sound, so we rushed in toward shore, and soon arrived at the camp, where lay beside the camp a dozen or more fine, large, fresh trout the old man had just brought in from the bay. Oh, how good they did look! We never saw a more gratifying sight than when the woman and her two daughters met us at the door and welcomed us in (they were our trading women I spoke of). They had a nice, clean warm camp. They soon laid down some mats and made a place for us. The old man said, "You must be tired and hungry." We replied, "Yes." I said, "I am almost dead." We laid down and the women took our moccasins and leggings, which were frozen on our feet. They were cleaned off and hung in the smoke for morning use. The girls pounded some corn, and soon a kettle of hominy was cooking, with a kettle of those beautiful trout, and a cake of bread baked in the ashes. "You bet" we had a feast and plenty kept warm for breakfast. Never could any one be more kindly treated and cared for. We were now a good hard day's walk from home. I was not used to such marches and it was very hard for me. My man could stand it better, being an old traveler for years and used to it.

The next morning we started for home, both with pretty heavy packs on our backs. We soon entered the mouth of the Saginaw River, where we found plenty of snow. We arrived home about sundown and all were glad to see us. This was New Year's day and Mrs. Williams had gotten up a New Year's dinner for all, my brother, his wife, expecting me home. After washing, changing clothes, and a general cleaning up, we sat down to a splendid table and happy home and happy New Year. We should not have had as hard a trip but for the ice breaking up. I always had pleasant trips every spring in a birch bark canoe, going as far as Thunder Bay (where I suppose Alpena is now located), gathering furs along the coast and bringing home the store and men from Au Sable. They also had a large bark canoe and we usually had them both loaded, their capacity being two tons each. Often we could only make the river and run up as far as where Bay City now is,

where we would make our camp on an old Indian camping ground, not being able to run the river in the night.

The Indians are peculiar for telling stories, and delight in listening to others from the traders. They will lie, smoke and tell stories, which are very long, half the night. When we get camped down with them for the night, a chief, perhaps or the head of a family, will say, "Well, come, tell a story," as they call it, art-soo-kay. They usually begin and make it mostly as they go on. One I heard told was as follows: He commenced to explain how the beaver came by his large flat tail, and the muskrat by his round one. He said: "Originally, the beaver had the round tail and the muskrat the flat one. The beaver was at work, building his dam across a small stream, for the purpose of forming a small pond to live in. After cutting his timber and brush, floating and placing it in his dam, and getting it ready for sand and gravel, he could not contrive how he should transport his sand and gravel, to make his dam water tight. While in this state of mind, a muskrat came along, with his broad, flat tail, examining the beaver's works. He inquired how he would get his sand and gravel for his dam. Beaver said he had been thinking it over, and thought perhaps they had better exchange tails for a time, or until Mr. Beaver could finish his dam. Muskrat having no particular use for his flat tail, consented to accommodate his friend beaver and they exchanged. Beaver went on and carted sand and gravel on his flat tail and finished his dam. Then muskrat wanted to trade back, but beaver, finding it just what he required for his work, objected to changing back, and beaver being a large, stout fellow and muskrat a small one, the latter stood no chance to contend with beaver, and so they have always remained to the present time." This story relates to many facts of the beaver's life which my friends are acquainted with. Their working in past years — remains of their dams — are to be seen at this day in very many places in our State, showing their wonderful ingenuity. When they are at work, building their dams, they keep an old experienced beaver as sentinel on watch, and upon the appearance of anyone, or hearing any strange noise, he will strike his tail upon the water in such a manner as to give a loud sound, upon which signal all disappear in an instant and remain until the watchman, by another signal notifies them all is right again, and they go to work.

If an Indian discovers the beavers at work, and has ever so good an opportunity to kill one, he never fires upon them, fearing it may break up their work. He prefers to trap them in a quiet way. The Indian first discovering their works claims them as his own property, and preserves them from year to year, only catching a few each year, as he may require, to pay his debts, in case he has bad luck otherwise. No other Indian presumes to set his traps without the owner's consent. Somehow, they know if an intruder has trapped their game, and soon find out, through the traders or otherwise, who it was, and demand pay for what they stole, unless otherwise satisfactorily settled.

The following is another story they often tell: "The animals called a convention, to meet at a certain time and place, to consult upon grave matters for their mutual benefit. After being called to order, a chairman chosen and many big talks made in great confusion, the turtle arose to make a few remarks, in answer to what had been said by some of the members of the convention, when he was called to order by the skunk and others. The turtle became displeased, and withdrew from the convention in disgust, and leaving he was followed by Mr. Skunk. Turtle being followed closely, and much annoyed by his pursuer, he ran up a tree, getting out of the way of skunk, and soon the convention

broke up, and the turtle came down and went home." They will spin these stories to a great length. I have thought we have some modern conventions, with troublesome skunks in them. I think this must suffice for stories, although I could give you many more. You already have the Ne-war-go affair.

I would like to give you a few instances of the Indian cures which I have witnessed. The old chief speaker, O-Gee-Maw-Ke-Ke-To, was the head chief and business manager of the Saginaw Indians. He was stabbed across the body so the lower part of his liver came out about an inch. The conjurer or Indian doctor said he must die unless a piece of his liver was cut off and cooked and eaten by him, which was done and he was cured and lived many years. Another fine man and splendid hunter, at one of their feasts (on the ground where East Saginaw stands), became intoxicated as well as the rest. He rolled against the fire, and being unconscious one side of him was literally cooked; the flesh came off his side, leaving his ribs bare, and his thigh and arm to the bone. No one supposed he could live but a short time, but they went to work and cured him, and he was able to hunt and carry a deer on his back. They caused the flesh to grow over all the bones perfectly. He lay on his back six months before he was able to get up and about. I often visited him, and the whites rendered all the assistance and little necessities they could for his comfort. I suppose our doctors would call that patent-medicine treatment. It was done without the drugs of the present day. Their medicines were all taken from the woods and the ground. It was perfectly wonderful to see the cures they would perform.

Another one was the case of a young married man, whom I knew very well, living near us at Green Point. He was in the woods, a short distance from his camp. He cut down a tree for a coon, and in falling it, somehow caught his foot as it fell, so fast the he could not extricate himself. Night coming on, he unjointed his ankle and crawled home. He was cured and lived to good old age, and was an excellent trapper, — going in his canoe.

I went one spring with a canoe loaded, and three Indians, with supplies for our store at the Forks. The water was very high, flooding the settlers on the river bottoms. Mr. Whitney was one flooded out. He was at Saginaw when I left, and wished me to look into his house and see how things were. Mrs. Whitney was at a neighbor's, on the opposite side, on a high bank. We ran up to the door, opened it, and found the floor afloat, about three feet of water in the house; their dog and cat on the floating floor. we took them in the canoe across the river, to Mrs. Whitney, and went on our journey. At another time a sudden freshet raised the ice, which was a foot thick, from the shores. It being necessary to get supplies to the store at the Forks before the ice broke up, we laid timbers from the shore, on to the ice at Saginaw, got a loaded pony and sleigh onto it, and I went to the Forks, stayed over night, covered up the pony, and fed him in the sleigh. He stood on the ice all night. We took the load off on poles, laid from ice to shore. Next day we loaded with furs and returned to Saginaw, not getting off the ice the entire distance, some thirty miles or more.

Small-pox broke out among the Indians and the poor creatures were frightened and fled in all directions; a great many died. Although some of their villages were only a few miles from Saginaw, there never was known one of them to expose a settler on the river and come into town. We had several men who had the small-pox; they ventured to take

supplies to them and the citizens joined and would send a canoe load every day to the nearest families. I went to the Forks in the summer after, in a canoe (this was the only way we traveled). I found two persons partly buried in the sand at the water's edge, where they had crawled down to drink and died there. The settlers turned out, upon being notified, and buried them. Some were found dead in their camps, when their friends had fled and left the sick to die.

I was appointed postmaster at Saginaw by President Jackson and held the office several years until the spring of 1840. I built the first post office with boxes. I was also elected register of deeds and county clerk. I procured the first record books for deeds and also record of mortgages and had them approved by the judges.

In the spring of the year, in high water, the ice being gone, the wall-eyed pike would run up the Saginaw in great numbers, running on to the Shiawassee meadows which were over-flowed for miles, from three to six feet deep. One beautiful warm spring morning, Major William Moseley and myself proposed to go up the Shiawassee River about four miles and have a little sport, spearing in the evening by torch-light. I took a large canoe, one man, our lunch basket, blankets, etc., expecting to stay over night. Arriving at the Indian camps the water for miles was like a mirror in the hot sun. We went out a short time and found the water alive with fish. We speared a good many, with much sport. The Indians proposed if I would buy the fish they would all go out and spear enough to fill our canoes. I agreed to do so, and in an hour or two they came in alongside my canoe. I would count the fish, taking each Indian's name and number of his fish on a pass book. We loaded our canoe, and I engaged two others, loaded all, and got home before dark, when we set men to work cleaning and packing for market. Next morning, the result of our day's sport was thirty barrels, then worth and sold for five dollars per barrel. These fish were in schools and the water black with them. An Indian stood in the bow with a spear, while one in the stern would hold the canoe still on one of these schools and the spearsman would fill his canoe, often bringing up three and four fish at a time, averaging from three to six and eight pounds each. We used to take a good many with seines in the Saginaw, opposite the city, but it was not a success, there being so much sunken flood wood.

Daniel S. Ball and Hon. Sanford M. Green built the first grist mill at Owosso, Shiawassee county. I think they purchased the mill site from my brothers, A.L. and B.O. Williams, of that place. Our sloop "Savage" brought the mill-stone and all the machinery from Detroit to Saginaw. Judge Green and a gang of men, with much hard labor and vexation of spirit, boated it up the Shiawassee to Owosso. The judge is still well, residing at Bay City, and is judge of that district. These were pioneer days in earnest.

In the winter of 1830 I left Saginaw, in a cutter, for my father's at Silver Lake and Pontiac, with Mrs. Williams and daughter, whom I left on a visit until the summer of 1830. Mr. Louis Moran *[ED Note: Should this be Louis Mashue & Peter Moran?]*, who carried the Mackinaw and Sault Ste. Marie U.S. Mail from Saginaw to Detroit once a month during the winter months, accompanied us. He had Mrs. Antoine Campau, who was going to Detroit for a visit with her friends until spring. We took the ice up the Cass River, and on one of the rapids my sleigh broke through, letting the water into the cutter enough to wet our clothing, lunch basket, my wife's and daughter's feet and lower part of their dresses, and our robes some. We got out into strong ice, got the water off us as well

as we could, and I wrapped their feet and clothes up in the dry part of the robes and blankets, and finding the ice unsafe, we made our way through the woods for the road, and got as far as Pine Run, within about twelve miles of Flint, where we camped for the night on an Indian camping ground. We found part of an Indian camp of barks, which we placed so as to break off the wind, and, with a good fire, we passed the night, Mr. Moran and myself keeping a good fire all night. I dried all I could of our wet effects and had them dry for wife and daughter in the morning, for the rest of our journey, arriving at father's that day.

Several times on leaving Saginaw in the spring for Silver Lake, I went with the family up the Flint River in a canoe, rather than by road through the woods. At that time of the year, on account of high water, the road was almost impassable. It took two hard days work to make the journey to Flint, the river being high and very rapid. I had the assistance of two or three Indians to work us up.

In closing up our business every spring, before leaving for Detroit to sell our furs and prepare for the next winter's trade, I had a good deal of writing to do. The mosquitoes were so annoying, I would set a table in the middle of the store floor, with a kettle of smoke under it, and write until almost blinded. My eyes would get so sore I could scarcely see for some time after, but this was the only way we could write. They were so bad the only way in the morning, going to the river for water, when twenty or thirty feet from the river, to shut eyes and mouth, run, dash the pail into the river and run almost for life. By eight or nine o'clock p.m., the cattle and horses would come rushing from the woods for the clearing, where we kept large smokes for them — they would be covered black with mosquitoes and blood. We had to enclose our beds, windows, doors, and even the fire-place with millenett, if not they would come down the chimney and fill the room full. I never saw anything like it. As we cleared and made improvements, they fell back, and in a few years they became less troublesome.

The first winter after commencing trade, in 1828 we put up five packs of muskrat skins, 500 in a pack, making 2,500, and this was more than the traders had been in the habit of putting up. The last year of our trade, at the end of twelve years, we put up fifty-six packs of 500 each, making an annual increase up to 28,000 muskrat skins, in those days worth from twenty five to fifty cents each. All other furs increased in proportion. Martin skins — we only took in the first year about 400 or 500. They increased annually, until we took in from 1,550 to 2,000. They were worth from one to two dollars each.

I left Saginaw in the spring of 1840 for Pontiac, where I went into business. Times changed and I did not make it a success. In the fall of 1849 Mr. Hiram Walker established a grocery store at Flint, under a Mr. Wright, who had been a clerk some years for Mr. Walker, and who, towards spring, got homesick and wished to return to Detroit, and said he could not stay any longer. The store was doing a good business, and Mr. Walker did not want to withdraw the store.

He proposed to me to go to Flint and take charge of the store, which, after our talking the matter over, I concluded to do. I was then living in Detroit, and Mr. Walker and wife and daughter (now Mrs. Theodore Buhl), boarded with me. The first of April, 1850, I left for Flint, to take charge of the store, managed it several years and had a large trade. In 1852-3 I built a three-story brick block, finished off a store, and in the rear a

post office, the first one in Flint with drawers and boxes, and this was the first brick block in Flint.

I was appointed postmaster by President Pierce when he was elected, and held the office for eight years, until the election of President Lincoln. During that time I was elected mayor of the city of Flint, where I have since lived and have seen our city grow up from a wilderness, without a single house, to a beautiful city of ten thousand inhabitants. I used to camp on the river bank where is now Bay City, with over twenty thousand inhabitants. East Saginaw, from a wilderness to a city of equal population, Saginaw City to ten or twelve thousand, and several smaller towns, in fact the whole Saginaw Valley is almost a city its entire length. It seemed almost like a dream when I look back to its primitive state and now see the cities and railroads running in all directions, and the country covered with beautiful farms. Genesee county, I think, is one of the finest agricultural counties in the State of Michigan. When I first went to Saginaw we were a part of the town of Pontiac, where we had to go to vote and transact our town business.

The first white child born in Saginaw was my daughter Julia (now Mrs. Charles Hascall), born September 9, 1833. The second female child was Mary Jewett, 1834. The first male child was William William's son, born March 12, 1834. When I was postmaster of Saginaw the mail was first carried by Joshua Terry in a valise, most of the time on his back; it used to come to Flint in mud wagons, and often through the Grand Blanc woods the passengers would get out and with rails pry the stage wagon out of the mud, rarely arriving at Flint before 10 or 12 p.m., and often we had to sit up all night for it, to distribute and make up the mails for Saginaw to leave early in the morning. It is very different now.

The mails from Saginaw to Mackinaw and the Sault Ste. Marie were carried on the backs of half breeds, or on dog sleighs. I have put up ninety pounds of mail matter, leaving out all books and heavy newspapers. A man would carry that weight on his back, besides his snow shoes, blanket, provisions, hatchet and tin cup. Several times I took my man and goods and went with him as far as Thunder Bay collecting furs. I was astonished to see how easily he carried his load. All his provisions were parched corn pounded fine and Indian sugar, mixed with cold water and drank. He said he could travel farther on that than any other, even pork and bread.

I remember some other little incidents of my early days in Saginaw, and of Indian peculiarities, which I will try and give some other time.

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Editor's Note: This concludes Ephraim Williams personal reminiscences.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SAGINAW VALLEY FIFTY-TWO YEARS AGO [1840]

by E.L. Wentz

[From the Michigan Pioneer Collections Vol. 17, Pages 440-446]

[Editor's Note: The following article was on my list to be published in Pioneer Record, when I had to give up the editorship in 1999. So it never actually appeared there, but is presented here in the spirit of the similar articles on Michigan's past.]

Bay City, Michigan
October 9, 1889.
Judge Albert Miller:

My Dear Sir-

In compliance with your request. I give you some of my recollections of the Saginaw valley. about the time you and I first became acquainted; together with a few of the incidents that occurred during my residence in the valley fifty-two years ago.

I left Binghamton, New York, my Native town, in company with Alfred Hovey, on the 19th day of June, 1837, with the view of finding employment in the west. We traveled by stage to Olean, New York, and there purchased a skiff, and rowed down the Alleghany River [sic] to Warren, Pennsylvania, where we took stage again and went to Dunkirk, New York where we expected to get a steamer up the lake. But on our arrival at Dunkirk, we learned that steamboats did not land there, so we took passage on a schooner to Cleveland, Ohio, and there Changed to a steamboat going to Monroe. Michigan. There we changed to another steamboat, and finally reached Detroit on the first day of July, making the journey from Binghamton, New York, to Detroit. Mich., in twelve days.

At Detroit we saw some flaming posters advertising very low fare to Saginaw City, by the steamer Governor Marcy.(1) On account of the depleted condition of our finances. the low fare was a temptation, and we took passage on the Governor Marcy, and arrived at Saginaw City July 3, 1837. When we saw Saginaw. City we were disappointed. We had not known before what might constitute a western city. Where we expected to find a city of at least ten thousand inhabitants we found a little hamlet of about fifteen buildings and not over one hundred white people. The prospect for finding employment was not very flattering. I went to an old log tavern and engaged board for us at two dollars and fifty cents per day each. The sleeping rooms were all in one, and contained about thirty single beds with the numbers chalked on 'the logs at the head. The entrance to this bed chamber was up a ladder through a hole in the floor.

We got our baggage to the hotel and stowed away under our beds, and then took a walk to the river and up along the bank to an old sawmill, and sat down on a saw log to talk over the situation. Mr. Hovey counted his money and found he had just two dollars and fifty cents. I had no money to count. We were perplexed to know what to do. I

suggested that we could cut wood. as there was plenty of it in the country. Hovey said, "Yes, but there are no people here to burn it." While we were canvassing the matter, we saw a large canoe-like craft coming down the river, propelled by twelve oars, and when it got nearly opposite us it turned in and landed directly in front of where we were sitting, and the first man to step out of it was Charles F. Smith. the chief engineer of the Saginaw and Grand River canal.(1 [See Appendix]) Mr. Smith had come down from the woods at Bad River, bringing his whole corps of engineers and camp equipage to Saginaw to celebrate the fourth of July. I had worked with Smith for some time on the New York and Erie Railroad in New York, and knew him intimately. He soon told me that he had work for both of us, and we took hold with a will and helped to pitch the tents on the bank near the northeast corner of the old government stockade, and the first night in Saginaw I spent in a tent with the engineer corps of the Saginaw and Grand River Canal. What was projected as the Saginaw and Grand River canal, is better known at the present time as the "Bad River canal." Smith held the party in Saginaw several days to allow some of them to sober up from their celebration, and then sent us to the woods at Bad River, he remaining in Saginaw City.

Saginaw City

When I first saw Saginaw City. it contained not over fifteen buildings all told. At the extreme south end of the town, on the bank of the river was a steam saw mill, with one upright saw, that if closely tended, might have cut one thousand feet of lumber in twenty-four hours. A short distance from the mill and a hundred yards from the river, was a red building where Judge Miller and Dr. Miller kept store. Gardner Williams had a residence about a thousand feet back from the river at the extreme south end of the town. Near the red store were two or three small buildings, in one of which was the post office, and many a lark we had at that old post office while waiting for the mail that came to Saginaw but once a week on horseback by way of Flint and the old Indian trail. About a thousand feet from the post office down the river and immediately on the bank was a warehouse, directly back of which at the foot of the bluff, was a small building, in which some one kept a stock of Indian goods, and still further back on the top of the bluff was an old government stockade. Two hundred feet north of the stockade was the old log tavern kept by an English man by the name of Malden. Six to eight hundred feet further north and a hundred feet. further back from the river was a small building where Henry Pratt kept a shoe shop and still further north was Richman and Lyon's store, a little north of which and immediately on the bluff was a dwelling, but I have forgotten the name of the family who occupied it. At the extreme north end of the town, Mr. Jewett had a nice residence in which he kept a hotel. There was also a very nice residence in the southwest part of the town occupied by a Mr. Little. There might have been two or three other buildings in Saginaw City but I think I have named and located all of importance.

When in Saginaw City I made my home at Malden's log tavern for the first year, and then the Webster House was built and opened by Mr. Harring after which I made that my stopping place, often assisting Mr. Harring in the hotel office when there. I have a vivid recollection of a high lark that Henry Pratt and I had at the Webster House a short time after it was opened. There was some doings that brought all of the people of the country into town, and they all stopped at the Webster House. I was assisting in the

office. The country guests all took off their boots, shoes and stockings in the office and left them there, going upstairs barefooted to bed. After all were in bed and the house quiet, Pratt and I went to his shop, got some shoe brushes and blacking, returned to the hotel and blacked one of every pair of boots and shoes we could find in the house. We worked at it until daylight, then blacked one of our own in the same way, and went to bed for about an hour. I came into the office early to see the effect of our night's work. When the people began to come down the fun commenced. Everyone tried to get a pair of polished boots or shoes, some didn't know their shoes and looked half an hour for them, some accepted the joke and laughed, while others cursed a blue streak. threatening to kill the person who blacked their shoes if they could find out who did it. During the day nearly every man to be met on the streets had on one polished boot or shoe, and that was evidence that they were guests of the Webster House.(1) Pratt and I kept very still and had our laugh all to ourselves.

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1. Built in 1836.

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Saginaw was at that time very dull, and anything that created a little excitement was enjoyable.

In 1837, Saginaw was quite isolated, there was no communication with rest of the world, except by the Saginaw river, the bay and lakes, or by the old Indian trail to Flint. I have walked the old trail several times, it was a wet and dreary road, all the way through a dense forest with no improvements of any kind along it. My first journey over the trail was on the 18th day of September, 1838. I was on my way home for a visit. On my return I walked by the trail from Flint to Saginaw, carrying my trunk on my back. Again about the 25th of December, 1838, I walked over it on my way to Detroit to settle with the auditor of the State. Among my duties as assistant engineer was that of commissary of subsistence, and necessitated my expending some money for the State. In settling my accounts on the first clay of January, 1839, the auditor disputed an item of six boxes of soap in my bill, and insisted upon my taking the item out, saying that soap was a "luxury" that the State could not allow. I told him that we were "allowed brandy, whiskey and stock-ale," and that I thought soap just as necessary as liquors, and then occasionally when we forgot what was on our tin dishes last, we washed them, we also washed our own clothing and required soap for these purposes.

He finally audited my account and I returned by stage to Flint and then walked the old trail to Saginaw. During the fall of 1837 and the winter of 1837 and 1838, the line of the canal was located, and early in 1838 the contract for building the entire work was let to Smock & Little, and Byron Smock, son of the contractor, came from Detroit and went onto the work as superintendent for the contractors. The work of construction went along finely, until October,1839, when all of the timber for the locks was out and on the ground, and about one mile of the earth work completed financial embarrassment of the State stopped the work, the laborers were discharged without pay, and went to Saginaw City and threatened to mob all parties connected with the contract. They finally left after a big scare of the people of Saginaw, which was the end of the Saginaw and Grand River canal. The canal as projected was twenty miles long with ninety feet width and nine feet depth of water. In traveling between Saginaw and our canal work we were compelled to

use canoes, there being no roads or trails and the country was low, flat and wet, with numerous streams and bayous to cross that made it almost impossible to get there excepting by the rivers.

When I returned to Saginaw after my visit home in the fall of 1838, I found two of our engineering party there, shaking with the ague, and the following day I began shaking too. After a few days we concluded to go to our camp in the woods at Bad River. We started from Saginaw in a canoe early in the morning and by noon got to the mouth of Bad river, where we found the river so full of and snow that we couldn't force the canoe through it. We drew the canoe out on the bank and started to walk. The bayous forced us back from the river and it being cloudy and dark, we soon lost our points of compass, and traveled until dark without finding our camp. We lay down on the ground for the night and to add to our discomforts, it soon began raining, and rained all night. It was the latter part of November and quite cold. The next morning, wet, cold and nearly starved, we started at daylight and traveled the whole day until dark, and found no camp. After an hour's work we succeeded in getting a fire with flint and punk. We gathered a lot of wood and had a comfortable fire through the night. In the morning we started again at daylight and traveled hard until nearly dark. when Winthrop, one of our party said, "If you take us back to where we sat down on the log to rest, I can go to the fire where we stayed last night." I objected, but they both insisted upon going back. Feeling a little democratic at the time, I allowed the majority to rule, and soon took the party to the place Winthrop had designated, and then turned the lead over to Winthrop going some way behind, to see the course he would take. We traveled for an hour and came to the fire, I went about two hundred feet away from the fire, and found the place where I had given Winthrop the lead. Our third night out was just before us, we were wet, cold and hungry, three days had passed since we tasted food. I didn't sleep any that night, for I began to think that possibly we were lost, and I felt a little uneasy about the situation. It was the longest night that I ever experienced.

About an hour before daylight I was standing by the fire trying to dry my clothes and warm myself. I noticed a red appearance in the horizon and thought it was caused by the sun coming up. I called the other boys and we all felt certain that it was in the east. We knew that if we could travel east we would come to the Shiawassee marshes and could then find our way back to Saginaw. I selected three trees in range with the red appearance in the horizon, and ran a line by keeping three trees in range, determined that we should not stay a third night by that fire. About noon we found a thorn-apple tree loaded with fruit. We stripped the tree. filling our pockets and hats with the fruit, and went on our way rejoicing. A little before night I discovered that the ground fell off to our left, and I left the boys to watch our line, and went down about three hundred feet and came to the bank of Bad River. I called the boys and we examined the surrounding closely to be certain that we were right, for things were rather mixed. There was a large tree turned up at the roots, laying across the river that we had drawn a canoe over a hundred times, and we felt certain that we could not be mistaken in the tree, but as it now appeared to us the roots were on the wrong side of the river. and we wondered if some fellow had been there and changed ends with it. We were about two miles from where we left our canoe, and seven miles from our camp. There was no current in the stream, and we had some discussion as to which way was up the river and which down. We

concluded that the tree was just as we had always known it, the roots on the north side of the stream, and knowing that the river flowed easterly, we started up it. We soon came to a branch of Bad River that we had to cross, and found it frozen over, the ice about half an inch thick. I took a club and went in, swimming against the ice, and breaking it with the club. I got about half way across and the cold water forced me out. Winthrop then went in and succeeded in getting across. "Jimmie" a little Irishman of our party could not swim, so I helped him to get some long poles and we laid them out on the ice and "Jimmie" . crawled out on his hands and knees on the poles. And by hitching flrst one pole then the other, he succeeded in getting about two-thirds of the way over, when his poles slipped, apart and "Jimmie" went in through the ice. Winthrop and I helped him out, and we went on to another branch of Bad River that we crossed in the same way, only that "Jimmie"got safely over. We now had five miles before us to camp, with a good dry Indian trail on top of a high sandy ridge all the way. The joy at getting in satisfied all hunger, and we all went to bed with out eating.

During the winter of 1837and 1838 I made a survey of the Saginaw River from deep water in the bay to the head of the Saginaw, thence up the Shiawassee and Bad River to the canal, cutting holes in the ice and taking soundings, showing the channel and depth of water at all points. There were no residences along the Saginaw, Shiawassee or Bad River at that time, excepting at Saginaw City and one or two along the Saginaw, one, an old, dilapidated shanty, located, I think, where Bay City now is. There was no East Saginaw, or Bay City, or West Bay City then, and but one saw mill on the river below Saginaw City, located I think in what is now south Bay City. The people had hardly learned of the millions of wealth in the pine timber of the Saginaw valley, and no one thought of the salt that lay only a few feet under the surface, waiting the enterprise and energy of the people to develop into millions of wealth.

I was never more surprised in my life than on my return to the Saginaw valley in 1882, after forty-three years' absence found Saginaw City grown from a little hamlet to a beautiful city; East Saginaw transformed from a swamp in a wilderness to a large city, and Bay City built up from nothing to a beautiful and populous city. All of them with their fine public buildings substantial business blocks of stone and brick, their water-works paved streets and beautiful flagged walks, their street railways, commodious school buildings and palatial residences, and the Saginaw River spanned with a score of substantial iron bridges and the river's bank lined with mills, piles of lumber, salt blocks and manufactories, all of this together with the four or five railroads, taxed to their utmost capacity in transporting to market the lumber, salt and manufactured goods together with the products of the rich and well cultivated farms that abound in and surround the Saginaw valley. This was beyond my conception, and when I saw it I could hardly credit my eyes. The clearing the of the wilderness into well cultivated farms, and system of drainage tending to the improvement of health of the country, makes the Saginaw valley of today as desirable a place to reside in, either for health, pleasure or business, as America affords.

With high regards, yours very truly

E.L. Wentz

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REMEMBRANCES OF EARLY DAYS IN SAGINAW IN 1833

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by Ephraim Williams, of Flint

Michigan Pioneer Collections, Vol. 10, pages 142-147.

[Editor's Note: The following article was on my list to be published in Pioneer Record, when I had to give up the editorship in 1999. So it never actually appeared there, but is presented here in the spirit of the similar articles on Michigan's past.]

In those days there lived in Saginaw City an old Indian trader (then retired) by the name of John Baptiste Desnoyers. He became very much excited over stories the Indians had told him over and over again, that there were copper mines, very rich ones, far up Pine river in Gratiot county. He had several pieces of native copper, which the Indians had given him, which they said they had obtained from the rocks, and they said the place was a secret and they dare not inform the white man where it was, for the Great Spirit had enjoined upon them secrecy, under penalty of some severe punishment.

But Desnoyers worked upon one who professed to know all the secret by promise of presents, and paying him well if it proved a success. Under a solemn promise that he, Desnoyers, would never tell who gave him the information, the Indian agreed to pilot and go with Desnoyers to a spot near where the copper was. He could not go to the place, for he would be struck down by the Good Spirit, yet he would go so near as to point out or tell where to find the copper rock. After all this having been accomplished by Desnoyers in great secrecy, he came to me and gave me the secret as a confidential friend, and proposed that I should join him in the enterprise, and we would make an exploration privately.

I must say that I had very little faith in the story, knowing the Indian character and their strange ideas, but I could make the trip a business one, as we were going through a good country for trade with the Indians, therefore I went prepared to trade. We made our arrangements and in a few days started in a canoe, with our wise Indian for a guide up the Ta-ta-ba-was-say to forks, thence to Pine river, far above the present St. Louis, in Gratiot county, It was tedious, for the stream was quite rapid, but at last we came to high bluff banks and some little indications of rocks and gravelly shore.

The banks were perhaps from twenty to thirty or forty feet high, the shore was about twenty to thirty feet wide and in about the centre of it there was a large boulder. As we drew near this place our Indian became very nervous and uneasy, manifesting some fear.

As we landed here our Indian said that in the high bank was the copper mine, but he could not and would not go any farther. He lay in the canoe a little farther down the stream from where we landed. We then went up and examined the surroundings, but could not find any indications or signs of mineral. We then examined the boulder and found it worn smooth by the Indians. It was a sacred Indian god, which they all stopped

and worshiped by a speech and friendly smoke. They made speeches and left pieces of tobacco for the spirits to have a smoke. They also left other articles, and among them were pieces of copper, which we afterwards learned were cut from the copper boulder on the Ontonagan river, Lake Superior, by Indians. They looked upon them as sacred, and by leaving the pieces they dedicated them to their god, Boulder, and this was one cause of our informant's being so fearful of his being known, for probably he was the one who robbed their god.

The Indians are very peculiar in such matters, standing in great fear of offending the Good Spirit. This was the foundation of his story and trick upon Desnoyers.

We explored the high land back from the river, but did not find any rocks or indications of copper, but we found splendid farming land, which has since been converted into farms. Thus ended our early exploration for copper on Pine river, yet, I made it a profitable trip as I gathered many valuable furs, going prepared for trade. These rivers, in those days, abounded with Indians and game, and the Indians were good hunters and trappers. So ended one of many silly Indian humbugs.

Speaking of the copper boulder that was taken from Lake Superior and dedicated to the Washington monument by the State of Michigan, my father visited that boulder in the very early days, even before the War of 1812, and he cut quite a piece of the pure native copper from it, and took it to his family in Concord, Massachusetts, before we moved west. I remember it very well; it was looked upon as a great curiosity and wonder, hardly credible in those days, especially in that old Yankee land. I think that when the family came west it was donated to some of my father's and mother's friends.

I give a description of a trip I made to Lake Superior in the year 1846; The party consisted of Mr. Sherman Stevens, Mr. Hinsdale. who was a brother-in-law of Mr. Stevens, my brothers, A. F. Williams, late of California. and James M. Williams. now living in California, and myself. On our arrival at the Sault Ste. Marie we purchased a good boat. well equipped with oars, sails. etc., with a good tent and plenty of supplies, and started to coast it up Lake Superior, a jolly crew. The Sault canal was being excavated, and a steamer was being hauled across the portage from the head of the raids into Lake Superior. She was then near to being launched into Lake Superior, but she was having some trouble, and was delayed several days. This steamboat was built at Black Rock or Buffalo by a Mr. Palmer. She was built and rigged as a full rigged brig. a beautiful vessel and the only brig on the lake at the time. Not proving a success as a brig she was made into a steamboat and named the Julia Palmer. I think she was named in honor of Mrs. Palmer, wife of the owner.

We left and coasted as far as the Ontonogon river, stopping at all the points of interest, such as Eagle River, Eagle Harbor, and all the then mining points of interest. We encountered several heavy winds that we could not stand, always making for land, endeavoring lo make some outlet of a small stream down the mountains, where we found splendid trout fishing, and we enjoyed catching the beautiful little fellows. They would take the bait about as fast as we could take care of them. The mouths of these little runs down the mountains would be dammed up with sand that was washed up by the winds, forming little ponds that were full of trout; our bait was a small piece of white pork, and we often took a hundred trout in a very short time. While two fished, two cooked and kept camp, taking turn about.

As we left the Ontonagon river on our way down, after while we saw down the lake in the distance what we supposed was the steamer Julia Palmer, steaming for the first time up the lake for Copper Harbor. We were rejoiced to see her, for we were about tired of coasting. Giving three cheers for the Julia Palmer, we put in our best energies to get to Eagle Harbor before night, supposing the Julia Palmer would leave the next morning for the Sault, which she did, and we sold our boat and took passage down on way home, on board the first steamboat that was ever on Lake Superior.

There were several passengers on board and we requested the captain to run down by the Pictured Rocks, which he did, it being a beautiful, bright afternoon. The view of the rocks was beautiful beyond description. On our passage down the lake we passed near to and the spot was pointed out to us where Dr. Douglass Houghton was drowned. I felt sad, very for I was intimately acquainted with him; he was with us much of the time at Saginaw when he was locating the salt well for the state at Salt Spring on the Ta-ta-ba-was-say. Messrs. G.D. & E.S. Williams took the contract and made the brick for the well.

The doctor often urged us to use our mill steam power for boring a salt well near the mill at the foot of Mackinac street, city of Saginaw,. He pointing to the spot to bore, saying we were in just the best place to strike the salt basin, which in after years proved so, and was and is now worked by the Williams Brothers, sons of Gardner D. Williams. They manufacture from one hundred to one hundred and fifty barrels per day, using the surplus steam from their saw mill.

In years 1836, '37, and '38 we had living with us in Saginaw a gentleman and his family consisting of his wife and two beautiful daughters, by the name of Joseph J. Malden, formerly a sea captain. The captain and his family were very much esteemed and respected. Mrs. Malden was a good, motherly. lovely woman; the daughters were married in Saginaw; the eldest was married to James Busby, one to a Mr. Beach, and the other to a Mr. Palmer. Mr. Palmer established a. tannery, the first in Saginaw. In a few years he died, and at about the same time Mrs. Malden died. Both were much missed in our little settlement. The captain remained with us a few :years; he received the appointment of light house keeper at the Island of Mackinac.

Mrs. Palmer went with her father to Mackinac and kept house for him, and the last I knew of the captain he was at the Mackinac light house. He subsequently became blind and died about 1880 at Alpena. In 1861 I visited the captain and his daughter while we were stopping at the Mission house on the island for a few days.

In after years the city procured and located a fine cemetery ground above the city and the citizens purchased lots; all who had been buried in past years were removed to the cemetery. Mr. Palmer and Mrs. Malden were removed. On attempting to raise the casket of Mrs. Maiden, it was found ,that it could not be raised by the ordinary means; a power was provided to raise the casket, and upon examination it was found that the body had become petrified to solid stone and was just as natural in looks as it was on the day she died, not a particle of change. This was a very singular incident. as no other body in the same ground, even near Mrs. Malden's, was so changed. Mrs. Malden in life was a fleshy woman, weighing probably, 175 or 300 pounds.

In 1836 Mr. Palmer went to New York business, and while there he bought a very fine gold, English lever capped watch. paying for it one hundred and twenty dollars. After

his return and while erecting his tanner building and putting down his tan vats, he found it was costing more than he had expected. He then proposed to me to trade watches, saying he rather have more lumber and not quite so much watch. I had an English watch with the works similar to his, but in silver cases; it cost me forty five or fifty dollars; we traded and I paid the difference in lumber.

My reason for speaking of this is that I have the same watch now and I have carried
it since the year 1838 (fifty years) and it has always been and still is a faithful old friend, but it will not run on railroad time, or wrongly called I think, standard time. I concluded to let my clock run on old solar time, and as I was around among our town's people, and the city had adopted railroad time, I would start my old companion watch of fifty years on standard time.

To my surprise after a day or two my old friend stopped; I thought nothing, but started it again. The next day it stopped again, struck, perhaps, for better time. I tried it again, but at twelve o'clock in the day or night it would stop. I thought it strange, so I said. now my dear old friend, I will not ask you to do that I dislike to do myself and I cannot approve of, so I set the old fellow on the good old solar time, God's time, and I have had no trouble since, except that it runs a little slow, like its master. Perhaps you may think this is a little mixed, but it is true, and I assure you that the old watch and myself are pretty good friends and much attached to each other. The cases of this watch of fifty pears are as bright and perfect as most of the new ones of the present day.

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[The following lines were composed by my old esteemed friend, Capt. Jos. I. Malden, Saginaw City, 1838, while suffering under the horrors of fever and ague, and addressed to the malignant spirit supposed by the writer to preside over it.]

Avaunt, gaunt fiend, why, wicked demon, why
Comest thou again on me thy art to try?
Sure, I've not challenged thee, in dews, mist or rain,
Then why here now to torture me again?
What, twice in one season, why, thou worse than devil,
Bane of my health, and source of every evil,
Will you not stay your hand until you cause my death?
Say, would it not give thee pleasure to stop my breath?
May not perdition catch thy shivering form?
To fiery regions may'st thou quick be borne,
Thence drowned in sulphur, if thou need must shake,
Nor here again to come my health to break.
Or, if cold thou lov'st, may'st thou to Greenland go.
There buried in some everlasting snow.
Or in some iceberg's icy heart be bound.
And ne'er again by mortal man be found.
Or bound on some snow cap'd height on sterile Labrador,
And never have permit to haunt my family more,
Nor ere again in triumph thus ro roam

O'er this fair land which I have made my home.
Oh, for the tonic mixture's efficatious power!
With that good will a bottle or two I'd shower
On thy curs'd form, thou wicked elf,
But that I could not get to save myself.
Ah, did friend E.S. Williams know of thee, thy tricks,
I think a remedy he could quickly fix
Would drive thee hence --- sulphur or quinine,
Salts or Peruvian bark mixed with generous wine.
Or did our Bunnel know of this, my case,
With nostrums certain he would hither pace;
But, Oh, I'm left alone the war to wage
With thee, cursed imp, thou hast the withering gaze.

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SAGINAW 100 YEARS AGO [1790] AND THE ORIGIN OF A BAND OF INDIANS, AND OF THE NAME OF A LOCALITY IN GENESEE COUNTY.

By Albert Miller

[Editor's Note: The following article, like the previous one, was on my list to be published in Pioneer Record, when I had to give up the editorship in 1999. So it never actually appeared there, but is presented here in the spirit of the similar articles on Michigan's past.]

But few materials can be gathered from which a history of the Saginaw country prior to 1819 can be compiled.

The well known Indian tradition regarding the conquest of the country by the Chippewas of the north from the Sauks and their last sanguinary battle at Skull island. near Bay City, has been written by William R. McCormick Esq., and published in volume number seven of Pioneer Collections. In the "Pontiac manuscript," which is published in the eighth volume of Pioneer Collections, it is stated that on the last day of May, 1763, the great chief of the Saulteus (Sauteaux) of Saginaw Wasson, with two hundred Indians of his band, had arrived to reinforce the besiegers. The subsequent conduct of the chief and his followers as related in the manuscript confirms the generally received opinion regarding the savage nature and vindictive character of the Indians of the Saginaw country. It is stated that a, nephew of the great chief of the Saulteux of Saginaw, Wasson, was killed outside of the fort in a skirmish with the English, and that Wasson, furious that his nephew
had been killed, went to Pontiac's camp, abused him, and demanded that Mr Campbell should be given up to him. Pontiac conceded, and Wasson took Mr. Campbell to his camp, where he was stripped and massacred by the young men of Wasson's band, and his body thrown into the river, when it floated near to the residence of a Frenchman who buried it. [Mr. Campbell was an English officer who had placed himself us hostage in Pontiac's power at the beginning of the siege.]

When the country was first known to the whites in the early part of the present century there were found clumps of bearing apple trees at different points along the Saginaw and Tittabawassee Rivers, many of which indicated an age of fifty or sixty years. The generally received opinion as to their origin was that they spring from the seeds of apples brought from Canada by the Indians on their return from annual trips to receive their annuities from the British government. But a simple calculation will show that those trees commenced their growth long before the Indians had occasion to visit Canada for the purpose above mentioned.

Four or five years ago a stone was found on the banks of the Chippeway River, sixteen miles above Midland City, upon which had been sketched three faces, two Indians and one white man with a French inscription and the date 1771 plainly marked, which is

proof the country was known to the French prior to that date, and may account for the origin of those apple trees. But who were the adventurers, what became of them ?

The writer has heretofore advanced the theory that an attempt had been made by the Jesuits to establish a mission in that region, but that the savage character of the Indians had driven them from the field. Upon sending a letter of inquiry upon the subject to the late Judge James V. Campbell, a short time previous to his death, the answer came that. in a11 his researches he had never found anything written that would show that an attempt had been made by the Jesuits to establish a mission on the west side of Lake Huron.

But it can hardly be supposed that in the numerous voyages made around the great lakes by the early French explorers and Jesuits that they should have failed to discover the Saginaw bay and river, and the surrounding country, and its discovery would surely attract the attention of such travelers. It was the paradise of the hunter and trader, the animals from which the choicest of fur is obtained, such as the. beaver, otter, fisher, marten, mink and muskrat were found there in great abundance, also deer and bears and elk, and moose were found at the headwaters of the streams that empty into the Saginaw.

Large flocks of wild geese and ducks resorted to the stream to feed on the wild rice that grew in great abundance on their borders, and the waters were all stored with an abundant supply of the choicest varieties of fish.

Aside from all the attractions enumerated above, the fertility of the soil was such that with slight cultivation bestowed by the Indians it produced abundant crops of Indian corn, that indispensable article of food for the red man. As an indication of the extent of the cultivation of corn at Saginaw one hundred years ago we find a letter from Major De Peyster(1) commandant at the post of Mackinaw, dated May 13, 1779, written to General Haldilmand commander-in-chief of the British forces, stating that he, De Peyster, had sent to Saginaw to endeavor to procure six hundred bushels of corn to supply the post at Mackinaw. That the idea should prevail that a surplus of six hundred bushels of corn could be found among the Indians at Saginaw, shows that large tracts of land must have been cultivated there, which corresponds with the indications that were found by the first permanent white settlers.

It appears from the report of a committee appointed by, Lord Dorchester in December 1788 for the purpose of bringing to the knowledge of government the condition of inland commerce. that of the four merchant vessels navigating the great lakes in 1789, two of them were built at the Saginaw bay, to wit: The sloop, Saginaw, in 1787, registering thirty-six and one-half tons, and the sloop, Esperance, in 1788, registering twenty and four-tenths tons. The probability is that the vessels were built on the banks of the Saginaw River, for that whole region was then known as the Saginaw bay country.

After Major De Peyster had been transferred from the command of the post at Mackinac, and had taken that of the post at Detroit, and Captain Sinclair. put in

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(1) Major Arent Schuyler De Peyster. See Vol. IX;, p. 352, this series for note in appendix

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command at Mackinaw, there seemed to hare been a prejudice on the part of Sinclair against De Peyster. In a letter from Sinclair to Brehm(l) dated July 1780 among other fault findings with De Peyster he writes "canoes are allowed to come contrary to orders. They bring tattling letters. The last canoe brings a Mr. Finchley, known to be ill-disposed to the service. A Mr. Fisher, of Albany, is allowed to winter in the Saginaw bay [country] where there are rebel belts."

The last item throws light upon the name of a locality in Genesee county and on the origin of a band of white Indians, who have long resided there. The idea prevailed among the early settlers of the locality that the name Grand Blanc (Big White) originated from its having been the place of residence of a big white savage. But the writer has been informed by Peter C. Andre, Esq., of Saginaw, but a native of Detroit, where his ancestors had resided for generations, that the "Big White," from whom the name of the locality was derived, was an Indian trader named Fisher, who was well known to his (Andre's:) father in the early years of the present century. Fisher married an Indian woman or half-breed and raised a family and some of his descendants are living in that vicinity at the present time. An obituary notice of one of them may be found in the memorial report of Genesee county. published in the seventh volume of Pioneer Collections:

There is but little doubt that the foregoing is a correct statement, and that the Mr. Fisher from Albany., who was allowed to winter in the Saginaw bay country, one hundred and ten years ago, was the progenitor of the Fisher band of Indians who resided at Copenic
Conie lake, and was well known to the writer sixty years ago. They had light complexions, light hair and blue eyes, but their habits were wholly Indian. Mr. Andre says Fisher was a large man from which circumstances the name Grand Blanc. (Big White) was given to the locality. The correspondence between the British officers during the time of the revolutionary war: that is published in the Pioneer Collections has but little to say about the Saginaw country, but the statements in reference to transactions in other parts of the northwest, makes it very interesting rending.

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(1) See letter in Vol. VII. P. 578, this series.

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Farmer Feels Better When He Remembers First 100 Years

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Tractors, Individual Drinking Cups for Cows Make Nice Contrast With Past

The Midland Republican, Thursday, April 23, 1931 - With a wet and a dry season just behind them, with the price of milk down and feed up, Midland farmers get an occasional extra blue Monday, they say. But all they have to do is think back a ways to cheer up.

Adoniran J. Franklin snug in his Ingersoll farmstead home with furnace, bath, electric lights and all other comforts of home, knows what used to be like. So does "Tom" Reeves, Sr. These two are about the "longest" residents in Poseyville.

"Why, we had to carry our groceries on our backs from Midland," Mr. Franklin said Monday. "We were tickled to death when we got to the point where we could drive the cattle into town and bring out stuff that way. We didn't even have any horses for a long time. We thought we were getting well advanced when we got them.

"There were two pieces of corduroy on the road -- one on the line where they're digging the new ditch now, and the other just north of Doll's. The road turned east by Doll's there and followed the sand ridge around to come out by Cameron's.

"When I came here from Canada, I had a yoke of oxen and a plow and an ax," he said. "I cradled grain with a cradle. Now we have a tractor, a three-bottom plow, and a 10-foot binder. We don't work like we used to," he said. "Now we ride to do all our work."

The hardest day's work he ever did was chopping a clearing for his fine farm.

"You had to chop down the trees and log them and burn them up," he says. "The chopping was the hardest work I ever did. Then we had to dig out the stumps and have oxen pull them out."

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CIVIL WAR SOLDIER BURIED TODAY

MIDLAND REPUBLICAN, May 24, 1928 - Andrew J. Shepherd, 83 Years Old, Passed Away At Edenville; ill since November Andrew J. Shepherd, 83 years of age, passed away Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock, following a lingering illness. He had been sick since last November and it is believed that diseases incident to old age caused his death.

When a young boy, Andrew Shepherd come to Michigan from New York State in 1863. When he grew up he worked in the lumber camps of Midland, Saginaw and Gladwin Counties and experienced the ordeals of pioneer life in this locality.

Fifty-five years ago, at Clare, he was united in marriage with Miss Mitchell, who came here from Oakland county. The Shepherds then settled on a farm in Edenville, which since that time has been their home. He came to the county in 1864.

Mr. Shepherd was a veteran of the Civil War, when he served in Co. A of the first Michigan Provost Guards. His enlistment began January 1, 1863 and lasted until March 23rd of that year when he was honorably discharged.

The aged man was prominent in the public affairs of his home township, served as a justice of the peace, was a delegate to several Republican Conventions, and was a state land appraiser.

Surviving are four daughters and two sons, who are: Mrs. Carrie Spencer of Oxford, Michigan, Mrs. Laura Noble of Tampa, Florida, Mrs. Mae Smith of Hope and Mrs. Bessie Packard of Traverse City; George Shepherd of Edenville and Will Shepherd of Midland; two brothers James of Portland, Oregon and Eugene of Edenville.

The funeral service will be held this afternoon, at two o'clock, at the Edenville Church, with Rev. E. Roloff of the Hope Baptist Church officiating, and burial in the Edenville Cemetery. The pall bearers will be: Dan Patterson, Dormer Wilson, Royal Marsh, Alfred Bacon, John Flock and Henry Smith.

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BODIES, TREASURE CHESTS, AND SUCH, ALL PLAY A PART IN A GROVE ON A DARK NIGHT

August 8, 1929 — We were goin by the First Ward School grounds the other night (guess it was a week ago Tuesday) and happened to see a couple of flashlights winking in a small grove near there so we sauntered over kinda slow like, to find out what was takin place.

"Buryin somebody, mebbe," we happened to think and was just about ready to fade slowly out of the picture, when some one crawlin around off their hands and knees almost bumped into us. We let out a whoop and started off to lower the two mile mark but got tangled up in the brushwood and fell flat. Somebody came up and stuck a flashlight in our face and said, "shush." We shushed.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the man with the flashlight.

"Lyin," sez we meekly, and then we recognized the villain as none other than our friend, Jack Cline, the playground instructor.

"Whew! But that's a relief!" we sez as we got up and mopped our forehead.

Then we happened to look behind us and there was somebody else comin up with a flashlight so we flopped right down again in the bushes and started to moan a little to ourselves.

"What's the matter with you?" Jack asked kinds surprised like. "That's Miss Polak."

We crawled out of the bushes again rather shamefaced, and looked slowly about us to see if there was any one else crawlin around besides Miss Polak, the other instructor. Not noticin anybody we began to breath more freely.

"We got it almost buried when you came along and started yelling," sez Jack,

"Buried!" we cried. "Buried! Oooooh!" And started for the bushes again.

"Say what the dickens is the matter with you anyway?" demanded Jack grabbin us by the arm. "Can't people bury treasures without you goin around moanin and carryin on like that?"

"Then it's only a treasure and not a body?" we stammered.

"Who said anything about a body," sez Jack. "You've just been readin Sherlock Holmes again I bet."

Much reassured we walked over to the place where the treasure was being deposited and watched Miss Polak and Mr. Cline cover it up. It was in a good sized box and was fast disappearing beneath the sand when we recovered our senses.

"Say, what is it anyway?" we demanded.

"That's a secret," sez Miss Polak. "It's a treasure for our treasure hunt tomorrow. All the boys and girls at the playground are going to hunt for it and we had to bury it at night so they wouldn't see us."

"So that's what you were crawlin around on your hands and knees for," we sez.

The next day we came around to see what the treasure was and saw the boys and girls chasing around all over the world to find it. When they had found some of the notes they got closer to it and we began to get rather excited ourselves.

We wanted to help out one poor little fellow who seemed to be behind the rest and were about to show him where it was, when we saw Jack Cline looking at us rather meaningly, so we decided it would be best to control our benevolent impulses.

They found the chest finally. It was filled with candy kisses and such things. The children got a great kick out of it, but we were kinda disappointed. Jack was right; there wasn't any body.

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The Genealogist's Psalm

by Wildamae Brestal
From "Trackings," Crawford Co., Ohio Genealogical Society

Genealogy is my pastime, I shall not stray.
It maketh me to lie down and examine half-buried tombstones.
It leadeth me into still courthouses;
It restoreth my ancestral knowledge.
It leadeth me in the paths of census records and ships passenger lists for my surname's sake.
Yeah, though I walk through the shadow of research libraries and microfilm readers, I shall fear no discouragements; for a strong urge is within me;
It demandeth preparation of storage space for acquisition of countless documents;
it annointest my head with burning midnight oil.
Surely birth, marriage and death dates shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the house of a family-history seeker forever.

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THE TREATY OF SAGINAW OF 1819 - Part 1

by Charles P. Avery
From the Pioneer Directory of the Saginaw Valley, 1866-1867,
by Thomas and Galatian

The various Indian nations within the United States having been always treated as independent powers, although living within our borders, and after the Revolutionary war, as well as after the War of 1812, as helpless, and their tenure as frail as tenants at sufferance, no negotiation or agreement with them, as nations, would have been deemed valid unless entered into by the President and approved by the Senate of the United States -- the treaty-making and treaty-ratifying powers.

The action of the President and Senate was an indispensable prerequisite to any valid disposition of their possessory rights, and as a power delegated by the States, under the national Constitution, it took precedence of all action on their part.

Although living with our borders, and answerable to our criminal law for all violations of the peace and for crimes, we have always granted them the right of internal or domestic polity, and at no time when they have lived in bands, according to the custom of their fathers, have we sought to throw over them our civil code. Where individuals of those races have separated themselves from their tribal associations and have lived isolated, they have been generally treated as citizens and made amenable to our civil code regulating the rights of property, real and personal, its descent and distribution.

As a fact in the history of nations, it is certainly anomalous and singular that there should have been and now are distinct and independent governments with the limits of our national sovereignty -- instances of an *Imperium in imperio*. But such as been at all times the fact from the early history of the Republic down to the present time; a course of action and a treatment of that unfortunate and now fast disappearing race of people, inaugurated and insisted upon by the great and good Washington with his refined and high sense of national equity.

By this view which he and successive administrators of our national affairs took our their condition, we recognized the possessory rights of the Indians. They were substantial rights which could only be parted with at treaties fairly made, at public and open councils of the natives, where the General Government should be represented by its agent, and everythmg done fairly, freely and without the least taint of authority or duress.

This was the theory of those councils, and the wise and humane intention of Washington and of the Government. If violated in any instance to the injury of the weaker party, and there were doubtless exceptional instances of such violation, it should be attributed to corrupt individual action and not to the expressed and well known instructions of the proper department of our Government.

The first treaty of importance which was made for the extinguishment of the Indian title to the soil of what now comprises the State of Michigan was the one entered into by William Hull, then Governor of Michigan, as a territory, and ex-officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs, with the natives at Detroit, in 1807, when a tract of land in the south-eastern part of the State was ceded by them to our Government.

Detroit and a belt of land adjacent to it, lying along the river and lake, six miles in width, were not affected by the grant, we having before that succeeded to the possessory rights of Great Britain to the District of Detroit, so called, which she had held for a series of years, co-extensive with the claims of her predecessor, France; and which by the Treaty of Greenville, made by General Wayne, on behalf of our Government in 1795, had been re-assured to and made perfect in us. With that exception, the title to the south-easterly part of our State was obtained from the natives by the treaty of 1807.

The northerly line of this grant included only small portions of what are now the counties of Lapeer and Genessee, and was a little north of their southern boundaries, thus leaving the Saginaw River and its principal affluents, the Flint, the Cass, and &c., entirely unaffected by the provisions of that treaty.

This portion of the state remained in Indian possession, with the rights of the natives intact and unaffected, until the Treaty of Saginaw of 1819.

In that treaty we are particularly interested, for the cession of lands then made by the natives, with the reservations therein provided for, include the rich and flourishing valleys of the Saginaw and its tributaries.

General Cass was commissioned to act as the agent of the General Government in securing to it this important addition to our territory.

He was then in the vigor of his manhood, with a laudable ambition to achieve a national reputation and to identify himself by his exertions with the acquisition of such a valuable body of land, and feeling that the influx of immigration, then beginning to be felt at Detroit and its vicinity, required a wider domain for it to spread over, and with the greater security it would give to life and property of settlers upon the domain which had been enterprise into which he was about to embark, and that if successful it would be an achievement upon which any statesman might well ground a claim for the gratitude of those then living at and near Detroit, and might be excused if he looked to such achievement as the ground-work of future national honors.

He appeared upon the Saginaw, upon the site of what is now Saginaw City, on the 10th of September, A. D. 1819, with his staff of interpreters and assistants.

They made the journey, the whole distance upon horseback, from Detroit by way of Flint, and thence down the river by the way of what was until lately the Indian Reservation of Pe-won-ny-go-wingh, which was at that time the tribal home of the Chief Ne-ome and his successor in the Chieftainshp, Tone-dok-a-ne.

Before starting from Detroit the General had directed Mr. Louis Campau, who had been since 1816 an established Indian Trader at that point upon the Saginaw, to build the Council House and make the necessary arrangements for the reception of the Commissioner and his company. No other man could have been so appropriately selected to meet the Commissioner's expectations and aid him in the details of the enterprise.

Mr. Campau yet survives, an aged gentleman but with an accurate memory, a fine representative of the better class of early French pioneers, a liberal, public spirited and worthy citizen.

Two government vessels, laden with stores for the subsistence of those upon the treaty ground, were sent around by lakes St. Clair and Huron. On one of these was a company of United States soldiers, commanded by Captain Cass, a brother of the

General, who had been ordered to the treaty ground for the protection of those in attendance.

By the time the Commissioner, with his staff of interpreters, secretaries and assistants had arrived, Mr. Campau and his employees had constructed the Council House. It was spacious and commodious, extending several hundred feet along the bank of the river, a few rods back from the shore, and of the requisite width to accommodate the large number of natives who were expected to be present. Situated nearly between the present site of the Webster House and the river, but several rods farther down on the slight ridge or second rise from the shore, its position was commanding and pleasant.

Trees conveniently situated, furnished the columns of the Council Hall, and boughs interlaced above made the roof. The sides and ends were open. It was of an order of architecture not recognized by Ruskin, Downing, Upjohn or any professional writer upon that branch of science. It was doubtless more nearly assimilated to that Temple described by the Great Poet of nature, Bryant, in the opening of his Forest Hymn. one of the finest of all his fine poems:

"The Graves were God's first temples; ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave
And spread the roof above them, ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems."

A platform made of logs, faced or evened by the axe, elevated about a foot above the ground, and broad enough to accommodate upon rustic benches, Commissioner Cass and the other officials, occupied the central portion of the Council Room.

Huge logs in their native roughness had been rolled in upon the other space to be used as seats by the native lords of the soil when in solemn council. The bordering woods were dotted with temporary wigwams, hastily and rudely constructed by the natives for the accommodation of themselves and families during the pendency of the negotiation.

Among other preparations, temporary but convenient additions to his trading house had been made by Mr. Campau, sufficiently spacious to make a good sized dining room for the large number of officials present, and comfortable quarters for the Commissioner. The number of Indians present at the time of his arrival was not as large as was expected. Messengers or runners had been sent among the different bands, some living quite remote from the place of holding the Council, to notify them of the proposed treaty, and others were sent out for like purpose after the fact became apparent that some localities were not properly represented.

The number present upon the Treaty ground on the day when the third, which was the fullest Council that was held, has been variously estimated from one thousand five hundred to four thousand. They were mainly Chippewas, but not all. There were present some Ottawas of pure and mixed blood, and although in our State papers the parties to the treaty are spoken of as the United States on the one side and the Chippewa nation on the other, there are the names of Chiefs and head-men affixed to the treaty who were of Ottawa descent.

(To be Concluded in Part 2.)

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THE TREATY OF SAGINAW OF 1819 - Part 2

Indian and Pioneer Incidents of the Saginaw Valley.
by Charles P. Avery

Found in the Pioneer Directory of the Saginaw Valley, 1866-1867,
by Thomas and Galatian

There were but three regular Councils or audiences held during the ten or twelve days that the negotiations were pending. At such formal Councils the chiefs, warriors, head-men and braves, only were called and admitted into the Council Hall, although the sides being open and the opportunity for sharing and seeing unimpeded, the Indian women and their children gathered in timid groups close by. They were silent but by no means disinterested spectators of the solemn negotiations proceeding within, which involved no less than a full and final surrender of the burial places of their fathers, the ancient hunting grounds of their people, the fair and beautiful heritage of forest and corn ground, lake and river.

At the first Council General Cass made known to the natives through Henry Conner and Whitmore Knaggs, experienced and highly respected Indian Traders, and as interpreters most competent, the object of his journey from Detroit and the general purposes of our Government. He endeavored to impress upon them the paternal regard which their Great Father at Washington had for their welfare, and the hope that the peaceful relations which had existed between them since the close of the war should be rendered perpetual. He reminded them of their condition as a people, the swelling of the wave of civilization toward their hunting grounds, the growing scarcity of game, the importance and necessity of turning their attention more to agriculture, and relinquishing the more uncertain mode of living by the chase, and the better condition they would ultimately be in by confining themselves to reservations ample for the purposes of agriculture, to be provided for them by the proposed treaty, and the cession of the residue of the territory then occupied by those who were there represented, upon such forms and guarantees as their condition required, including therein stipulated annuities.

He was answered by their chief speakers with a gravity and eloquence peculiar to Indian Councils.

Three Chiefs of high repute acted as speakers for the Indians, who survived for some years after the treaty, and were known to some of the earlier settlers in the valley. Their names were oftentimes pronounced by our early traders and pioneers differently, and are found in documents with different orthography, but as then appear at the foot of the treaty they are Mish-e-ne-na-non-e-quet, O-ge-maw-ke-ke-to, and also at the first Council Kish-kaw-ko.

At the subsequent Councils the latter was not present, except at the last, and then merely to affix his totem to the treaty after it had been engrossed for execution. He had put himself out of condition at the close of the first day by drinking, and remained in a state quite unpresentable as a speaker for the residue of the time.

He was an Indian of violent temper, and in the excitement of liquor was reckless in the commission of outrage. Subsequent to the treaty, after many acts of violence, he was arrested and died in prison at Detroit.

He was less dangerous in his wigwam quietly drunk than in the Council Room tolerable sober. The chief speaker, O-ge-maw-ke-ke-to, opposed the proposition made by Commissioner Cass with indignation. His speech as remembered by persons still surviving, who were interested listeners, was a model of Indian eloquence. He was then quite young, not over twenty-five years of age, above the average height, and in his bearing, grace- ful and handsome; although in the later years of his life he was often seen intoxicated, he never fully lost a look of conscious dignity which belonged to his nature as one of the original lords of the soil.

In true eloquence he was probably hardly surpassed by the Seneca Chief, Sa-go-ye-wat-ha (Red Jacket). His band lived at the Forks of the Tittabawassee, and like the famous Seneca Chief he wore upon his breast a superb government medal.

He addressed the Commissioner: "You do not know our wishes. Our people wonder what has brought you so far from your homes."

"Your young men have invited us to come and light the Council fire. We are here to smoke the pipe of peace, but not to sell our lands. Our American Father wants them. Our English Father treats us better. He has never asked for them. Your people trespass upon our hunting grounds. You flock to our shores. Our waters grow warm. Our land melts like a cake of ice. Our possessions grow smaller and smaller. The warm wave of the white man rolls in upon us and melts us away. Our women reproach us. Our children want homes. Shall we sell from under them the spot where they spread their blankets? We have not called you here. We smoke with you the pipe of peace."

To this the Commissioner replied with earnestness, reproving the speaker for arrogant assumption; that their Great Father at Washington had just closed a war in which he had whipped their Father, the English King and the Indians too; that their lands were forfeited in fact by the rules of war, but that he did not propose to take them without rendering back an equivalent, not withstanding their late acts of hostility; that their women and children should have secured to them ample tribal reserves on which they could live, unmolested by their white neighbors, where they could spread their blankets and be aided and instructed in agriculture.

The Council for the day closed. The Commissioner with his staff of earnest and devoted assistants, composed of gentlemen distinguished at Indian Councils, Whitmore Knaggs, known to the natives as O-ke-day-ben-don, and beloved by them; Henry Conner, known to them as Wa-be-sken-dip, meaning literally white-head, significant of the color of his hair; Col. Beaufait, G. Godfroy, sub agent, John Harson and other gentlemen of deserved influence with the Chippewas, all retired to their lodgings disappointed and anxious, while the Chiefs and head-men of the natives retired to their wigwams in sullen dignity, unapproachable and unappeased. Certainly a very unpropitious opening of the great and important undertaking and trust which General Cass had in hand.

The juncture was a critical one, and for a full appreciation of it a brief allusion to the relative status of the two who were about to become contracting parties to the treaty, but whose minds had not yet met, becomes pardonable if not necessary.

The proposition for a cession of the Indian title came from us not them. Their possessory control by our uniform recognition and action was as yet perfect. For any lawless or vindictive act upon the treaty ground there would have been immunity from immediate punishment, and probably ultimate escape. The whites, comparatively, were few in number. The military company on board of the schooner, anchored in the stream, was quite inadequate to successful resistance against an organized and general outbreak.

Sufficient time had not elapsed to wash out the bitter memories of border feuds, of fancied or real wrong. Foot-prints were yet fresh upon the war-path. Indeed only the fifth summer had passed since that war had closed, which had laid low many Chippewa warriors. Our Commissioner,.and his staff of assistants had placed themselves voluntarily within their strong hold upon the Saginaw, to which no pale face had penetrated throughout that formidable struggle, unless as pinioned and care- depressed captives, with the exception of the single memorable instance of the daring trader, Smith, to rescue from captivity the children of the Boyer family, who had been taken captives with their father from their homes upon Clinton river, near Mount Clemens.

Here, within a half dozen summers previous, they had drilled in martial exercise, trained themselves to warlike feats, and prepared for those deadly incursions into our frontier settlements, and for those more formidable engagements where disciplined valor was called upon to breast their wild charge. After the bloody raid, to this valley they looked as to a fastness, and to it returned with their captives and streaming trophies.

And here too had been for generations their simple altar in the unpruned forests, their festivals, called by us without reference to their true significance their dances, when thanks went up to the Great Spirit for the yearly return of the successive blessings of a fruitful season, following to its source, with direct purpose and thankful hearts, the warm ray which gave to them the trickling sap, which reddened the berry, which embrowned the tassel of the corn and perfected their slender harvest.

Ne-ome, the chief of one of the largest bands of the Chippewas, occupied and assumed to control the most southerly portion of their then national domain.

The Flint river, with its northerly affluents was by the line of the treaty of 1807, left a little north of the border in full Indian possession. It was called by the natives Pewon-nuk-ening, meaning literally the river of the Flint, and by the early French traders, La Pierre, as was the principal fording or crossing place of that river, called by them Grand Traverse, a few rods below the Flint City bridge. By the Chippewas the site of that city was called Mus-cu-ta-wa-ingh, meaning the open plain burnt over.

That river, after leaving the northerly part of Lapeer County, bears southerly to the Grand Traverse (City of Flint), and then curves northerly to meet the Saginaw; the crescent, which it thus describes, lying upon the southern border or nearly so, of what were the home possessions, intact and unaffected by previous treaties, of those bands of Chippewas whose chiefs and head-men met General Cass in Council at Saginaw.

Well beaten trails upon the Flint and its tributaries, reaching to their head waters and upon all the affluents of the Saginaw all converging to the main river as the centre, forming a network of communication which might not inaptly be com- pared to an open fan, with the handle resting upon the treaty ground, gave the Chippewas. upon the banks of those streams, unobstructed access by land, as well as by canoes upon the rivers, to

the Commissioner in Council. The advancing wave of white settlements had already approached and in some instances had without authority, encroached upon the southerly border of their network of trails upon the Flint.

In point of location, geographically, Ne-ome and his powerful band stood at the door, the very threshold of the large body of land which our Government, through its faithful and earnest Commissioner, wanted. To any one standing at Detroit and looking northerly to the beautiful belt of land laying westerly of the river St. Clair and Lake Huron, it was plain that the old Chief, Neome, stood, unless well disposed toward the treaty, indeed a lion in the path.

Ne-ome was honest and simple-minded, evincing but little of the craft and cunning of his race, sincere in his nature, by no means astute, firm in his friendships, easy to be persuaded by any benefactor who should appeal to his Indian sense of gratitude; harmless and kind.

In stature he was short and heavily moulded. With his own people he was a chief of patriarchal goodness, and his name is never mentioned by any of the members of his band, even at this re mote day, except with a certain traditionary sorrow, more impressive, in its mournful simplicity, than a labored epitaph.

After General Cass had made known the purpose of the Government in calling the Council, he found the Chippewas as before detailed, with minds by no means disposed to treat or cede.

There was a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. That power rested in the hands of an Indian trader who was known to the Chippewas as Wa-be-sins, (the Young Swan), and to the border settlers as Jacob Smith. He had been for a long time a trader among the Indians at different points on the Flint and Saginaw, both before and after the War of 1812. His principal trading post which he made his permanent one, the same year of the treaty, was at the Grand Traverse of the Flint, in the First Ward of that City, near where the Baptist Church now stands.

By long residence among them he had assimilated his habits and ways of living to those of the natives, even to the adoption of their mode of dress, and spoke their language fluently and correctly. He was generous to them, warm-hearted and intrepid. Though small in stature and light in weight, he was powerful as well as agile. Like most men living upon our Indian frontier, he had become the father of a half-breed family, one of whom, a daughter, by the name of Mo-kitch-e-no-qua, was then living.

Skilled in woodcraft, sagacious and adroit, he may be said to have equaled, if not excelled, the natives in many of those qualities which, as forest heroes, they most admire.

Brought into almost daily intercourse with the large band of Chippewas upon the Saginaw and its tributaries, the opportunity was at hand of ingratiating himself into the confidence of the chief and head men of that influential branch of the natives known as Ne-ome's band, and it is safe to say, that of the one hundred and fourteen chiefs and head men of the Chippewa nation, whose totems were affixed to the treaty, there was not one with whom he had not dealt and to whom he had not extended some act of friendship; either in dispensing the rites of hospitality at his trading post, or in substantial advances to them of bread or blankets, as their necessities may have required.

He had entrenched himself in their friendship, and, at the time of the treaty, so nearly had he identified himself with the good old chief, Ne-ome, that each ever hailed the

other as brother. Even to this day, Sa-gos-e-wa-qua, a daughter of Ne-ome, and others of his descendants now living, when speaking of Smith and the old chief, invariably bring their hands together, pressing the two index fingers closely to each other, as the Indian's symbol of brotherhood and warm attachment.

Upon the treaty ground the two friends acted unitedly and in perfect unison.

Smith had no position at the treaty, either as interpreter for or agent of General Cass. He was personally known to the General, for when not at his trading post he was at Detroit, where he had a white family, but it is evident that he was looked upon with some distrust by the commissioner.

For days the most active efforts of the authorized interpreters and agents of the government were ineffectual in conciliating Ne-ome, O-ge-maw-ke-ke-to and the other chiefs. Not a step of progress was made until Mr. Knaggs and other agents, who assumed, but with what authority is somewhat doubtful, to speak for the government outside of the council room, had promised the faithful Ne-ome that in addition to various and ample reservations for the different bands, of several thousand acres each, there should be reserved as requested by Wa-be-sins, (Smith,) eleven sections of land of six hundred and forty acres each, to be located at or near the Grand Traverse of the Flint. Eleven names as such reserves, all Indian names, were passed over to Mr. Knaggs on a slip of paper in his tent.

A council was again called several days after the first one and fully attended by all the chiefs and warriors. This with some other points of difficulty had become quieted. The storm which at first threatened to overwhelm the best efforts of the Commissioner and the active agents had passed over, and in its place a calm and open discussion ensued of the terms and basis upon which a just and honorable treaty should be, and at length was concluded. There was but one more general council held, which was mainly formal, for the purpose of having affixed to the engrossed copy of the treaty, the signatures of General Cass and the witnesses, and the totems of the chiefs and head men of the Chippewas and Ottawas.

A removal of the Chippewas west of the Mississippi, at least west of Lake Michigan, was one of the purposes sought to be gained by our Government at the treaty, in addition to the cession of the valuable body of land lying upon the Saginaw and its affluents. In the instructions from the War Department to the Commissioner, this purpose is set out among others; but it was discovered by the General, soon after his arrival at the council, that it was impossible to carry out that part of his instructions which related to the removal of the Indians without hazarding the consummation of a treaty upon any terms.

This country had been so long occupied by their people, and was so well adapted to their hunter state, in the remarkable abundance of fish in its rivers, lakes and bays, and in the game yet left to them and not very materially diminished in the forest, that they were not inclined to listen to any proposition of removal.

The exterior lines of the territory ceded at this treaty, were as follows: "Beginning at a point on the present Indian boundary line which runs due north from the mouth of the Great Au Glaize, six miles south of the place where the Base Line, (so called), intersects the same," (in the north-easterly part of what is now Jackson County;) "thence west sixty miles," (to a point in Kalamazoo County;) "thence in a direct line to the head of Thunder

Bay River thence down the same, following the course thereof, to the mouth; thence north-east to the boundary line between the United States and the British Province of Upper Canada; thence with the same to the line established by the Treaty of Detroit of 1807; thence with the said line to the place of beginning."

An amusing incident occurred at the close of the treaty. Although hardly rising to the dignity of history, it is so illustrative of the state of things upon the treaty ground, that it may be worth preservation even if a little below the gravity of historical record.

The execution of the treaty was consummated about the middle of the afternoon of the last day. The silver, which was to be paid to the Indians upon its completion, was counted out upon the table in front of the Commissioner, for distribution. The Saginaw chiefs and head men being largely indebted to Mr. Louis Campau, for goods before furnished, had put themselves under a promise to him that he should receive at least fifteen hundred dollars of the amount, in satisfaction of his just claims.

The Commissioner informed the Indians that all of the money was theirs, and if it was their will that Mr. Carnpau's debt should be first paid to him, to so signify and it should be done. Three other traders were present with goods for sale, and were by no means pleased to see so large a proportion of the money thus appropriated. Smith was one of the three traders. He urged the turbulent and besotted Kish-kaw-ko and his brother to object. They addressed the Commissioner: "We are your children; we want our money in our hands."

In accordance with this wish, the commissioner directed the money to be paid to them, and Mr. Campau received none of his pay from that fund. To use Mr. Carnpau's language: "I jumped from the platform and struck Smith two heavy blows in the face; he was smart as steel, and I was not slow; but Louis Beaufait, Conner, and Barney Campau got between us and stopped the fight. So I lost my money and they cheated me out of a good fight besides." "But," continued Mr. Campau, "I had my satisfaction that night. Five barrels of whiskey were opened by the United States Quarter Master for the Indians. I ordered ten of mine to be opened, and two men to stand with dippers at the opened barrels. The Indians drank to fearful excess. At ten o'clock the General sent Robert Forsyth to me, to say: "The Indians are getting dangerous; General Cass says, stop the liquor." I sent word back to him, "General, you commenced it."

"A guard was detained to surround my door. Soon after some Indians from the Bay were coming to my store, and the guard tried to keep them out with the bayonet. In the scuffle, one of the Indians was stabbed in the thigh. The war-whoop was given, and in fifteen minutes the building containing my store and the General's headquarters, were surrounded by excited Indians with tomahawks in their hands. They came from all points. Cass came to the door of his lodgings, looking very grotesque, with a red bandanna handkerchief tied about his head, exclaiming "Louis! Louis! stop the liquor; we shall all be killed. I say stop the liquor, Louis." I said to him, "General, you commenced it; you let Smith plunder me and rob me, but I will stand between you and all harm."

He called out to me again, "Louis! Louis! send those Indians to their wigwams." I said. "Yes. General but you commenced it." Mr. Campau said in closing, "I lost my money, I lost my fight; I lost my liquor; but I got good satisfaction."

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ST. LOUIS DINNER HOST TELLS HONORE OF UNIQUE COURTHOUSE IN MIDLAND

August 15, 1929 ---- "Yes," said Paul Honore, Detroit artist, whose work with plastic decoration has made the courthouse here a matter of national fame, "I hear a great deal about it. People seem to know of it."

Mr. Honore, who arrived in Midland Friday to assist in judging for the Garden Show, had been asked whether he was constantly questioned regarding the work on the courthouse, which was the first of its kind completed.

"A peculiar thing happened once," he said, smiling. "I was attending a dinner in St. Louis, given by a Dr. Bostwick. I sat next to him and his wife. During the course of the conversation, they began to tell me about a courthouse that had just been done. At first they couldn't remember where it was, but finally it developed that it was in Midland. I think they said it was something very unique. It was a queer sensation to hear them telling me about it. Finally, I did tell them, though, that I knew something about it -- that I had been there while it was done."

Mr. Honore smiled his characteristic smile, which might almost be termed modest. His manner, while it carries the underlying assurance of a man already highly successful in his art, was a bit deprecatory, too as he replied to questions regarding his work since completing the structure here.

As among the most interesting of his commissions he mentioned murals for the Dearborn Public Library. Shepherds and astronomers are shown gazing at the stars, illustrating "The Aspiration of Knowledge." Another panel shows an Indian scene depicting "The Application of Knowledge."

Four murals for the recreation room of the People's Church in Lansing, illustrate subjects both religious and historical. One shows the anointing of Saul; another David playing before the tents of Saul; the last two show the first Thanksgiving, and the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.

"We chose those subjects," said the artist, "because they were religious and at the same time definitely historical as well."

Allegorical

"I have just completed," continued Mr. Honore, "a mural for the American State Bank in Detroit. The canvas will be hung this week. This is in oils, of course. It is a classical allegory representing banking in its relation to the other phases of life. A figure representing banking is surrounded by other figures, art, science, and so on.

"For the General Motors Building in New York I did a set of murals in oils since I left Midland. They were historic, quite pictorial, giving the history of Oakland County, and the Indian history of all America. General Motors seems to be much interested in that type of thing -- their Pontiac and Oakland cars, you know."

Plan for Midland

Excepting for some small things in residences, Mr. Honore says he has done very little with plaster since the Midland building. He showed drawings, however, for panels

for the entrance to a community building, which are designed to represent a pageant of social activities. While the work is drawn up for a Michigan town, plans are too indefinite, said the artist, to announce. A feminine figure representing the theatre, and athlete, a male figure carrying food, are grouped with others to signify the affairs which the building will house. A deep tone of blue is the dominant note.

That Midland could use several other buildings in the same type of work without detriment to the ensemble effect is the opinion of Mr. Honore.

"Six or seven public buildings will be all that will be needed here for a great many years." he commented. "I think these should be placed about a community plaza of some kind. It would be a fine thing to take over the blocks between Main street and Ellsworth, so that there would be a vista. In that way, persons passing through would get a very fine effect. [Just as it is in 1996. —- Ed.]

Wood Cuts

"I think a more ornamental type of plastic work could be used very nicely. The courthouse is more realistic. What I should have in mind for additional buildings, a city hall, or a larger community center, if one should ever be build, would be the use of patterns of heraldry, symbolical figures, in probably different colors than were used for the courthouse."

Wood cuts for the illustration of books have also been a high point in the Detroit man's success. Most have been done for volumes by Charles J. Finger, particularly "Tales From Silverland," a book of poetry, which brought a medal for the most successfully illustrated children's volume of its year. An edition of Hakluyt's Voyages (Henry Holt and Company), an anthology of poetry called "The Winged Horse," by Joseph Galander and Frank Hill (Doubleday, Page & Co.), and a book of fairy tales entitled, "Tales Worth Telling," and a book of adventure called, "Romantic Rascals" complete the list. The last two published by the Century company, are the work of Mr. Finger.

Mr. Honore will remain in Midland for several days.

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Coleman Independent Changes Hands

Midland Republican, April 3, 1914 - Mr. D. B. Menerey of the Coleman Independent last week announced the sale of the paper and entire printing outfit to Charles P. Smith of Rochester, Michigan, who takes immediate possession.

Mr. Menerey has run the Independent almost 25 years, and has been postmaster at Coleman for 16 years. This office he has resigned.

The Republican extends good wishes to the incoming and the outgoing Independent manager.

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BEGIN RAZING OLD UNITARIAN CHURCH HERE

Midland Daily News, Tuesday, Aug 9, 1938 - Workmen for the Midford company began today to pull down the 51-year-old structure at the corner of Ashman and Ellsworth streets, built as a Unitarian church in 1887, in order to replace it with a stream-line super-service station and sales room.

The new structure, planned for occupancy by October 1, will cost upwards of $10,000, according to the building permit figure. It will cover an area 71 by 117 feet, with the long side fronting on Ellsworth street.

A business servicing modern transportation will occupy the site where once Unitarians, and later the Nazarenes, conducted their worship, and at another period bookish Midlanders conned the literature of the day at tables before the old grate.

PLAN ONE-STORY BUILDING

The shingled frame structure with its quaint cupola will give way to a concrete and steel one-story building with glazed tile exterior, probably white, the owners said today. A show room for automobiles will face Ashman street, with offices and stock room in the rear. On the Ellsworth side there will be service equipment, including lubricating and wash racks, gas station offices, paint shop, bumping equipment, and similar apparatus, with comfort stations.

Gas tanks will be installed at the corner, where driveways will cut off two "islands" of grass. Neon lighting will decorate the building and interior lights will be of the indirect flush type.

DELAYED BY ZONING PROBLEM

The building, planned for several years, has been delayed by zoning problems, and during the past year, by uncertain business conditions, according to Otto C. Wienecke, president of the firm, and his brother, Eric F. Wienecke of Saginaw, who was in Midland today on business connected with the new structure.

"However, business is showing an upturn," the latter said today, "and we can look forward to a better fall and winter."

Razing of the old church building is recalling to older residents many names and events connected with its history.

FIRST MEETINGS IN 1885

First meeting (sic) of the Unitarian society were conducted about 1885 in the "Old Opera House" with a number of prominent families in Midland at that time sponsoring the movement.

Among them was William Patrick who lived on West Main Street where Mrs. Hazel Camp now lives and owned the shingle mills and salt well south across the Tittabawassee to the right of Benson street bridge, in partnership with John Larkin. Larkin, for whom the street was named, lived where Frank Thompson's Mercantile company is located now, in a large house with spacious grounds and a pump which was visited by all children in the course of a trip down town.

Associated with Patrick in organizing the church was D. E. Hitchcock, attorney, whose family has since moved away. Hitchcock had a large house on what is now the site of the Midland tennis club. B. F. Bradley was also prominent among the organizers of the church. He was a merchant, and occupied the house now property of St. Brigid's Catholic church and used as the home of Rev. Joseph B. Illig.

CHURCH BUILT IN 1887

Fred Sias was also one of the influential members of the society.

The church was built about 1887 to seat approximately 300 people. In accordance with the liberal ideas of the Unitarian society, the building was constructed to be more homelike than most churches, and a fireplace was one of the attractive features. Many well-known religious figures of the day spoke in the church. For the dedication ceremony the Unitarians sent brilliant men from Boston, New York City, Chicago and Ann Arbor to lend their eloquence to the occasion.

Through the vestibule of the building one enters the auditorium, which comprises the whole of the main floor. The ceiling is vaulted. Sunday school classes were held at the left of the entrance, in the back of the auditorium, and the dining room and kitchen occupied the basement. The church never had a bell.

HELD SERVICES 15 YEARS

Unitarians held services in the building about 15 years, during most of which their pastor was Rev. L. R. Daniels, who, with his family was well-liked in the city. Then he was called to another church and after a time the Midland group disbanded. Older members died or moved away, and the other Protestant churches liberalized so much that there was not the need that there had been for a Unitarian church in the city.

For several years the group rented the building to other sects. The Nazarenes held services there for a time. About seven years ago, the Unitarians turned it over to the Western conference of the Unitarian church, which has had the disposal of it.

Some eight years ago Rev. Daniels returned to Midland for a visit, was the house guest of Mr., and Mrs. E. J. Lee, and conducted services for a few Sundays. He has since died, Windsor, Vermont, being his last parish.

[A photograph (Daily News Photo), showing the old building, some cars parked on the lot, and a sign "Used Car Lot" accompanied this article, with the caption:

Razing of the old Unitarian church, a 51-year-old structure at Ashman and Ellsworth streets, was begun today by workmen for the Midford Company, which will replace the church with a super-service station and showroom.]

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Unusual Violin Owned By Homer Township Man; Was 82 Sunday

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Midland County Resident Since 1870; Came Here from Canada

Midland Daily News – April 30, 1940 – A hickory bark violin 58 years old with the face made of a trunk which came from Ireland to California in the gold rush, is the possession of John Moore of Homer Township who Sunday celebrated his 82nd birthday.

Moore was born in 1858 in Morris county, Canada and came to Midland by way of Saginaw on July 4, 1870, one year before the great Chicago fire which he remembers.

The family moved to a farm in Mt. Haley township where they had a homestead for 32 years. The place was about nine miles north of Merrill.

In his younger years, Mr. Moore spent a great deal of time on the John Haley farm, located where the Midland Country club is now established. It was his duty to prepare the horses to go into the lumber fields to work each day.

Gets Violin In Trade

The history of Mr. Moore's acquisition of his unusual violin goes back to a night 50 years ago when he was playing in an orchestra for a dance down near Jam. Beside him in the musical group was a man named Al Delmartar, then of Freeland, now of Flint. Delmartar had just made the violin and during the evening, Moore suggested that they swap instruments for one number. When they had finished, Moore asked Delmartar what he would take as difference in the trade. The latter said five dollars would suffice, and so the violin became the property of Moore.

The case for the instrument is almost as interesting as the violin. It is solid wood, probably oak, and is unlined. Moore bought it in Midland at a piano store run by a man named Gunn who died at the age of 104. The store was on the present site of the Glick Optometrist shop.

Mr. Moore said that Delmartar got the celebrated trunk from a man named Rounds who came to Freeland to live.

During the World War, Moore worked at paving streets in Saginaw. He has two daughters, Mrs. John Donker of Saginaw, and Mrs. Arthur Pomranky, Midland; two sons, Harry of Bellevue and Jack of Midland; 13 grandchildren and one great grandchild.

[The article was accompanied by a large photograph of Mr. Moore playing his unique violin.]

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ANOTHER CIVIL WAR VETERAN DIES

Midland Republican, Sept. 12,1929 - Burial services for David L. West, Civil War veteran and resident of this county for the past 45 years, were held yesterday afternoon at two o'clock from the home of his son Corydon West on East Ellsworth street.

Mr. West, who was more than 88 years of age, had suffered from an infection in his leg and was removed to a Detroit hospital about three weeks ago, where amputation was found necessary. Although the operation itself appeared successful, and he had returned to his home near Edenville more than a week ago, his death resulted from shock, physicians be- lieve, at 3:00 a.m. Tuesday.

The Midland county Pioneer was born in Utica, New York, October 29, 1840. His service in the Civil War included the battles of Bull Run and Gettysburg. He was exceedingly active up to the time of his recent illness, having within the past year purchased a sheep farm about two miles south of Edenville.

He is survived by his sons, Corydon, Zeno and Milo of this city and a daughter, Mrs. Minnie Turnbull also of Midland. Services were conducted yesterday by Reverends Alcock and Pruitt and burial took place in the Midland cemetery,

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WHEN OUR DADS WERE LADS

by J. H. Rockwell

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Times Have Changes Since Dad went to the Little Red School House to Study the Three "R's"

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Midland Republican (Consolidated with The Midland Sun) Thursday, June 6, 1929

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To the readers of this article it will be extremely interesting to know that the per cent of illiteracy in Michigan is lower than that of Massachusetts, the state that, for many years has been regarded as the educational center of the country. Of cities, while Boston -- the "Hub of the Universe" -- shows an illiteracy rate of 4.0%, Detroit shows a rate of only 3.0%. Of the states, Massachusetts had in 1920, an illiteracy rate of 4.7%, while the rate in Michigan, in the same year, was only 3.0%. These figures are taken from the 1920 United States census report.

By our public schools I mean, in the telling of this particular story, the public schools of Midland County covering that period of their history lying between 1878 and 1928. I shall not take either the time of the reader nor the space allotted me for the rehearsal of this bit of history to point out -- at any length -- the fact that of all persons, the American boy should be the one person most deeply interested in this narrative touching the growth of our public schools, but commence the rehearsal of our story at once.
Fifty years ago if a boy acquired an education, he had to fight for it, physically as well as mentally, for in the country districts the road to the school house was a long one and in the winter, deep with snow, swept by intensely cold winds, and so strong that one could hardly keep his feet; and these conditions often continued until late in the Spring.

Mrs. Alice Price, still teaching in Midland County where she taught thirty years ago, tells of a snowstorm that came on the 17th of May, blocking the roads so completely that she and her pupils were imprisoned in the school house until late in the evening when the farmers with their big sleighs and horses, broke open the road to the school house and took them home. Fortunately, the day was not a severely cold one. The deep snow was all gone by the end of the following day, leaving the roads in a condition unpleasant to travel over; and yet, it was over these roads the children had to go to school next day, and it was many days before the sun and wind had dried these rivers of mud, and made it possible to travel them again on foot.

Most of the country school houses were built of logs in those early days. They contained only one room, equipped with a rudely constructed blackboard at the end of the room facing the door, the desks were as rudely constructed as the blackboard, and the seats were mere benches without backs. The room was heated by a big "box stove" that would take in a four foot stick of wood -- a rather ugly thing to look at, but extremely

comforting when the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero as was often the case.

Fifty years ago when the big forests were still here, and in them were wild animals, especially the black bear, who when he comes out from his long sleep in the early spring is inclined to show a rather nasty temper. A teacher -- now past seventy years -- tells us this story. The school house where she was teaching at the time stood less than a mile from a large blackberry patch. "One day, early in September," said Mr. LeQuire, "after dismissing the children, I took my dinner pail and walked over to the blackberry patch to pick a few berries for supper. The berries were plentiful and fine, and I soon filled my bucket. As I turned to leave the blackberry patch, I noticed the tops of the bushes moving some little distance away -- as if some one were picking berries -- so I went at once to see who was there. When I rounded the curve of the berry patch, you can easily imagine my astonishment when, instead of seeing a man or a woman or a boy -- as I had expected to -- I saw a big black bear standing on his hind legs and picking berries with both 'hands' and cramming them greedily into his big red mouth. The bear did nothing and said nothing except that it seemed to me as he turned his head in my direction for just a moment, that there was a grin on his face, as he saw my unnecessary fright. And there was really no danger, for unless the bear -- the black bear at least -- is very hungry, or has her young with her, or is menaced in some way, will seldom attack a person. But all this I learned later, and at the time I was within the reach of his great claws. I was terribly frightened. For many days after that the children were not allowed to visit the blackberry patch, where they had gone daily to gather berries."

The studies in those early days were not numerous, being mainly reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and English grammar: the chief interest centering on the first three studies named -- reading, writing and arithmetic. Today we call this period in the history of our public schools, "The Period of the Three R's." And yet, it was a period of good work and hard work, too, for the aim of the pupil was for excellence and not credits -- the thought of "passing" did not disturb them for a moment; what they wanted was knowledge -- real practical knowledge -- and they got it. They could read well, they could spell well, they could write well, and doing difficult sums in arithmetic was a pleasing pass-time. I wonder if the average school boy of today does as well in these three studies -- reading, spelling and writing -- as they did fifty years ago?

Fifty years ago, gymnastics were unknown, except in the cities and larger towns of the State; but they had physical training -- the best in the world, and plenty of it, for there were the trees -- in most places -- all around them. Nature's great gymnasium, and there were the lakes and rivers -- never very far away -- for skating in the winter time; and there were the sand hills and grapevine swings for the spring and autumn. Yes, there was plenty of opportunity for physical training, but in a rude way, and without any sort of instruction or equipment.

Miss O'Donnell, still teaching but familiar with the days of '78, tells of how the boys of a certain school one winter built a huge toboggan slide thirty feet high at the upper end

and nearly half a mile long. They carried water up the steep incline and sluiced the floor of the toboggan slide with water to get a proper surface for coasting. It was certainly hard work, but fine physical exercise, stretching every muscle of the body.

Today, outside the strictly country districts, every school of the state, substantially has a more or less perfectly equipped gymnasium under the supervision of a Director. A long step from the rude to the refined, and more efficient. Michigan has been wise and generous in this development and in the fostering of her public schools; no state in the Union can show a better record. It is a matter of just pride to every public school boy and girl in the Old Wolverine State that Ann Arbor was one of the first Universities of the West to take a high place among the great schools of the East, and of those abroad, for the splendid character of its work.

Figures of course, are unusually dull reading, but the figures that follow, I am sure you will enjoy reading, for they touch a matter every American boy is interested in, the growth of the public school -- his school.

In the year 1877, the total number of school houses in the state of Michigan was 6,078. Of this number, 534 were log. The total number of pupils enrolled was, in this year, 357,139. The total number of teachers provided for these pupils was 13,001. Out of this number of teachers, 9220 were women, or nearly three-fourths of the whole number. the average monthly wage of the men teachers, at that time, was $42.54 while the average monthly wage of the women teachers was $27.45 -- a trifle over one-half the wage paid the men teachers.

Today the total enrollment of pupils is 850,000, while the total number of teachers is 30,000, and the average monthly wage -- including both men and women teachers -- is $175.00. A substantial gain over the wage of 1878, but a lesser gain than that shown in any other direction.

Out of the one hundred and twenty thousand school houses in use in Michigan today, less than two hundred and fifty are of log and these are mostly provided with modern equipment so far as needed. Substantially all the newer school buildings erected within the past decade are "Standard," that is to say they are built after plans that provide for the best arrangement, in the matter of light and heat distribution for ventilation, and for facilitating the work of the school.

Educators were a little slow in discovering that health instruction and health training was an important part of the work of the public school. Of course there had been Athletic Sports, and it is interesting to know that football and basketball and baseball, and nearly all the real worthwhile sports which are engaging the attention of all Americans today, came out of the public school. They have been fostered and improved by the public school until these sports have become a necessary part of our great system of public education and in a way, the steadily increasing interest these games have provoked, both among students and the public at large, mark the great improvement and

advancement our schools have made in the past fifty years. The schools of no state in the Union have shown this either more largely or more clearly.

Fifty years ago both pupils and teachers went to school on foot. In the country districts very often they went over long, rough roads. In the cities, however, they used the street cars. Today, even in the country, everybody who goes to school, goes in an automobile and over well kept roads.

More than anything else perhaps, is the school books of fifty years ago, and those of today, when brought into comparison, tell most fully, and most quickly the wonderful progress our public schools have accomplished in the half century just passed. This progress has been most largely, I think, along physical lines -- better buildings, better equipment, a wider provision for athletic training and for health. All this, especially athletics, has appealed to the student strongly, and coupled with modern methods of instruction, and modern text books, has not only added efficiency to school work, but deepened the student's interest in it, and increased his estimate of its importance.

The elder generations need no introduction to McGuffey's. To the younger generation, however, these readers are as strange and alien as if they came down from ancient Greece. The system of elementary education in America has altered tremendously in the last quarter of a century, and a glance at McGuffey's makes the change apparent.

William H. McGuffey was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, in 1800, the son of a frontier scout and soldier who had served in "Mad Anthony" Wayne's campaigns against the Indians in southern Ohio. He was educated in Washington college and became a college professor and Presbyterian minister after his graduation. In 1836 the first two of his readers were produced. Others followed until a series of six had been issued.

Throughout most of America, except New England, these books became the standard readers for all school children. Except for the Bible, it is probable that no other book in America attained the sales that McGuffey's had. By 1900 it was estimated that 122,000,000 had been sold. In 1888 alone, more than 2,000,000 were disposed of. McGuffey's readers did more than teach a child how to read. If a child failed to draw from them all sorts of lessons about religion, obedience, truthfulness, piety, kindness and general excellence of deportment, it certainly was not the fault of McGuffey. This process even begins in the First Reader, for tots who were just mastering their A-B-C's.

Thus one lesson shows a wood-cut of a weeping school child crowned with a "dunce cap," standing in front of a school room while other children and the schoolmaster cast withering glances at him. The text begins:

"O, what a sad, sad sight is this. A boy with a dunce cap on his head!

"Why does he stand there, in front of the school? What has he done?

"He is a bad boy. He talks and laughs in school. He loves to be idle and does not learn his lesson.

"Does he not look bad? All the good boys shun him."

This story is as nothing, however, to the distressing tale of Frank Brown. Frank was induced by a chum to play hookey and go swimming; he went to the mill pond, fell in and was drowned. A wood-cut shows a man carrying Frank's lifeless body home, an illustration which would make modern educators shudder. The story ends with these words:

"Do not stop to play on your way to school. Do not play with bad boys. They will lead you into harm."

The final selection in this book does more to help the schoolmaster. After congratulating the child on learning to read, it points out that now the glories of the Second Reader can be tasted, and adds:

"Are not your parents kind to send you to school and buy new books for you? Should you not try to please them? You must not waste your time in school. Try always to know your lessons."

The Second Reader continues in the didactic strain. It contains one story that must have been the forerunner of all the Horatio Alger books. A story that deals with a boy named George, who was given a dollar for a New Year's gift.

George started out to buy some toys, but on the way engaged in a snow-ball fight and broke a window. His conscience hurt him so that he gave his dollar to the owner of the house in payment. Then he went home "very happy for he had done what was right" -- and explained to his father. The owner of the window, however, had been there ahead of him, and, touched by his honesty, had given back the dollar and added another to it. Furthermore he gave George a job in his store, and the story ends by remarking triumphantly that George "in a few years became the merchant's partner, and now he is rich."

It adds that George "often thinks of the broken window," which seems only fair. In the later Readers, for older pupils, this moralizing was not so evident; the bulk of the material was composed of selections from famous writers, everything from Aesop's Fables to Shakespeare, Longfellow and Bryant. To many thousands of people, especially on the frontier, these excerpts were the only reading matter obtainable, hence Mark Sullivan, in his historical book, "Our Times," calls McGuffey "a kind of American Confucius" and declares that his influence on American taste and American moral standards was profound.

Mr. Sullivan points out that a note of melancholy, wholly apart from the moral teachings, pervades the readers. Poems such as Bryant's "Thanatopsis" were quoted in profusion. In the books for older children the note of patriotism was stressed. Webster's famous "Supposed Speech of John Adams" was included as was Patrick Henry's famous "Liberty or Death" oration. The books also sowed the seeds of prohibition by hammering away at

the evils of strong drink. The typical American virtues of thrift, industry and ambition were emphasized throughout.

Despite the tremendous sale of his Readers, McGuffey did not grow rich. He received a royalty of 10 per cent until he had been paid $1,000, and thereafter the books became the property of his publishers. After the Civil War, the publishers voluntarily gave McGuffey an annuity until he died.

Insisting that McGuffey was one of the most important Americans of the last Century in that his readers helped tremendously to spread certain ideas throughout the country, Mr. Sullivan suggests that McGuffey's Readers, by bringing English literature before millions of Americans actually helped account for American's part in the world war.

Every little prairie school house in America was a outpost of English literature, hardly less potent to inspire recruits when the time came than the British drum beat itself," he writes. "Had American school children been brought up on Goethe and Heine, as they were on Shakespeare and Milton, is it certain American's role in the world war would have been the same?"

Whether or not the scholarship of our public schools rates higher today than it did fifty years ago, I am unable to say. Even the schoolmasters do not agree at this point -- but of this I am quite certain: Their knowledge is vastly more comprehensive, more widely extended today than yesterday, and in many ways, of a more practical character. Even our country schools are rapidly taking up Manual Training, and some branches of Domestic Art. Then there is a phase of school training that looks in the direction of self-reliance and self-poise, that comes with the experience of travel that is coming into use and is of high value to the high school student.

During the Easter vacation, Prof. Fairman of the Midland High School, Midland, Michigan, accompanied by a number of women teachers, took a party of some thirty students from that school on an automobile trip to Lookout Mountain, where one of the great battles of the Civil War was fought: visiting on their way, the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and the many places in southern Tennessee made interesting by the tragic incidents of the great war. When you learn that a number of the students composing the party, had never been out of the state of Michigan before, and had never eaten or slept in a public hotel before, you can understand -- in a measure -- what a trip like this meant to them.

There is no country in the world that is doing for its youth, what is being done today for the American boy, and his sister, by his beloved country for in him, she sees the hope of her future greatness and her future glory. The American boy will not disappoint the hope of his country -- he never has.

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FIRST WHITE 'KID' BORN ON CHIPPEWA RECALLS CAPTAIN OF SEYMOUR

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by Albert Hake

Midland Republican - August, 1929 -- I am like Thomas Sharpe; I feel the urge to write one more letter, and will say I knew Dan Osborn, Captain of the Belle Seymour. He came to live at the Brint Sias farm after losing his job on the boat. He was a heavy set man and very bow-legged.

Midland county sure was an Eden in its wild state -- wild berries, nuts, plums, grapes, flowers. Deer used to travel in family groups, a buck, doe, a fawn, perhaps two. A familiar sight on the old Isabella state road were the Indian ponies, a large basket on each side full of berries in season, a squaw with a papoose on her back, riding. Some difference in the mode of travel then and now.

Lumbering has changed from the short dray haul with oxen to the 50-mile haul by rail; from the pony mill with a circular to the electrically powered band saw mills of today. A circular loses one board in cutting four; a band saw loses one in eight by the sawdust route.

Who remembers the Midland ball team fifty-five years ago called the "Clippers?" Jim Ryan was the pitcher. Other members were the Beamish boys, Clyde Eastman, Joe Blackmar, George Selley, Billie Martindale. The catcher's name was Payne.

I was born near the old Indian fishing grounds off the Chippewa River over 55 years ago, and think I was the first white kid born on that river.

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Ancient Proverb

One's destiny is determined, not by what he possesses, but by what possess him.

WOMEN'S VOTE IN MIDLAND. 1913-1914.

In a corner of a clipping I recently used, I came across a partial story of women voters in Midland in 1914. Since this year (1995) is the 75th anniversary of women's suffrage, I thought it might be interesting and asked Nancy Lackie to find the rest of the article to publish in the Pioneer Record. She found it and two additional ones which appear below. The story did not turn out as I had thought it might! Perhaps if we looked further we might find a story about the Midland ladies voting in 1920?

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HOW MANY WOMEN?

Midland Republican, April 3, 1914 - How many women of Midland want to vote?

Read the "City Election Notice" in this paper and the statement therein in regard to women electors.

There are at least five propositions on which, if they register Saturday, the women of this city having property as described in that notice may vote -- the county Sanitarium bonding and the four city sewer bonding propositions.

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DID NOT WANT TO VOTE

Midland Republican, April 10, 1913 - The ladies who might have voted Monday did not seem anxious to do so. An amusing and illustrative incident occurred Saturday about as follows.

An active young man called up a neighbor lady by phone late Saturday afternoon and asked her if she had registered.

"Registered?" said she, "Why should I? I cannot vote."

"Oh, yes," said he, "there are several bonding propositions that you, owning taxable property have a right to vote on Monday if you are registered today."

"Well, I've got to wash Monday, said she."

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THE SEWER BONDING VOTE

Midland Republican, April 17, 1913 - Every One of four sewer bonding propositions in this city carried by a good majority.

First, second, and third wards give majorities for all the bonding propositions and the totals in the city are:

Townsend Sewer, $270 bond. Yes 399, no 142. Majority for 257.

Pine Street Sewer, $1000 bond. Yes 400, no 149. Majority 251.

St. Nicholas Sewer, $2500 bond. Yes 384. no 153 Majority 231.

Rodd Extension Sewer, bond $900. Yes 409, no 142. Majority 267.

This looks good and shows that the people propose to have some needed improvements.

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Worked 15 Hours for 5 Cents to Save $3 for Year's School

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People In This Country Lucky, Says Mrs. Surath, Now U. S. Citizen

Midland Republican – March 5, 1931 – "When I am on the street," said Mrs. Surath, "and see the children going to school, I think to myself, 'They don't know how lucky they are.'

"When I was nine or ten, in Russia, I used to work in a silk mill near Moscow, fifteen hours for five cents and save every cent to earn $3 to go to school."

Her five years of school, dearly bought, are highly prized for they made it possible for her to secure in the February term of court here, her coveted citizenship papers. It was after this occasion that Mrs. Abe Surath, Midland business woman in her own right, voiced in an interview her thankfulness for the America that many took for granted.

"For every child, like me, that went to school in Russia," she said, "there were 1000 that didn't go. It cost money, $3 a year at first, but later $10, and most could not afford it. After I began going, I used to work in the factory from 5:00 in the morning until 12:00 to earn $2.00 to $2.50 a week. Then I would go to school in the afternoon.

"In the factory we made cloth for silk dresses and those things that priests wear around their necks. They were shipped all over Russia, all over the world. After a time we had a strike and the hours were cut down from 15 to eight, although we still got five cents a day."

It was in the village of Dubrovna (a little larger than Midland) that as Bessie Karzanewich, Mrs. Surath took up this business of living in the log cottage of her father and mother with six sisters and a brother.

"My father had a small grocery store and what you call a large garden. We had geese, chickens, a cow, but no money. Then my aunt died and left us a better log house with a basement.

"Whenever I dream now of Russia, I am always dreaming of how I can get away again. To go to the factory we had to cross a river, the Dnieper. In the spring it would flood, like the river here, and then it was hard to get across, even with the boat they had. And if anyone was late, even a couple of minutes, three times, she was fired.

Calls U. S. Heaven

"It is heaven here in this country," she said. "There everybody was poor; there were no rich people. They had the Czar then, and everything had to be as he wanted. Here if I buy a piece of land, it is mine. But not there. A man could not sell land there; it could only be left to his sons after he was dead.

"If you said the Czar was not needed, you would be arrested. No trial. And they don't bring you back, ever. They send you to Siberia or some place. Sometimes somebody you knew would disappear, and you wouldn't know where he had gone. He would never come back either.

"There the Judge was everything – no jury, like here. The people had nothing to say.

"My people lived better than some of the rest, because we were Russian Jews who have some customs that are better. And Abe's people lived better because they were well-to-do. He lived in another town, about thirty miles away, although I had seen him a few times before he came to America. He bought and sold grain.

Came Here To Marry

"I remember how I envied him because he could come here. That's all I thought of, how I could get money to come, too. I used to talk to my mother about it, and she said maybe God would help us. After a time Abe wrote to his sister and asked her to see if I would come to America and marry him. My mother said maybe I could go, only she thought maybe he was not good enough for me. You know how mothers do.

"I said I would go and see if I liked him, and if I didn't I would not marry him when I got there. I had seen him in the Old Country, but I had not thought about marrying him then.

"His sister said she would buy me some clothes and my ticket with money he sent. And so I came. I was only 17. I came to Bay City where Abe was. He said, 'If you want to marry me, all right. If not, I will give you money to go to your aunt's in New York.'

No English

"At first I thought I didn't want to. And a lady that I met there offered to help me. She said, 'You look as if you didn't want to get married.' So she offered to help me find work in Bay City so I could pay Abe the money he had spent for me. But after three weeks I changed my mind. I got lost trying to go three blocks to this woman's store. So I got lonesome and told Abe I would marry him.

"We lived there six years before we came to Midland. Bill came (my son) while we were there. Abe was away a lot on business, two or three weeks at a time sometimes, and I had such a time because I could not speak the language. If anybody would come to the door, I could only give them a smile and stand there until they'd talk and finally go away. I could not buy groceries or anything without so much trouble.

"One time Bill was sick. He turned all black and blue and I knew I had to get a doctor. But I couldn't leave him alone. So I ran to the neighbors and tried to tell her. But I couldn't make her understand, so I brought her back with me to the house and showed her the baby. Then she went and got a doctor. I wouldn't like to live through that again," she said.

Read Signs

"I lived between Gentile neighbors and they helped me a lot. I remember when they would see me taking in the clothes, they would come and help me. But I started to read and I used to read the signs in street cars. And gradually I got so I could understand and be understood well enough to get along, although I still don't talk as well as I expected I would be able to.

"My father and mother, all my sisters and my brother came over to this country. We sent them money; we wouldn't leave one of them there. But we get letters from other relatives in Russia and they say that things are terrible there, even now. They have

the Soviet now and if a man has worked hard and has more money than somebody else, the Soviet takes it from him and gives it to others. They will put him in jail if he resists. The people in this country should be glad they are here. We have to send money to our people there. There is no work; they don't improve the country. Here, if we own a piece of land we dig for oil and copper under it. And they would find it in Russia, if they would look. But all they know how to do is sleep. The people are smart, but they have no education, no chance.

A Little Chance

"In this country, they gave me a little chance, and I can do as well as any man. I bought a house for $90 and sold it for $250. I bought 45 lots and already I have sold many. In Russia I could not do so."

Neither the old Russia, where the little sheep and pigs slept under the big family bunks and chickens and people vied with each other for the nightly warmth of the big elevated oven, nor the new Russia where marriage and divorce are matters of writing in a big book, have any allurement for these Midland people. For Abe Surath remembers too, when he carried brick 12 hours a day for twenty cents.

With the contrast between the two countries always in her mind, Mrs. Surath treasures her new citizenship papers. "I am very proud to have them," she says. "They are worth more than $300 to me – more than anything," says Mrs. Surath.

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Mathematician Charts Ancestry back to Adam

Midland Daily News Sept. 9, 1938 - Campbell, Cal. (UP)- After years of research work and genealogical tracing, T. A. Cutting, retired teacher of mathematics, affirms that he can trace his ancestry back to Adam. His genealogical tree, he asserts, runs back through an unusually long list of persons famous in history.

Cutting traced his tree through birth records, family bibles, diaries and standard genealogy works.

From these, he said, he has found himself to be descended from Charlemange, U.S. Grant, Abraham Lincoln, Taft, Robert E. Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Emerson and Lowell.

(ED. NOTE: Since this is such a recent article, perhaps it would be a worthwhile pursuit to attempt tracing ourselves to Mr. Cutting. This would cut out a lot of researching on our lines.)

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BORN AT SEA, LIFE IS LIKE FICTION

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John W. H. Brooks, Veteran of Mexican, Civil and Indian Wars, Has Reached Age of Ninety-Nine

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Mr. Brooks Remarkable Man
Still Carries Four Bullets and Scars of Many Wounds Received in Twenty-Five Years of Service in the Army and Navy

Midland Sun, October (?), 1910 - Again the hands on the dial of time have passed the date which marks the milestones in the life of Veteran J. W. H. Brooks of Sanford, Midland County's most remarkable citizen. Monday was the 99th anniversary of his birth and was celebrated by a family gathering in honor of the aged warrior. (On) Saturday, October 1, but two days before this birth anniversary, to use his own words, "he ran away from the folks" and made a brief visit with his Midland friends. It was while in this city on that occasion that he kindly consented to sit for the picture here printed in the Sun.

As he sat in Camp's Studio waiting to have the picture made, and with no eye glasses on the eyes that have looked fearlessly on this world for nearly a century, the veteran noticed an enlarged picture on the wall and exclaimed: "Ah I know that face, it's of Abe Lincoln; there was a man I tell you, just one of the common people." Then in a reminiscent mood the old gentleman recalled one of the stirring events just before the civil War, how, with others, he helped form President Lincoln's body-guard during the rioting in Baltimore, getting him safely out of the city and to Washington.

John W. H. Brooks, who lives in Sanford, Jerome Township, Midland County, is easily the oldest and most interesting man in this county. He was born of English parents Oct. 3, 1811, on board an English vessel at sea and a few days later landed in America. While an infant his parents died and his earliest memories are of a man by the name of John Paterson with whom he lived at New Castle, Delaware. Because of cruel treatment, he ran away, intending to make his way to Philadelphia. He supplied himself against possible want by laying in a stock of johnny cake and molasses, and slept nights in stables. On reaching his destination he made the acquaintance of boys whose fathers were machinists, and obtained employment in a machine shop. He learned the trade, and when about 25 years old he went to sea.

When war was declared between the United States and Mexico he enlisted in the regular army, enrolling at Carlisle barracks, Pa. in the second United States cavalry, in the company of the celebrated Captain May. He was in the famous cavalry charge at Palo Alto and received a severe saber wound in the left temple. He was a participant in the battle of Monterey, and was present at the capitulation of the City of Mexico.

At the close of the Mexican war he was discharged and enlisted in the navy. In 1849 he went to Japan with the expedition under Commodore Perry to negotiate the terms of the treaty between Japan and the United States, and was on the St. Lawrence which bore the dispatches to the United States squadron. This enterprise terminated in 1852, and Brooks went in 1854 on the Walker expedition to Central America in the famous Star of the West, commanded by Admiral Hollingbroke. He was present at the bombardment of Greytown. His next engagement was as engineer on the General Rust, a steamer in the United States mail service at Galveston, Texas.

When the Civil war broke out, Brooks responded to the call for troops and enlisted at Norristown, Montgomery County, Pa., in Co. A. Fourth Pennsylvania volunteer infantry. He was wounded below the right knee by a minie ball in an engagement with the celebrated Black Horse cavalry at Fairfax crossroads. Then he enlisted in Co. K, Second Pennsylvania volunteer cavalry, under Col. B. R. Price of Philadelphia as first sergeant. The regiment was assigned to Col. Buford's command. At the second battle of Bull Run, Brooks was again wounded. Oct. 27, 1862, he was discharged from Howard hospital, Washington, and enlisted in Co. H, Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteer infantry, better known as Geary's Old Regiment. He was wounded May 18, 1864, at Buzzard's Roost, a fragment of a shell striking him over the heart, displacing that organ so that its beat can be felt on his right side. He was at - the same time wounded in the left ankle and the right thigh. He was in the hospital about a month after his regiment was discharged and was mustered out of service July 18, 1865, He still carries in his body four bullets as credentials of his bravery in action during his twenty odd years in Uncle Sam's service.

Part of this old gentleman's life reads like a romance. At one time while carrying dispatches, Mr. Brooks was captured by Quantrel's guerrillas, presented with a rope necktie and left to strangle to death. After hanging until insensible he was discovered and cut down by Mary McClellan, a southern girl to whom he was later married. Mrs. Brooks died in 1903.

Mr. Brooks came to Michigan in 1858, living two years in Detroit, then at Saginaw one year. From Saginaw he moved to Jerome township where he had taken up a soldier's homestead and has since resided in that township.

He was the father of seven children, three of whom are living. One daughter, Mary Jane, was murdered at North Bradley, Dec. 13, 1882.

Politically Mr. Brooks is a republican and no gathering of the party is complete without "Uncle John: who is remarkable active for so old a man. And he never tires of relating his army experiences and the glories of American arms.

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J. W. H. Brooks, Aged Veteran of Three Wars, Dies at Age of Nearly One Hundred and Three Years

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Midland Republican, 9/17/1914 - An Unusually Active Man Until Only a Few Months Ago, Veteran Brooks Was a Pioneer of This County, Residing Near Sanford for His Last Forty-Four Years. Died at Home About Ten O'clock Monday Morning.

Midland County's Oldest Man, John W. H. Brooks of Sanford, has passed away. The famous aged veteran, who participated in the war with Mexico, the Black Hawk War and the great Civil War, died at the home of his son-in-law, William Roma, three miles south of Sanford, in this county, Monday, morning about 10:00, after an illness of several months.

If Mr. Brooks had lived until the third day of next month, he would have been 103 years of age. He was a member of the Midland League of Veterans and Sons.

The funeral was held in the "Methodist" church at Sanford yesterday afternoon at 2:00 p. m.

John W. H. Brooks, farmer, Jerome Township, was born October 3, 1811. As he was deprived early of the care of his parents, he was uncertain as to his birthplace, but alleged he was born on the sea. His earliest years were spent in the care of a man named John Patterson near New Castle, Delaware, and being cruelly treated by him he ran away, intending to make his way to the city of Philadelphia. He supplied himself against possible want by laying in a stock of johnnycake and molasses, stopping nights in stables. On reaching the city of his destination, he made the acquaintance of some boys whose fathers were machinists, and through this instrumentality, he obtained employment in a machine shop and learned his trade. He went to a school in Plymouth, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, taught by Allen? Carson. He remained in the Quaker City and in other Eastern cities until he was about 25 years old, when he went to sea. The line of navigation with which he was employed combined with coasting, wrecking and fishing.

When the issues between the Unites States and Mexico came up ---ment(?) and war was determined(?) Mr. Brooks enlisted in the U.S. army, enrolling at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in the Second U. S. Cavalry, in the company of the (afterward) celebrated Captain May. He was in the famous cavalry charge at Palo Alto and received a severe sabre cut in the left temple. He was a participant in the battle of Monterey, and was present at the capitulation of the City of Mexico. In 1849 he went to Japan with the expedition under Commodore Perry to negotiate the terms of the treaty between that country and the United States, and was on the "St. Lawrence", which bore the dispatches to the United States squadron. This enterprise terminated in 1852, and Mr. Brooks went in 1854 on the Walker expedition to Central America in the famous "Star of the West", commanded by Admiral Hollingbroke. He was present at the bombardment of Graytown.

His next engagement was as engineer on the "General Rust", a steamer connected with the mail service at Galveston, Texas.

When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Brooks responded to the first call for troops, and enlisted at Norristown, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, in Co. A, Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, Col. Hartranft, enlisting, for three months under Capt. W. Bolton. He was wounded in the contest with the celebrated Black Horse Cavalry at Fairfax Cross Roads, below the right knee, by a minie ball. He came home and spent some time and a considerable sum of money in endeavoring to raise a company for the service, but the enterprise was successful only in the loss of his investments. He returned to Pennsylvania and enlisted in Co. E. in the Second Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, under Col. B.R. Price of Philadelphia, going out as First Sergeant. The regiment was assigned to the command of Col. Buford. At the second battle of Bull Run. Mr. Brooks received a wound above the ankle of the left leg, and was discharged October 27, 1862, at Howard Hospital, Washington. September 7, 1863, he again enlisted in Co. H, 28th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry better known as "Geary's Old Regiment". He was wounded May 18, 1864, at Buzzard's Roost, receiving an injury in the left side from a piece of shell and a wound on the left ankle which left the foot completely paralyzed. He was also wounded in the right thigh by a gunshot. He was in the hospital about a month after h s regiment was discharged, and was mustered out of the military service of the United States July 18, 1865. He carried in his body three bullets as credentials of his bravery in action.

Mr. Brooks made his first acquaintance with the State of Michigan in 1858, and passed two years at Detroit. On his return from the war he went to Pennsylvania where he remained until 1869, when he came to Saginaw and resided about a year. In 1870 he came to Jerome Township and entered a soldier's homestead claim of 160 acres.

Mr. Brooks was married October 20, 1858, in Wilmington, Delaware to Mary, daughter of Andrew and Margaret (Stewart) McClelland. Her parents were of Scotch nativity and are dead. Following is the record of the children born to Mr. and Mrs. Brooks: Mary Jane, born July 9, 1861, died December 13, 1882; Andrew John, born June 8, 1862, died the same day; Willie J., born December 12, 1863; Margaret A., born December 12, 1866; Alfred Henry, born October 9, 1869, died the same day; Samuel Kosciuske born March 8, 1870, and was the first child born at the Grand Army Post at Norristown, Pennsylvania; Sarah, born August 16, 1874. He is survived by his daughter Sara Rosa with whom he made his home, and William Brooks of Midland.

Mr. Brooks was a Republican in political affiliations, and was elected three terms as Justice of the Peace, has been School Inspector and Township Clerk three times, and in 1873 was appointed Notary Public, the duties of which position he discharged about 15 years.

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WHO WAS CHRISTEN PETERSON?

or the Curious Story of a Casket Marker

by Ralph E. Hillman, C.G.R.S.

Recently a metal casket marker was discovered in a home on Jerome Street in Midland. The new owners of the home were cleaning and redecorating when the marker was discovered in a closet. On the marker was the name Christen Peterson with birth and death dates of October 11, 1869 and September 20, 1907. Who was Christen Peterson and why was the marker left in the home were questions that naturally occurred to the new home owners. The owners contacted the writer who researched the questions and developed this story of Christen Peterson and his family.

Christen's death date was easily verified by referring to the *Obituary Index, 1872-1927, For Midland County, Michigan*, edited by Ora and Donalee Flaningam and published by the Midland Genealogical Society in 1994. Four references in Midland newspapers were cited for Christen Peterson in the index. The earliest references were to editions of both *The Midland Sun* and *The Midland Republican* of Friday, September 20, 1907. Front page stories in both newspapers reported a "Stabbing Affray" which took place in Sanford in front of the Murphy Hotel on the previous Sunday afternoon. According to the reports several men were lounging in front of the hotel including the tall slim Neuman Valentine and the larger and powerful Christen Peterson. Valentine was whittling a stick with a long-bladed clasp knife that he had shown to be razor-sharp by shaving the hair on the back of his hand. Remarks between the two men, who had a history of bad feelings, soon increased in intensity. Peterson jumped from his seat to strike Valentine. Things happened so quickly that witnesses had little remembrance of the sequence of events. Peterson shortly fell to the ground with blood spurting from his left arm and side. Onlookers quickly came to his aid, but it was sometime after the affair before he received capable medical help. The seven-inch gash on his left arm nearly severed the biceps which hung down over his elbow. The three-inch stab wound on his left side punctured his lung and he was coughing up blood. Peterson lay in critical condition for four days until he died Thursday night. He was buried Sunday, September 22, in Old Jerome Cemetery, Sanford.

In the excitement of the affair no one noticed that Valentine had left the area. The wounded man had claimed all the attention. The sheriff and his deputies searched for Valentine, but it was not until Friday the 20th when he came out of the woods and gave himself up to the authorities. Valentine was brought to trial in Midland County Circuit Court, Monday, November 17, on a charge of manslaughter, according to the report of *The Midland Republican* of Friday, November 21. Six witnesses were called by the prosecution, but the testimony showed that Valentine had made no direct strike at Peterson. Valentine testified in his own defense that he had no intention to stab Peterson and that the cutting was accidental. After conferring for less than two hours, the jury of twelve men brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Christen Peterson was further identified by checking the Midland County marriage and census records. On 6 May 1894 at Hope he married Alice Maxwell (Mar Rec 2:45). "Christian" age 24 of Sanford was identified in the record as the son of Soren P. and Annie (Thorup) Peterson of Sanford. Alice, age 20 of Hope, was the daughter of William E. Maxwell. Her mother was not identified in the marriage record, but the 1880 census of Hope Township (p. 85) and Alice's later marriage proves that her mother was Selena (Dorr) Maxwell. According to the 1880 census of Jerome Township (p. 117) Christen was born in Illinois, and his father and mother were born in Denmark. Christen's occupation at the time of the 1894 Michigan State Census of Jerome Township (#107/113) was "teamster in the woods." At the time of his death *The Midland Republican* reported that he was the Standard Oil agent at Sanford. Christen and Alice resided in Sanford at the northeast corner of Lincoln and Center Streets (Deeds 53:506, Wills 2:135).

To answer the question of why the marker was left in the Jerome Street home, a study of Christen's family was necessary. According to his obituary Soren Peterson was born near Aalborg in northern Denmark, 16 June 1843, and came to the U.S. in 1864 (*Midland Republican*, 27 Aug 1914, p.1). Anna was born at Aalborg, 13 February 1844, and came with her parents to settle in Chicago at about the same time (*Midland Republican,* 19 Nov 1925, p.7). They married in Chicago, 20 October 1868, and resided there until 1879 when the family moved to Jerome Township. Soren "of Cook County, Illinois" purchased the NE¼ of the SE¼ and Lot 3 (the fractional SE¼ of the NE¼) of Section 2 of the township 15 November 1878. The purchase totaled 71.41 acres (Deeds 25:317). He perhaps spent the winter clearing land and building a house for the family. He purchased another 40 acres of land in the same section (SW¼ SE¼) in 1900 (Deeds 55:395) and farmed at least part of the property until about 1910 or 1911. Soren was naturalized a U.S. citizen 9 January 1892 (*Naturalization Records, 1855-1907*, Midland County Genealogical Society, 1983). Soren and Anna sold the farm land 26 January 1912 (Deeds 85:271) by which time they had moved to Sanford Village. They probably lived in a house at the southeast corner of South Railroad and Center Streets which Soren purchased 7 December 1903 (Deeds 68:380). Soren died 20 August 1914. Anna moved to Detroit to live with one of her daughters. She died there 14 November 1925. Both were buried in Sanford at the Old Jerome Cemetery (*Midland County Cemetery Records*, Midland Genealogical Society, 1983).

Soren and Anna had eight children, one of whom probably died very young, for only seven can be identified from Midland County census and birth records. The children of Soren P. and Anna (Thorup) Peterson:

\+ i. CHRISTEN, b. 11 Oct 1869, Cook Co., IL, m. ALICE MAXWELL (see below for additional information).

ii. MARIE, b. 17 Oct 1871, Cook Co., IL, d. 27 Mar 1922, Detroit, MI, unm., buried Old Jerome Cemetery, Sanford (*Midland Republican*, 30 Mar 1922, p.1).

iii. HOLGER (Hulgar), b. 2 Feb 1875, Cook Co., IL, d. 12 Mar 1933, Midland Twp. (*Midland Republican* 16 Mar 1933, p.4), m. 23 Dec 1913, Midland, ESTER DONALDSON (Mar Rec, 2:200). Holger moved his family to Midland in 1919 and resided for a time on Ashman between Indian and Grove Streets (Deeds 107:268). At the time of his death he was Superintendent of the County Park on the Mt. Pleasant Road and lived next to the park. This was the early location of the Midland County Fairgrounds and is today part of the Currie West Golf Course. Holger and Ester had one daughter, Avis.

iv. BESSIE (Bena), b. ca. 1877, Cook Co. IL, m. 1) JOHN MCNICHOL, 2) (-) PATSELL; they resided in Detroit, MI (*Midland Republican*, 19 Nov 1925, p.7; 16 Mar 1933, p.4).

?v. child, b. ca. 1879, d. in infancy?

vi. MARTIN M., b. 10 Feb 1881, Jerome Twp. (Birth Rec 1:84), m. MARIE C. (-) before 13 May 1927 when they sold land in Jerome Twp. that his brother Thomas had sold him in 1912; at that time he was "of Chicago" (Deeds 107:604); he was of Edgerton, OH when Holger died.

vii. THOMAS C., b. 11 Jul 1885, Jerome Twp. (Birth Rec 1:117), sold to his brother Martin, 14 Jan 1912, land in Jerome Twp. by the Old Jerome Cemetery (Deeds 85:295); at that time he was a bachelor. He was living in Chicago at the time of his father's death in 1914, his mother's death in 1925, and Holger's death in 1933.

viii. KATHERINE, b. 27 Dec 1888, Jerome Twp. (Birth Rec 1:152), m. at Midland 17 Dec 1913 RALPH BOMAN (Mar Rec 2:199); they resided in Detroit.

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THE FAMILY OF CHRISTEN PETERSON

CHRISTEN was born 11 October 1869 in Cook Co., IL, and died 20 September 1907 at Sanford, MI (Death Rec 1:190); he married at Hope Township, 5 May 1894, ALICE MAXWELL (Mar Rec 2:45). She was the daughter of William E. and Selena (Dorr) Maxwell. Alice's parents were both born in Ontario and came to Hope about 1872 (*Midland Republican*, 18 Nov 1920). They resided on a farm in the SE¼ of the SE¼ of Section 14 in Hope Township (1897 Walling Map, Midland Co. Hist. Soc.). After Christen's death Alice married 2) JOSEPH ZELLNER at Midland, 8 December 1909 (Mar Rec 2:165). The marriage perhaps did not last long, for Alice was listed as head of family in the Jerome Twp. 1910 census and Joseph was not listed (p. 104B). She married 3) as Alice Peterson, 23 February 1916 at Midland, STEPHEN HUNT (Mar Rec 2:221). Both she and Stephen were residents of Sanford. They apparently continued to reside there in the home previously occupied by Christen and Alice. In the settlement of Alice's estate her three children inherited the property. An agreement was signed by them and Stephen in which Stephen would continue to reside in the house for the

remainder of his life (Deeds, Misc I:494; Probate 3:362). Alice died 13 October 1923, aged 49, at her home in Sanford (*Midland Sun*, 18 Oct 1923, p.1). She was buried in the Old Jerome Cemetery where Stephen her husband was the sexton (*Midland County, Michigan Cemetery Records*, Midland Genealogical Society, 1981). Stephen died 4 January 1932 (*ibid.*). Alice had no children of record from her second and third marriages. She and Christen had three children all born in Sanford:

+ i. NELSON (Nels), b. 6 Mar 1897, m. BESSIE M. HASKELL.
ii. IVAH, b. 16 Jan. 1899 (Birth Rec 1:286), m. CALVIN SEITZ (*Midland Sun*, 18 Oct 1923, p.1; *Midland Daily News*, 2 Dec 1971, p.1). They resided in Detroit and Wyandotte, MI.
iii. ANNA, b. 5 July 1900 (Birth Rec 2:5), m. 1) JOHN WEBER, 2) CARL VARNER (*Midland Sun*, 18 Oct 1923, p.1, *Midland Daily News*, 2 Dec 1971, p.1). They resided in Detroit and Florida.

NELSON PETERSON (called Nels) was born at Sanford 10 March 1897 (Birth Rec. 1:259) and died in Midland 1 December 1971 (Death Rec 423:266). He married at Midland, 20 August 1917, BESSIE MAY HASKELL (Mar Rec 2:236). Bessie was the daughter of John L. and Alma (Hill) Haskell of Sanford (*Midland Republican*, 22 Dec 1927, p.1; 1910 Census, Jerome Twp, p. 104B, #108/108). The Haskells came to Sanford in 1904 from Livingston County. Nels and Bessie were both residents of Sanford at the time of their marriage. Although no deed has been discovered which shows that they moved to Midland immediately after marriage, this may have been the case. Nels's obituary states that he was a 41-year employee of Dow Chemical Company (*Midland Daily News*, 2 Dec 1971, p.1). Since he retired in 1958 he would have started in 1917. The marriage record gives his occupation as laborer. By 1920 they were living in Midland at 309 Fitzhugh Street (ED 334, p.135A, #140/150). His occupation then was "foreman-chemical works." On 21 February 1922 Nels and Bessie purchased the Fitzhugh property, perhaps having rented it before that time; they sold this property 9 September 1927 (Deeds 102:251; 107:618). It was perhaps then that they moved to 512 Jerome Street which they purchased from Laura Dice 7 October 1930 (Deeds 113:356). This is the house in which the casket marker was found. It was undoubtedly brought to the home by Nels Peterson, eldest son and child of Christen Peterson.

The earlier records of the 512 Jerome Street property were examined to verify that Nels Peterson was the carrier of the marker. There were apparently no houses in the block bounded by Indian, Fitzhugh, Grove (extended) and Jerome Streets in 1905 when Josephine Reardon sold the entire block to Frank Purlow (Deeds 74:5). Purlow sold parts of the block in December 1905, September 1906 and July 1909 at prices which again suggest that there were no houses on the properties (Deeds 74:136, 74:434, 76:504). The 1909 sale for $40 was to David and Ella Gilman for the portion (SW½ Lots 3 and 4, Block K, Carpenter & Hines Addition) which eventually became 512 Jerome Street. The Gilmans sold this portion to Laura E. Dice, 13 October 1914, for $800 showing that a house was on the property at that time. No relation between Laura Dice and the Gilmans

to the Petersons has been discovered. Thus it can be concluded that when the Petersons moved between 1927 and 1930 they brought the marker or acquired it during their tenancy.

Midland City Directories (1939, 1949, 1952, 1953) indicate that the Petersons remained in the house until about 1953 although there may have been a hiatus around 1937 when they are listed with a box number on Rural Route #4. They had given mortgages for the Jerome Street property in 1930 and 1934 (Mort. 75:170, 77:113). While still owning the property at 512 Jerome, they moved to 807 Jerome by 1954 (1955 Midland City Directory). They purchased the newer Jerome Street property 10 December 1958 (Deeds 236:482). They apparently rented the older Jerome Street property, as the city directories show five different families occupying the house from 1955 through 1965. In 1967 they negotiated a land contract with Charles Blanchard who purchased the property from Bessie after Nels's death in 1971 (Deeds 423:379). There were five additional owners between that time and the present owners. None of the residents of the property between the time the Petersons moved and the present owners can be identified with the Peterson family. This confirms the conclusion that the Petersons left the marker at the 512 Jerome Street house.

[**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** all the above information was obtained from records at the Grace A. Dow Memorial Library and the Midland County Services Building. Additional information about the family could be obtained from records elsewhere, but this article illustrates the richness of Midland County's records.]

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Ocupayshun Cencus Taker

By Cimon B. Rite
Found in WNGYS Journal

I am a cencus taker for the city of Bufflow. Our city has groan very fast in resent years and now, in 1865, it has becum a hard and time consuming job to count all of the peephill. There are not many that can do this work, as it is nesesarie to have an ejucashun, witch a lot of pursons still do not have. Anuther atribeart needed for this job is good speling, for many of the pepil to be counted can hardly speek inglish, let alon spel there names!

For instens, yestirday I visited the Shoecart family, who only came here from Gernamy this year. They have fifteen children and they hardly rememburr there names, let along spel them. The Donnybrooks are another famjily resently arrived from Gernamy that could not even spel there name for me. When I put it down, they complained that it was rong, but I just ignored thos poor unejucated persins!

When I picked up the censses forms from Mr. Mury, he emfasized that all of the names should be correctlee speled. My Murry also sais to number them in order – the first family I visit, number won, the secont failie, number too and son on. This is very importent, but he duz not nee to wrry as I am one of the best cencus takers he has. I am also well awquainted with what to do and the rezuns it must be done only won way.

There are a great many diferant places I get to visit. Last week I was at the Fondling Asylum. There are not too many childan thare wright now as there has been a tifoid epedemec and many of them were strikin with this decease. Some that did servvive are still sic with a conjection of the brane or some other kind of infamation. It is sad to see the little wons so ssic. I have becume partikulerlee good friends with the bakarrey and frute store owners. I have also gotten to no naborhoood poleacemen quite well, speshually Patrik Lockin. He has had a lot of problems – his wife just died, the physsissan said it was peritinis!

It is very pitchersesk along the waterfront and is my favrete place to werk. I get to meat peephill that have traveld all over the werld! In the boreding houses down her I can find salors, marean inspecters, mareniers, and see captens. Meny of them have told me storys of there travels and exploits.

Along the rezidentshal streets I get to meet beir-peddlers, tiemsters, and sailesmen as they are pedling there wairsl, but, the most interesting places are inside the manufactorys, where the macheanests work and also inside the oile refinerys, where the oil is prossessed.

Altho it may sound like a glamrus job to you, the work is hard enuf right now, from beaing out in the wether so much of the tyme, I have a bad kase of Brown Kittis. Besides that, it gets so it costs a few dolars, for all that walking is very had on sessus takers souls and the shooemaker must be pade. If I could get sertifyd for my penshon I would retir from this peephill countin and help my nefue edit his newpaper. He needs the help badly for he can't spel worth a dam!

But, now don't think I am not devoted to my job. I relise that these recurds will be very impoortnent to jeneolijests sumday and I am shure they will be empressed with the fine work I have dun!

Beverly B. Miller

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